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Personal Recollections  
and  
Travels at Home and Abroad

VOLUME SECOND

By  
Thaddeus S. Kenderdine  
Newtown, Penna.

1914

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THE NEW YORK

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## PREFACE

Under this title, that of Introduction, or the more modern term of "Foreword," that of "Apology" would often be more appropriate for the "head and front" of a book, so much of the page is assigned to making excuses or giving reasons for its publication. I have no call to make such exculpations, if it is only because that there are but eighteen copies, and several of these will remain in my own immediate family, so from this scant number little harm can go to the world outside.

A tour to and among the tropics—a return crossing of the continent from California, taking in the interesting Spanish-American States of the far Southwest—a short sojourn in the nearby county of Lancaster—mainly furnish the material for this volume, the fifth of my dropping into book authorship and the second of my "Personal Recollections and Travels." The first recounts my youthful adventures in a journey across the plains and mountains of the Far West to the Pacific; much of my last literary venture concerns a voyage towards the Southern Cross, companionless, and in my seventy-eighth year.

I have been eight months in the preparation of this book and I hope my labors will not be in vain, in that it will inure to the amusement and instruction of my readers.

NEWTOWN, BUCKS COUNTY, PENNA.,  
10th 1st., 1914.



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# Farm Life In The Back Woods

## Interesting Boyhood Experiences Of James Welsh, Late Of Newtown.

The following are the experiences of an Irish boy, James Welsh, in the back woods of North-eastern Pennsylvania, near sixty years ago, as given to me practically in his own words, but being an uneducated man his language is necessarily dressed up. As a man "Jimmy" was well known around Newtown for the last thirty-five years as an honest, hard working Irishman, and, although, generally with troubles of his own, was always in a good humor, passing through our streets every morning on his way to the milk-station behind his old Sorrel "Chance", singing or humming a tune or song.

"Jimmy's" interpolation of "Get up Chance", in the strains of tune or song, was a common hearing as the twain went along the streets of Newtown. James outlived "Chance," dying in 1913 of paralysis at the home of a daughter in Trenton, he from age having had to lay down the work as farmer he had followed for sixty years, to the regret of his many friends across the river, for all, rich and poor, liked the man. His narration is interesting as showing the relation of master to man and boy, or rather as guardian and ward, in olden times, such as some of us old people remember, and other matters sounding quaint to us in this rapid age, but given by James as every day affairs. Although the incidents narrated occurred but during the middle of the last century, the manners and customs among the people of the Monroe county hills and their isolation from the outside world were

much as they were in Bucks county a century ago. Around that section there had been a predominating settlement of Friends in the early forties, and when ten years later they had a strong holding in Stroudsburg and vicinity, where there was a meeting of both branches of the Society. To the narrator, a Catholic, the ways of these people were revelations, but being a lad of easy acquaintance, he soon accommodated himself to them. Later I was in correspondence with the Brown family, who not only corroborated "Jimmy's" account of his experiences, but also the pleasant relations between the two. George, a little boy at the time and mentioned by James, wrote me how they liked him and how sorry they were when he left from lack of work, and, personally, that he had a good cry when the young Irishman went his way to the outer world.

T. S. K.

I was seventeen years old when I left the Old Country, which was at a time when on account of the poverty in Ireland thousands of her people were coming this way. After landing in New York, and finding that there was not a silver dollar lying on every paving stone, I began to look out for work. The first job I got was as clerk in a brick-yard at Haverstraw up the Hudson. As wheeling clay to and from the pit and playing "off-bearer" did not require much strenuous work, I got along very well. But I ran out of work as winter came on, and finding nothing to do on my return to New York, I struck out on the line of the Delaware and Lacka-

road then building to bring white coal from the Northern coal fields of Pennsylvania to New York city, and following it up to a point below Stroudsburg, I found a job driving cart on the grade. But winter making further inroads, there shortly came a snow storm which filled the cuts so that open work was indefinitely stopped. But there was a tunnel being bored through one of the Pocono ridges farther west, and having little to fall back on from my earnings with the low wages then prevailing, I shouldered my bundle, and slowly trudged through the deep snow towards the prospective work.

I had not gone far before I was hailed by a man in a sled who had overaken me and who asked me to get in and ride. He had a peculiar dress and address, which I knew belonged to the Quakers, some of whom we had in Ireland, although I was so unfamiliar with the sect that both seemed odd to me.

After we were comfortably tucked in and covered up, "Young man," said he, "is thee looking for a job?" I said I was, when he asked me where I had worked last I did not want to let him know I had been working on the railroad, as there was a strong prejudice against such laborers as brawlers and drinkers. Not caring to tell the old gentleman everything I said I had been working in a brickyard but was now looking for a job in the tunnel just beyond, as I was out of money. He then asked me my name, and said "James, thee must not work with such a rough class of men. They will be thy ruin. Come home with me, and if I cannot use thee now, I will have plenty for thee to do when spring opens."

So we rode sociably along, and it was not long before we thought enough of one another to come to

terms as between man and boy. We seemed both to have full faith in each other, and I hired with the understanding that he was to pay me what I was worth while working, but there was to be no pay in winter time while I was going to school. By this time we had left the main road, leading up what I afterwards knew as Broadhead's Creek, and then turned off among the hills toward my new employer's home, two miles above Stroudsburg.

I found the farm buildings comfortable looking for man and beast, but they were in a wild part of the country. It was the southern edge of the vast tract of timber land, which with breaks of clearings from deforesting for lumber and farms reached up to York state. In the immediate neighborhood considerable amounts of logs and sawed stuff were then floated down the creek to the Delaware river a few miles below, where it was re-rafted in big floats. This creek divided our farm. I say "our" for I was one of the family when I got installed there, being treated as such, and we had mutual interests as long as I lived there.

I helped ungear the horses from the sled, and after they were put in the stable I followed my new master, if I could so term, so mildly mannered man, into the house. There I found part of the family seated around a bright fire on the hearth: the good woman of the house and four or five of the children, of which there were seven. The first words my new found friend said were: "Mother, I have brought thee a young Irishman!"

Now, in that day the railroad builders were of the Irish race, and noted for their rough and tumble ways and tendencies to drink and fight, and like many such accusations, they were unjust, for there were many quiet, deserving fellows among them.



So hardly had my nationality been named, when one of the boys named George, jumped up and ran for the door.

"Stop," said his father. "he won't hurt thee, George. He is a decent, quiet lad; not a bit like the fellows we see around the 'Indian Queen' at Stroudsburg on pay day." The children not being used to see such species of strangers about, curiously gathered around, and, finding that I was not like the wild Irishman of their fancy, we were soon on the best of terms.

I was with those people three years, and you would not find a more delightful family in a day's ride, from little George Brown to his father of the same name. The mother's name was Deborah. I will call them Mr. and Mrs. Brown in my narrative, but like the rest of the children, and I got to thinking myself one of them, I always addressed them as "pap" and "mother". "Uncle" and "Aunt" were common titles given by the younger Friends to their unrelated elders to take the places of the objectionable titles of Mr. and Mrs., which were called "compliments" under the strict rules of Friends. Deborah was "mother" from the whole family, including the "man of the house."

After we had got warmed up, dinner was ready, and a well relished dinner it was to me. Eating rough fare in rude shanties, night and morning, or cold bites during noon spells in freezing weather, had been my lot the past winter. Of course the present meal was not up to modern style, for there were neither table cloth napkins, finger bowls nor plated ware, but the food was good and wholesome, consisting of bread and butter, pork and cabbage, with pie for wind up. We had coffee and tea for breakfast and supper. Of course I ate with the family, farmer fashion.

Our common diet was mainly salty. Mackerel was our general breakfast food, with salt pork for dinner, and fried ham or cold pork for supper.

The mackerel we got by the barrel, hauling it from Philadelphia along with back loads when we went to market, while the pork was of our own putting up in the fall. In winter, mush and milk for supper and fried mush and molasses for breakfast was a pretty steady diet, but I must not forget the buckwheat cakes and sausage we had in their season, for it was a buckwheat as well as a hog country. And there was game from the woods, venison, bear-meat and wood and water fowl which made pleasant breaks on the salt diet. Our bread was made from combined rye and wheat flour, the grain being sown mixed. Then we had maple syrup from our sugar camp across the creek which made a good relish for our bread and buckwheat cakes.

We certainly got along well together, and as for little George, he certainly took a great liking to me, and despite the difference in our ages we were boon companions, whether at setting traps for woods game or fishing in the neighboring creek when there was leisure. There was not much to do in the winter; threshing, cutting wood and caring for the "critters." Except the oldest one, the largest boys went to school in the winter, and I also a part of the time, but my wages stopped then. Our schoolmaster, the first winter I was there was a broken down Englishman. He was much disliked by the larger boys for trying to make them behave, perhaps. Anyhow, one day on a signal, and when all were ready, the chimney of the old school house was choked down with an old coat, the door was locked and the shutters propped shut with rails. The poor man was nearly smothered, and, as

he pleaded for mercy was then released, and that was the last we saw of our so-called "master", for that he never was. I am sorry to say that, being an Englishman was enough for me, an Irishman, to be down on him on general principles, and I willingly joined the other rowdies in his persecution. Of course the native boys were down on him as being a "Bridisher", our reading books relative to American history during the Revolution being a factor in their adverse prejudice. He was the second school-master we smoked out while I went to school.

The next day, Henry, the oldest of the boys, and a big husky fellow he was, said "Pap! I really believe I could teach that school and manage the boys, too." He was ridiculed, but at last consent was given, his father being a trustee, and with the approval of the rest of the board, Henry went to work. The big boys put up a fight for the mastery, but it was of no use, for, after a few encounters they gave in, and the school went on fairly well. One day his brother, Billy, who was a wild restless fellow, but a good hearted lad for all, got into a scrap during noon recess with a fighting chum, but his teacher brother was soon on the spot, when he parted and trounced them both. Poor Billy, as was the old time custom, got it again from his father when he came home that night, for though a peaceful man Mr. Brown did not spare the rod when the child was in danger of spoilation. Besides he had assured Henry he would stand by him when occasion called.

Mr. Brown was a drover, and each fall he went up country or to York state and bought up cattle and sheep. These he brought across the mountains and after a short rest on the farm, took them down Jersey to a place called Cranbury, where he sold

them. On one of these expeditions he had got acquainted with a young woman whom he afterwards married. She was a church woman, but afterwards joined Friends and became a useful woman among them, and eventually a preacher, as also I believe did her husband. Twice a week they went to Stroudsburg meeting, and they were as plain as the rest of their people, who at that time were quite numerous around there. Week-day meeting was quite a holiday with us and we were glad when it came around.

Three or four times a year Mr. Brown went to Philadelphia to market and to bring back his household supplies. One of the boys or some times his wife, went with him. Their going was an event, for he drove four horses to a heavy covered wagon, and was gone several days. The road was much of it hilly, and on going down the steepest grades a "shoe" was used to put under the wheel to save the tire. This shoe was attached with a chain to the front axle-tree. Mrs. Brown generally went with the wagon Yearly Meeting time when she would select and buy clothing for the family which could not be traded for nearer home. The down load was made of oats, pork, poultry eggs, butter and apples, and in the late fall we had walnuts, shellbarks and chestnuts to help make out the load, the nuts belonging to the boys. The distance was a serious one, from eighty to eighty-five miles, as you took or avoided the worst hills and toll-gates. In these saving times the economy in the last was a factor. The back load was of such nature as our farm could not supply. Among these were mackerel, and sugar and molasses by the barrel. So you see we lived pretty high. When both heads of the family went it placed

much responsibility on the stay-at-homes, but we got along all right, and were well repaid by hearing the travelers' accounts of what they did and saw on the road and in the great city at the end of their journey. The start to the city was also an event when the four-horse team started in the early hours of the morning, with its load, and wonderment as to what would be got for the marketing, and as to the nuts, I was generously allowed a share of them, and was to that extent interested. Ah! those were good old times, and in the many ups and downs of life I have encountered since, I have often thought of my happy days in that Quaker family in the wilds of the Monroe county hills.

Just across the creek from the house was a grove of thirty or forty maple trees and when February came we got together the fixings laid by the year before, elder spiles to stick in the holes bored in the trees and glazed earthen vessels for catching the sap. On warm days this would run freely and it was quite a job to collect and haul it on a sled in barrels to the boiling place where there was a copper kettle which would hold thirty gallons and more. We had a little hut for shelter from the cold and storms, and often we would be up all night watching the sap boil to a condition for sugaring. We took our turns, me and the boys, so we could take a nap now and then. But the sugar and syrup were so good that it all seemed but play.

A tree falling across the creek made a bridge to the sugar camp, but I once came near tumbling off its round surface, so I one day took an auger and prepared to insert some uprights in the trunk on which to place a baluster for support when crossing. While boring a hole my feet slipped

from under me and down I went, breaking through a thick covering of ice which left me floundering in some pretty cold water. I got out with much effort and ran shivering and water-soaked to the house, where I arrived nearly perished. But I was in good hands, and, stripped and rubbed down with whiskey and water, and sweated between two beds, I was soon all right. I need not add that some of the liquor was taken internally, for whiskey was a cure-all for different ailments from chills and fever to snake-bites. The juice of rye and apples was cheap in those days, when a drink could be got for three cents, a drunk for a "fipenny bit" and a quart of the pure stuff for a "levy." Still, while always on hand, its use was never abused at our home, even at harvest-time. I soon got over my ice-bath, after which I finished my guard-rail, and then I made my trips in safety to the sugar camp.

We were out plowing one day in the hill field when I called Mr. Brown's attention to some objects I saw in the distance near a clump of trees. "Pap," I said, "what are those animals grazing up there?" "Why, Jimmy, don't thee know? Why they're deer. Go get the gun and I'll give thee a chance to say thee shot one." So I ran to the house, brought the gun, powder and ball, and loading the piece he carefully instructed me on taking aim, and getting a good position I blazed away at the nearest deer. The old gun nearly knocked me over with the recoil, but I was enabled to see the whole herd scamper away.

I went back and told Mr. Brown that his powder and lead were wasted, but he said to not be discouraged, but to wait and see, and, following up the trail of the runaways, what was my joy to find that I had killed a big, fat

back. His bird quarters went to help make up a load of marketing then near ready to go to Philadelphia, but there was venison enough left to last us quite a while, for the weather was such that it would keep.

But there was bigger game in the close-by mountains. Two high ranges of these were just west of us, uninhabited by men, but in their recesses were many bears. They were of the black variety and not dangerous, but still bears. I used to see them when I was out hunting. I had a dog which was not only "gun-shy" but afraid of a bear. When he would scare up one of these beasts unintentionally he would turn tail to him, and the next I would see of him he would be under the porch at home. One day when I was on a hunt and my dog was apparently after big game, I asked a man I met if he saw my dog after a bear. He said, "No, James, but I saw a bear after your dog." One day a neighbor climbed a hollow tree looking for a bear, and it so happened that both bear and man got to the summit at the same time. They also got scared contemporaneously and both went at fast as they could to where they came from.

It was the custom of the farmers around the Pocono Hills to turn their hogs out in the woods to root for a living in the summer and fall months. Later on they were rounded up, separated and fattened for market. Some of them grew so wild and fierce that they were a match for the bears; the old boars in particular. One day a bear hungry for young pork singled out one of our little pigs and started off with it to his lair among the rocks. The pig cried with might and main, and shortly the robber was the center of a drove of snarling, squealing hogs that tore him to smithereens. The hogs were also death to the numerous

snakes found among the rocks about their feeding grounds, for they did not hesitate to attack the most poisonous reptiles. About two miles from our farm was a spur of the Poconos called "Rattlesnake Hill". There were enough adders and pilots among the rattlers to change the name of the hill, but we let it go at that. One summer while I was there the underbrush got on fire and caused a great destruction of timber. It was also death to hundreds of these varmints. I was on the scene of the fire the next day, and, outside the forest destruction the scene was sickening. There were dead snakes all around on the ground, and among the scorched tree limbs, to which they had crawled and hung in their vain attempts to get away from the fire. It was an awful sight. I saw one rattlesnake with thirteen rattles.

One day while I was building a stone fence I saw a fight between a blacksnake and a rattler, and I am afraid my boss got cheated out of an hour's time while I was looking on, but, as a true son of Ireland I could not help enjoying the fight, only wishing that like the fight of the Kilkenny cats, there would be nothing left of either one of them. The rattler depended on striking while the blacksnake, which was much the larger of the two, resorted to his biting and constrictive powers. The latter would get his enemy by the back of the neck and then tightly encircle him. More than once during the struggle, when the rattler would get loose and make a strike at the blacksnake, I saw the latter glide away to a certain plant, and I suppose made use of it as an antidote for the poison received from the rattler, and then return and renew the fight. The rattler was killed in the encounter, but whether the other lived or

not I do not know. He hunted up his medicine again and then glided out of sight. I may have been mistaken as to what the blackrake was up to, and I do not want to be accused of telling marvelous things, but his methods were common talk among the Pocono people.

Besides the bear and deer there were lots of smaller game, 'coons, rabbits and squirrels. As for game birds, quails and pheasants were common, and the pleasant cry of the one and the drumming of the other made welcome music for the hunter in the autumn woods. So plentiful were the rabbits that we passed them by unharmed when outbound on our hunting trips, and, should we be too lightly loaded with choicer game on our returns, we would help ourselves to cotton tails. Twice we were treated to large flocks of wild pigeons while I was there.

One day Mr. Brown came home saying there was a woman lying dead with the small pox in a little house across the creek. She had been a widow for years and lived alone. The neighbors were naturally afraid to bury her on account of catching the disease. I had had the varioloid before I came to America, and I told Mr. Brown I would take care of the body, but the family would not hear of it, as there were nine of them, and they could not think of me bringing the loathsome disease among them. But I felt that I had a duty holding over me, and, telling my good friends that I would take every precaution to keep the smallpox from the house and would disinfect myself, and keep away from them long enough for their safety, I started off on my errand.

In the old country inoculation with the virus of smallpox was the common mode of fending off the

dreadful disease. The result was a mild form of smallpox, generally, but some times there were fatal results. On account of this the government passed a law ordering vaccination instead, and making inoculation punishable with fine and imprisonment. But this was after my time. But you will see that I was running a risk and deserved some credit for the duty I had ahead.

Following the old country rule I had my hair cut and then washed myself down with whiskey, after which I went to the house where the dead woman lay, and here I found a few of the more venturesome neighbors standing outside with a rude coffin. This was passed in to me after my entrance to the death house, and alone I accomplished a most unpleasant task. Nailing down the coffin lid, and washing the box all over with the indispensable whiskey, I passed it out through the window to the burial party. Another whiskey bath for myself, (and I guess the outsiders bathed themselves well internally, for such liniment was an all round cure-all,) a two-weeks exile from the house to the barn, and where my meals were sent to me, and the burying of my clothes, and I was ready for the family reception. I got much credit for what I did, and I deserved it all I know.

I was quite a wall builder, and one of my jobs was to build a stone wall for a division line across the farm. This was a half mile long, and I was a long while at it, but I felt proud when Mr. Brown told me a mason could not have done better work. Those were not the days for wearing gloves at such work and the skin got well worn from my fingers at the start, but I found before long that it became hardened to the work and grew as fast as it wore away. The

idea was to divide the farm for the benefit of the oldest son and erect new buildings on one half of it, but I do not think he ever went there; at any rate there are none of the family around there now.

Broadhead's Creek was a rafting stream in a small way, and, in the time of spring freshets, floats of lumber and logs were sent down to the nearby Delaware. These floats, or "colts," as they were called, consisted of a few logs or a thousand feet or so of sawed timber or boards lashed together. At the river they were re-raftered. The logs were connected with slender saplings, called "mammas" placed across them and fastened with ash staples steamed and bent for insertion to holes bored in the logs and there fastened with plugs tightly hammered by their sides. There were rapids where Broadhead's creek passed through our farm, and it was fun to see the "colts" go prancing through them, each float ridden by a fearless rider with a pike pole for its guidance. Sometimes the float would dive under the water with a good part of the rider, but they would come out all right and shoot on down the creek. These lots of logs and sawed timber were got out by the farmers in the winter time and bought up by lumber dealers who rafted them together at the river, the sawed stuff on top of the logs, and took them to market on the first freshest. The farmers, lumbermen and raftmen were a hardy rough set, and their lives were no smoother than their looks, but there was about as much real happiness in their wilderness life as I have seen in more than half a century since, and in what is called a more refined way of living.

Neither of the old folks had been originally Quakers, at least the wife as I said, a church

woman, but after joining they became strict attenders of meeting. I, as a Catholic, knew little about their church affairs; but there was what they called a monthly meeting, some forty miles south, at a place they called Quakertown. Here they would go frequently. Not always, for it took three days to go and come. The Friends were numerous around Stroudsburg, and several of them would make the same journey when the weather would permit. Sometimes they would go from there to Horsham to what they called a quarterly meeting, and a few days later to yearly meeting in Philadelphia, so that it would be two weeks before they would get back home. George and Deborah both became preachers as I said, and either of them was good enough, for two finer people I never lived with.

I went to meeting with them some times, and in the nearly three years I lived there I got pretty pat with my "thee" and "thy" and "First-day," as they call Sunday. One day Mr. Brown said to me:

"James, I think thee has in thee the making of a Friend. Wouldn't thee like to join our meeting?"

"Oh, no, pap," I said, "I'm a Catholic, and it would never do for me to go back on my religion. I like the Quakers next to my own people, but I can't do more than like them."

"I know," said Mr. Brown, "but they have priests who preach for hire, which is against Bible rules."

"That's right," I said, "but a priest gets no salary and dare own nothing, and when he dies that's all he has to leave, and merely gets enough to live on. He lives poor, in the ordinary parish, not as well as we do. He must go through thick and thin to visit his parishioners and their sick and dying, and sick or well must 'read the offices.' They have a hard life

Quaker  
she being

and no pay, but a mere living."

"Well, James," was the answer, after studying awhile, "I guess we had better leave things as they are."

Let me give you an instance of the kindness of these good Quakers. Knowing I was a Catholic, when Sixth-day as they called Friday, came, they prepared me fish or eggs so I could live up to my ideas of fasting, and should they have anything choice in the meat or poultry line then, it would be saved for me till the next day. My own parents could not have used me better. Now is it any wonder I some times went to meeting with them?

I must however make an exception of little Billy, who was somewhat of a tease, and being a simple minded boy, I was rather an easy mark. One Friday, after supper, when I had had a good meal, in which roast chicken played a good part, Billy told me what I had done, and had a good laugh over it. But his mother chided him for his thus taken advantage of me, and I forgave him. So well used to the kindnesses of my good caretakers, I could not bear ill will against any of them for playing on me jokes like that of Billy's.

But the time was coming for me to leave this worthy family. I was over twenty and with several boys, grown and fast coming to man's estate, I was not needed on the farm. For all that I could never have been dismissed. So I told Mr. Brown my wishes one day and he could only agree to it. But they were all sorry to see me go, from Mr. Brown to little George. When I came down stairs from my garret room where I had slept off the weariness of many a day's work willingly done. I found the family sitting around in the kitch-

en like some of the meetings in private that Friends some times had when ministers were around, and thus I bade them good bye. Little George burst out crying when I shook hands with him, and I to an extent kept him company, for we thought a power of one another. It is no wonder I felt the way I did on separating from such a family, for up to this time, from as long before as I could remember, I had lived a rough and tumble life, and to be taken into this family, and treated as one of them, and then to go out into the cold world again was more than I could just then stand. They all gave me their best wishes, and I must again say that I never saw so loveable a people from the oldest person down to George. Mr. Brown had already given me a new suit of clothes and paid me my wages except what he could not make change for, and he waited with me the two miles to Stroudsburg to get a note broken to pay me the few cents he owed me. I protested against this but the good man said, "Take care of the pennies, James, and the dollars will look out for themselves." But I think he wanted to see me two miles farther out into the world. He had tried to get me into a smith shop to finish a trade I had begun in the old country, but times were dull and no apprentices were wanted. So I bade my good friend farewell and retraced my steps to New York to try my fortunes again in the cold world I had once left to live in the warm-hearted family with whom I had passed my last three years.

I never saw one of those folks again. My life has been one of hard work many miles away from their Stroudsburg home. A few years after

I left I heard of the death of Mr. Brown, and I felt badly enough about it. Quite lately I heard that his wife had long since passed away, and later still that two of the boys and one of the girls had followed them. But the one I scared out of the house when he heard I was an Irishman and my lit-

tle boy friend are still living as well as one of the girls, and I am thankful for that. I can only say, dead, or in the land of the living, my heart goes out to the folks in the old farmhouse in the Blue Mountains, where I spent three of the happiest years of my life.



## THADDEUS STEVENS

As a friend of my father, politically and socially; as one I was named for and one whom I met as a boy during the only visit he ever made to Bucks county, which was at my father's instance, I feel free to write the following.

As the best advised man of his time Thaddeus Stevens was an interesting figure at home and abroad. A fiery Abolitionist, no respecter of persons and matterless what he said about his enemies, a bulwark to the poor and lowly, whether white or black, a law unto himself in matters of morals and religion, like Napoleon, Baron, Henry Clay, and others I could easily name, he was a character to be respected and criticised.

And yet favor and dislike are evanescent. At a recent visit to Lancaster City, where Stevens lived so much of his time, after a lapse of but forty years from his death, I found this a truism. What I learned of him was from his contemporaries, young and aged, and their politics much biased their opinions concerning him, but from either side what I found out was of great interest to me from my connection, slight as it was, with him.

And yet, relative to the evanescence of fame, questions I asked of those old enough to have known Stevens personally, aroused such expressions as "Indeed, I don't know," or "You've got me guessing!" and similar remarks up to

the slang of the time, but there are others who revere his memory, despite his not agreeable personalities. To get information in reference to the institution he founded through his will, I sought one of its trustees, and as such Judge Charles I. Landis, of the Lancaster county higher court, can give all that is needed to those deserving it. By many of those inimical to him in politics Stevens is yet looked upon as a

"Nigger man"; his noted anti-slavery principles, his generosity to the negroes, and in his selection of a burial place being one where this class was unbanned in death, and his having a colored house-keeper, being considered sufficient to justify this expression. Abruptly friendly towards his sympathizers and bitter towards his enemies, he led a checkered career. Recklessly generous and not hesitating to win all he could at the gaming table, he was once approached by a colored minister for aid towards his church. He carelessly, as was his custom, handed the preacher a bank note from his vest pocket, not looking at the denomination. The minister soon returned, telling him he had made a mistake, and that what he likely thought was a five dollar note, was one for a fifty. "That's all right," said Stevens, "I got that note from the devil last night, and I to day give it to the Lord." He never

went into a church, but gave freely to the Baptist congregation of his native town on his mother's account, she being of that faith. As I said he was a reckless giver, yielding to each beggar, white or black, cheerfully, till his vest-pocket bank was broke, when wrathful looks and words met the next comer.

In his gifts the race, color or religion of the party of the second part cut no figure. In his stipulations regarding the beneficiaries of the 'Orphans' Industrial School,' named in his will, he says: "No preference shall be shown on account of race or color in admission or treatment neither poor Irishmen, Germans or Mahomedans nor any others on account of race or the religions of their parents must be excluded. All must be educated in the same classes and manner without regard to color. They shall be fed at the same tables. The dormitories to be under the direction of the authorities." From his known ideas of racial equality it is very evident from this wording that the black and white boys should use the same beds if the trustees thought it proper.

There are those who have taken thought that in such free institutions there is always a long waiting list, and that on account of racial prejudices there is a strong likelihood that white parents would rather keep their children at home than to take the chances of commingling. In this event, it is claimed, the colored orphans would often fill places that white children would decline, so that the blacks would have such a numerical ascendancy that the institution would be eventually a colored school. Doubtless, it is, that could Thaddeus Stevens have foreseen, this he would not have cared.

Though considered a native Pennsylvanian, Thaddeus Stevens was not. His identification with our State politics and the public school system has led to that thought. To the title of "The Great Commoner," from his sympathy for the poor and lowly, has been added that of the "Father of the Public School System." But this properly belongs to Thomas Burroughs though Stevens, through a powerful speech in the State Legislature, when the School Law was in jeopardy from non passage, saved it from defeat. He was born in Vermont in 1792, and coming to Pennsylvania as a young man he settled in Gettysburg, afterwards coming to Lancaster City, where he died in 1868. He was one of four sons. On account of his crippled condition, having one club foot, his mother singled him out as her favorite, giving him a legal education, and in his prosperity he repaid her by donating her a farm near his native place, and all she needed in connection with it. His father, being of little account, had wandered away from home. His nephew, Thaddeus Stevens Jr., was a favorite, and, doing all he could for him, educated him, till he was able to enter Dartmouth College, where he graduated in its law school. He afterwards came to live with him, as did a brother, who died young. Thaddeus, Jr., was fine-looking and talented, but became so recklessly dissipated, that in making his will, his uncle stipulated that if during the first five years after the testator's death, Thaddeus, Jr., abstained from drink, he should have one fourth of the estate; if he abstained five consecutive years longer he should have half, the next five three fourths, and the next five, all. Whenever the ne-

phew failed in the requirements, the balance was to go to The Orphans' Industrial School named in the will. The young man miserably failed, and continuing his dissipations died in a Lancaster hotel November 1st, 1874, in his 39th year, and is buried in the shadow of the Great Commoner's monument in Shriner's graveyard. He served during the Civil War in three enlistments, first as a private in the first call for troops and the second and third times as Major and Lieutenant Colonel in the 122nd and 202nd regiments respectively of Pennsylvania volunteers. Next he was Provost Marshal of his district when the enforcement of the later drafts came on. In place of the fortune of \$80,000 he might have had, he died with an annuity only of \$800. He was not deficient in courage, but at Chancellorsville he disgraced himself with drunkenness, and his acceptance of the office of Provost Marshal before the close of his service showed that war had little attraction for him. His uncle's favorite, he showed himself an ingrate, and his prideless, retrograding career was the life disappointment of Thaddeus Stevens, who had great hopes of his nephew.

There is a personal matter between me and young Stevens. As will be noted further along I met his uncle before I was twelve years old, and on learning that I was named for him he was, or seemed, quite enthusiastic that my father should let me go home with him, saying he would educate me. The suggestion was respectfully declined by the one in authority, and when young Stevens came on the scene, which he did shortly afterwards, and received the favor which I thought I should have had, I envied him, and, from my boyish standpoint,

I considered him a usurper and felt sore that my father had turned the offered proposition down, particularly as Stevens senior at the time was very wealthy and I considered that I was wronged out of a fortune. Of course this was a boyish idea which I disabused myself of as years came on. But when I saw how his nephew beneficiary had abused his confidence, in after years I could not help but think I would have been a worthier protege.

In reference to the Industrial Orphanage which I visited, the endowment, large in the estimate of the public at the time it was named, was so inadequate by the time it was to come in use, that the State legislature voted \$150,000 to it. The governor Pennypacker, cut this down to \$50,000, but the next legislature raised the appropriation to the full amount and the governor signing it, it became a law. Even this is so small that an annual appropriation will be needed to carry the school on.

While the will in designating Lancaster as the site of the Stevens School required a free gift of two acres, the trustees have acquired 25 acres from the Almshouse farm adjoining to add thereto. The buildings already erected are imposing, consisting of a main T-shaped hall 120 by 80 feet, for school and dining purposes, two dormitories, a large workshop, as the school is to be mainly industrial, and a power and heating plant. Everything is of the most substantial pattern, and it is thought by those interested that in the restriction on apprentices inaugurated by the labor unions, the Stevens School will form a relief.

While the term "male" orphans is not used in the will, it is claimed by

the trustees that girls are not eligible, but doubtless Thaddeus Stevens, in his broad philanthropy, intended they should be. Evidently the trustees see enough trouble ahead in the elimination of the color line in the will to claim some latitude in their interpretation of the sex question. The direction in the will were that a site of two acres must be freely given on the eastern side of the city of Lancaster, otherwise the School should go to Columbia. Through Judge Landis, chairman of the building committee, the land heretofore mentioned was obtained. Much of my information was obtained from him.

Since making mention of it, I have been told that the possibility of the School becoming a negro institution for reasons given is remote, as the blacks will make few requests for admission for fear of the persecutions, which would annul that part of the will admitting them, as was the case at West Point, when the negro applicants were boycotted out in the peculiar ways brought about by adverse conditions to the admission of undesirable. The law admitted colored boys there, and the whites worked them out as fast as they entered, till there is not one left; so at the Stevens school the blacks will find themselves so unwelcome that they will stay away.

As his last resting place, and true to his convictions to the end, the "Great Commoner" selected Shriners graveyard near the heart of Lancaster city, not that negroes were buried there, but because their burial was not forbidden. It has a small area, and is nearly full, and is evidently an old one. Steven's monument is a granite block, some four feet square and six feet high above the mound it

risers from. The main inscription is as follows, and explains the man's characteristics—perfect human equality—and was as shown, self prepared:

"I repose in this quiet and secluded spot, not for any natural preference for solitude, but finding other Cemeteries limited as to race by Charter Rules, I have chosen that I might illustrate in my death the principles I have advocated through a long life—"Equality of Man before his Creator."

On another side is:

Thaddeus Stevens,

Born in Granville, Vermont, April 4th,

1792,

Died in Lancaster, August 11, 1868."

On my visit a Memorial Day flag was drooping in the rain-moistened air over the grave of the Junior Stevens, a fit connection with his sad career. The grass was unmown around either grave; in fact, little care is taken of this Cemetery.

There was litigation by the children of brothers of Thaddeus Stevens at his death to keep his estate from the designed school, but it failed. The estate which had been quite large, from the great generosity of its owner, had, at his death, dwindled to \$50,000.

Now in reference to Thaddeus Stevens' visit to Bucks County:

General Zachary Taylor, with Millard Fillmore in his wake as vice-president, was the Whig candidate for president in 1848. Pitted against him on the Democrat side was General Lewis Cass, while Martin VanBuren ran as a "Free Soiler," or anti-slavery candidate. Previous to this however, there had not been much in a party name, as what had at one time been

known as the Federal party was now known as the Whig, and the Republican as the Democratic. The Doylestown Democrat long had the sub-title, "And Bucks County Republican," while in the early forties, there were announcements of "Democrat-Whig" meetings in the "Intelligencer" in those days we knew who were the editors of our leading local papers in Doylestown; that Samuel Johnson Paxson printed the "Democrat", John S. Brown the "Intelligencer", Joseph Young the German "Express and Reform," Moritz Loeb the German "Morgenstern" (Morning Star), and Frank P. Sellers the "Olive Branch" (Temperance paper). Those who didn't, did not know enough to come in out of the rain politically speaking.

General Taylor was a Southerner from Louisiana, whose prominence came through his connection with the Mexican War and certain vocal expressions he made use of when in battle, such as "A little more grape, Captain Bragg," and "General Taylor never surrenders." He was also endeared to the common people by anecdotes of his simple-mindedness, such as this: "Upon sitting down to the table at a high-toned hotel, the waiter held out to him what was then known as the bill-of-fare—menus were not heard of then—but he said, "Please excuse me now, I'll look your paper over after dinner." He was also popularized by a sturdiness of character, straightforwardness and showings of honest purposes. That he had long been intentionally overshadowed by General Scott and other candidates for the coming nomination for the Presidency was favorable to his chances for the coveted prize. Though a slave holder, he had shown evidence of such fairness to those

unfavorable to slavery extension that the latter were all willing to trust him to be a safe executive, while his nativity and his having fought in a war whose ending was beneficial to the interests of the South made him favored by the conservatives below Mason and Dixon's line to an extent which overcame any alleged leanings towards the North.

In the campaign following Taylor's nomination at the Philadelphia convention, there was little excitement. Their bitter defeat four years before, after their hopes had run so high, had taught the Whigs that display was not everything, and they remembered the twitting they got in '44, when boasting about their spectacular showings at mass meetings, that while 'coons in cages and on poles, and long strings of horses, mules and oxen were well enough in their places, when help was needed at election time these animals couldn't vote. So Taylor's adherents mapped out a quiet campaign, depending for their success on the military popularity of their candidate and the lukewarmness of the Democrats towards Cass. Of course there were the usual efforts in the way of mass meetings and issuance of literature, but there was to be nothing excitable as in the Clay campaign: just a quiet canvas, with hopes for success but expectations of defeat.

There were bitter feelings among politicians in those days, even among the Whigs, who were so weak that they could not afford to hold them. These extended to their followers, but there was an absence of the financial dishonesty now prevailing among the leaders which is refreshing to look back upon and a shortage of what is now known as "graft" and collusions

between party leaders to loot municipal and State treasuries while apparently engaged in political strife one with another. The toadying of the Democrats to the South before the War of the Rebellion was unbearable to the Republicans, but it did not cause the revulsion of feeling made by the acknowledged leaders of the dominant party in Pennsylvania and its chief city on honest people by their participation in and condoning of practices so common that the public has got to thinking them necessary evils in carrying on municipal and State governments.

Ethical amenities were scarce among political papers, and their being published not by corporations, without punishable heads, but by individuals with a personal responsibility, made the times more lively than they otherwise would have been. Among the country papers mentioned I recall some noticeable occurrences well remembered by me though young at the time. While Frank Sellers was publishing the "Olive Branch," a name which should have precluded anything but peaceful words from its columns, its editor was caned by Edward M. Paxson, then just admitted to the bar, in the streets of Doylestown, for what were considered libelous words, and it was let to go at that, either because Frank was in the wrong or was physically unable to take his part, or that his case in law was not sufficiently prospectively good. The assailant was, or had been lately the editor of the "Newtown Journal." During a political gathering in front of the "Intelligencer" office, the speaker using its steps as a rostrum, and the meeting overlapping in front of the "Democrat" office which was adjoining, a party of Demo-

crats, with Samuel Johnson Paxson at their head, climbed to the roof of their particular building with a dead 'coon and with a rope let it down on the heads of the Whigs. By persistently doing this and then suddenly drawing it up it so irritated those below that they were getting ready to take the "Democrat" office by storm, when the annoyance ceased. As for what was known as "the Dutch papers," they made faces at one another by printing cartoons as rude as they were indecent, which is saying a good deal for their rough mechanical execution. So it will be seen that this antagonism must not be taken in a Pickwickian sense, as when opposing lawyers in the case of *Bardell vs. Pickwick* were seen by their clients, to their scandal, after the trial, drinking and joking with one another but that the rough talk and printed matter brought physical trouble.

There was a Taylor and Fillmore mass meeting held in Doylestown on August 17th, 1848, which was gotten up on ten days' notice. The "Intelligencer" says that "it beat a Locofoco meeting, held a few days before, which had two months advertising." But the great attraction was the promised presence of Thaddeus Stevens as the speaker of the day. It so happened that my father had had considerable political experience with him in the middle '30's in the Anti-Masonic campaign which had caused much bitterness in the Whig party in Bucks County as well as in the State generally. As Stevens, who was tactless and revengeful, had aroused a bitter feeling which he made no efforts to placate, it was feared he would not be present at the meeting, where he was wanted by both factions, as a matter of expediency on

he one part to hold the Free Soil vote, and of personal admiration on the other. Stevens was a strong character. Born in Vermont, in 1792, he had drifted to Lancaster county, Pa., filled with a hatred of human slavery which he was ready to display at any cost. A cynic, perhaps, from being born a cripple, he was a bundle of anomalies. Merciless towards those in high estate who antagonized his personality or his ideas of right, he championed the humble and despised. Relentless towards Andrew Johnson in his efforts to have him impeached, he had labored for John C. Fremont, when the General had hardly a friend in court. Relentless towards the South, in its poverty and despair at the great war's close, he tried to further humiliate it by having it harassed by subjection to its former slaves. Rich enough to provide a costly monument in the Congressional Cemetery at Washington for his body, he willed that it should lie in Shriner's graveyard where dead negroes were not under ban, and where he now has a neglected grave. Fond of children to the extent of generally having one or more under free education, he never married. To show his bitterness, in one of his great anti-slavery speeches in Congress, he alluded to a Democratic antagonist in these words: "I have no hatred against any man; least of all towards that skunk across the aisle," pointing towards the person alluded to.

In the above paragraph I referred to the Anti-Masonic party, which held sway in the late twenties, and to such an extent that it ran a candidate for President and another for Governor in Pennsylvania. The party arose from the disappearance of one William Mor-

gan, a Free Mason, who, it was alleged, was murdered officially for divulging the secrets of his order. This caused such a stir among the general public that its antagonism caused the surrender of the charters of many Masonic lodges. The storm, however, blew over at last, but it left many heartburnings between divisions of the two main political parties made by the disappearance of Morgan. With Thaddeus Stevens, my father was a strong Anti-Mason, and although the commotion had somewhat died down when he ran for the State Senate in 1843, from the defection of some Whig Masons he was defeated by two votes, and after that he felt anything but kindly towards the Masonic Order. I was not seven years old at the time, but I well remember the bitter feelings experienced by my father when the final returns came in, showing his defeat by so little. Stevens had similarly suffered, and his feelings towards the Masons were similar, and as some of the Whigs of the order, who he thought had misused him, were on the committee of arrangements getting up the Taylor and Fillmore meeting, he was not in the most pleasant mood on coming to Doylestown. He called them 'sconn' drels," and told my father that it was only on his insistence that he came at all to address the meeting. This to show the bitterness existing among the Anti-Masons left, who had now dwindled to a party without influence in the politics of the nation where they had had so much power. In the meeting of Stevens and my father, a part of which I was witness to, the former showed the intense feeling which the stormy past had engendered. I was too young to gather the full meaning of their allusions to the

strife of their earlier political days, but I could but notice the deep feeling of both. It would appear from subsequent investigations that the vanishing of Morgan was simply one of the mysterious disappearances beyond explanation, and that the Masons as an order were not connected with it.

While Stevens had a good education, it did not extend to his penmanship, for reading his letters was like deciphering Egyptian hieroglyphics. I remember the one he wrote my father, yielding to his request to speak at the Doylestown meeting on the occasion named, which was such difficult reading that it required some guessing, but enough was gathered to show that "The Great Com-moner" was coming. I accompanied my father to this gathering, the two having a preliminary meeting in the office of the "Intelligencer." Stevens' first salutation was: "Kenderdine, I would never have come here had it not been for your letter, for I would not have trusted those scoundrels." Whether or not there was a call for this expression, which I have heretofore noticed, it was Stevens' style. After this ebullition, my father called his attention to me as his namesake. I was a bashful lad of less than twelve years, and was half scared at the looks and voice of the noted man before me. He was then fifty five years old, homely in face, and with one of the most candid of wigs overshadowing it. He had a club foot, which made his enemies call him a satyr, for they attacked his personal appearance as well as his morals and politics. His first salutation towards me was, "Come here till I see you. Why you look like me," this in a roar, and which further scared me. Then turning to father he said: "Kenderdine, let me

take this namesake with me. I have generally a boy or two whom I am educating, and I've room for him;" and then the subject was turned to the days when they worked in politics in a party that then was popular but which was so no longer, therefore I do not know that Stevens meant anything by his proposition, so personal to me, and which I often look back to as a lost chance, but I know that father disagreed with it, perhaps for unexpressed but now guessed reasons. How his proteges turned out generally I do not know, but, as mentioned, one of them went to the bad. But I have dwelt sufficiently on this episode of my life.

Speaking about Stevens' friendship for Fremont, it was my good fortune to visit the widow of the great explorer in my later days at her California home, and just before her death. The daughter of Thomas H. Benton, and dignified and aristocratic in her ways, I was concerned, being without an introduction, as to the reception I might meet from this distinguished lady. But she did not hesitate, as she afterwards told me, to grant an interview, seeing from a glance at my card that I was named for the man who had stood up for her husband in the sore need he was in, when, after making his military proclamation in Missouri, while in command of that Department, freeing the slaves of all rebels, he had incurred the distrust and animadversion of politicians who were afraid of the effect his action would have on the conservative element among the Union men of the South, as well as on many of the faint-hearted in the North.

Stevens and Benton were simultane-



ecusly in Congress, the one in the House, the other in the Senate; the first a radical Abolitionist, the last conservatively Pro-slavery, and bitterly antagonistic. Both were so popular locally that they were returned term after term by admiring constituents. Benton turned for awhile against his runaway daughter and her lover, who as a young army lieutenant, was making his name as an explorer in our western wilds in a very different line, while Stevens was to be called upon to take sides with Fremont, when, after being defeated as President in 1856, he, during the coming Civil War, became an Abolition soldier, and set free the slaves of the rebels when he was cast aside in reality for so doing. So it was my fate to meet Stevens in my childhood, and the widow of the man he would have aided, in my plus three score years in the manner stated, my pleasant reception by Mrs. Fremont having its inception in the simple fact that I was an admirer of the great Pathfinder by trying to be a traveler in his footsteps across the western plains and mountains, even if it only ended in efforts.

Returning to the subject of the political meeting at Doylestown. Long before noon the vehicles to the mass meeting came stringing to the county seat drawn by from one to seven horses, and in capacity from a sulky, common carriages and market wagons on up to big haywagons. From down county came forty-four teams under the marshalship of Charles Matthews, with bands playing and flags and dust flying. In the afternoon the meeting was called to order by Caleb N. Taylor, then in the height of his fame, as a politician, and the meeting proceeded. Stevens was the first speaker,

and to read the synopsis of his address one would think he was speaking to an Anti-slavery audience, rather than to an assemblage called to ratify the nomination of a slaveholder for president, and it was necessary to be tactful in that nothing would be said that might get to the ears of southern Conservative Whigs.

It was a hot August day, and, warmed up by its temperature, as well as his subject, the perspiration came out freely on the speaker's face, to be wiped away by his bare hands, creating the impression that he considered hands were made before handkerchiefs for that especial purpose. The crowd was dense and I was small, but I managed to see this through the interstices of the humanity before me as well as to hear the noted speaker's words. Stevens seemed to rather tolerate General Taylor, and to "---- him with faint praise," though this I get more from the synopsis named later on than what my callow mind gathered, for I was taken there more to see my great namesake than to hear his arguments. But he urged his audience to vote for him, particularly the "Free Soilers" in it., as Taylor he considered infinitely better than VanBuren, who was nominated at Buffalo in the interest of slavery restriction, telling them that they would only be throwing their votes away to do otherwise than support Taylor. Following this was an earnest advocacy of a high tariff. Stevens' popularity, his earnestness and his plain every day appearance appealed to the crowd, and his utterances were frequently applauded. He was followed by David Paul Brown, of Philadelphia, a noted lawyer, who had won much notice fourteen years before at a criminal court

in Doylestown, when his shrewdness and eloquence cleared Lucretia Chapman from the participation with Mina in the murder of her husband, which success won Brown anything but popularity in Bucks County, the woman being evidently guilty. The crowd in the yard must have reminded Brown of the big aggregation at the time of the trial. His appearance the day of the mass meeting called forth little applause, as he did not look like one of the people, with his ringed fingers, his diamonds and display of fine linen and ruffled shirt and his recital of the Whig platitudes of the day evoked little enthusiasm. It was noticed that while Stevens used his hand to remove the perspiration from his face, Brown used a cambric handkerchief, which made the farmer listeners still more vote him a dandy, then the name for a "dude."

And soon the mass meeting was ended and the people took their ways homeward. The gathering, display and enthusiasm were tame compared to the uproar of four and eight years before, but the more quiet work over the country counted to the extent that Taylor was elected.

The overjoy of the Whigs can be accounted for from the facts of their success in 1840 being turned to wormwood and gall by the treason of John

Taylor, on his ascendancy to the presidential chair after the death of Harrison, and their soreness after the defeat of Clay four years later. I recall the "North American" coming out in a wide-lined editorial after the election, wherein every paragraph was headed "Taylor is elected," with predictions for the country and Whig party the most optimistic.

But the joy was short-lived. In sixteen months after making a most propitious beginning, in which he showed the greatest fairness towards the opponents of slavery, Taylor died and was succeeded by Millard Fillmore, who was at once ready to truckle to the South in hopes for a Presidential nomination in 1852. The Whigs, foiled as they had been by Taylor turning to the Democrats after the death of Harrison, were shocked beyond measure by this renewal of party treason, and gave up in despair, a feeling emphasized in the coming election when they carried only four States for General Scott, two Northern and two Southern. Fremont in 1856 did not get a Southern State, although he had a popular majority; but the Whigs, under the carrying name of Republican, got into power, and save the eight years hiatus under Cleveland, they held it for near fifty years.

# AT THE SIGN OF THE EIGHT SQUARE

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"School days, School days,  
Good old Golden Rule days!  
Reading, 'Riteing and 'Rithmetic,  
Taught to the tune of a hickory  
stick—"

And so on to the end of this little school song, and thus I head my backward glance to the place of learning of my boyhood.

It was said by lingual purists of the time that our schoolhouse was incorrectly named; that "Octagon" would do, but that "Eight Sided" would be better, but we just called it "Eight Square," or "Old Eight Square," and let it go at that. But that odd-shaped building, with its little flag-stone covered chimney, weather-beaten door and shutters and sun-cracked shingles, as seen from the outside, and on the inside, its walled-in desks, overlooked by the pretentious form at whose front sat the "master," and the rude benches with their lading of juvenile humanity, will linger in my memory to the elimination of any criticisms on the organic or inorganic sections of the institution.

There were several of those eight-cornered affairs scattered over Bucks county, to the number of a half-dozen or more, mainly built between 1820 and 1830, but there is one still standing at the Chain Bridge, in Wrightstown, built in 1804, and now degraded to a chicken house, and another built much later, and preserved as a relic of the past architecture of school-

houses, in Lower Makefield township. What brought about this style of building it is hard to say, for it certainly made uncomfortable conditions all around; so many of the pupils had their backs to the teacher, where their antics could not be seen, while, from facing the windows, all had the light glaring in their eyes. There were usually two extra, movable rows of desks facing the center of the room, and those occupying them, the smaller scholars, had their backs to the light, and sat sideways to the "master's" desk.

I suppose the octagonal hall of learning which I attended for twelve years, situated on the State road leading from the lower end of Lumberville to Lahaska, about half a mile from the river, was thirty feet across, with twenty-four walled in desks, and twelve facing the stove, and back of these were benches where the A, B, C and primer scholars sat. I have known between eighty and ninety pupils on the rolls, but their attendance was irregular, for there were no truant officers in those times, and pupils could go when and where they pleased, or stay home at their parents' will, but I have known from fifty to sixty crowded at one time in this little building. At such times there would be an assistant taken from among the larger girl pupils; one who perhaps, was intending to be a teacher, herself. Possibly they were paid something, but I am not positive, as

their apprentice experience might be worth enough to pay them.

There were many large pupils, some near twenty-one, and there was one older than that, and, if boys, close or over-matches in strength should corporal punishment be necessary, as two of the "boys," were six-footers, and were forced to "curtsey" as they entered the low doorway. But fortunately for the teachers, the big fellows were well behaved.

Under the eaves of the rear of the schoolhouse was a date board showing it was built in 1823. Its carpenter was Amos Armitage, and I suppose the masonwork was done by "Danny" Helwig, who lived near as a thrifty farmer, and one who laid stone for pastime in his younger days. It was built on a triangular piece of ground, on top of a hill, less than a quarter acre in area, and bounded by two converging roads and a woods, donated by an old resident, Robert Livezey. From this, a three acre lot, afterwards bought for a playground, sloped to a small creek, useful for dam building when there was water there in the spring, and in winter for damaging sleds when too much momentum landed them on its ice. But it was poor ball-playing ground because good for coasting. Near the center of the lot was a large oak, so much like the one in Comly's spelling book, that I thought the artist drew it thence and with a conscientious pencil. Under the shade of this wide-spreading tree the girls had their playhouses, with walls made of small stones, and sticks of wood across openings in them for doors. The crockery ware was of broken dishes from home for plates, while the cups were from the bases of the acorns, dropping from the limbs above as freely as the manna of the Israelites of the Bible.

I have a list of the teachers from the time the Eight Square was built to the time it was dismantled after twenty-four years of service as a hall of learning, when it was bought by one Jerry Flynn for a home. I never saw the rooms after they were partitioned off, but from the fashion of the schoolhouse, they must have been shaped like pieces of pie, the capacity of which as a whole could have accommodated the "Four and twenty black birds" which sang for the King in the "Song of Sixpence" in the "Old Mother Goose Book."

#### NAMES OF TEACHERS AND SOLDIERS.

I have the names of the teachers from 1823, the time the building was erected until its disuse in 1857, thirty in all, of whom but one is living, so far as I know, Emma (Atkinson) Smith, of Lambertville, N. J. The names follow:—

Solomon Wright, David McCreary, William C. Ely, Isaiah Large, John Gillingham, Amos Winder, Elias Duer, Hiram Jones, Sarah Lee, Susan Parry, Susan Fell, Helena Parry, D. Wilson Small, Susanna Ely, John W. Gilbert, George Passmore Betts, William E. Case, Oliver Wilson, Obed M. Bass, William S. Janney, Julia Maria Johnson, Frank Stapler, Emma Atkinson, Mary Hampton, Ewerretta McV. Budd, Rose Budd, Edgar Melin, Margaret Smith, George Eastburn, Sarah B. Wilson.

D. Wilson Small studied law, moved to Wisconsin, and afterwards married another of the Eight Square teachers, Susanna Ely. He became a law Judge in his new location.

The Eight Square pupils did not shirk their duty during the Civil War. I have a list of forty-four enlistments, all but eight or ten for three years, the eight going for from three to

nine months. This is besides the "emergency men," who went out in the state call for troops in 1862-3, some in both calls. Of these I can name Watson Kenderdine, Jacob A. Walton, Charles and Watson Paxson, Joseph Thomas, Robert Livezey and I think two or three others. The following are those who responded to the national call:—

Charles Armitage, John Bishop, Edward Black, Ezra Black, Jesse Black, Jonathan Black, Lorenzo Black, Thomas Brown, Daniel Burkett, Edward Eisenbrey, Lehman Eisenbrey, William Fennell, Edward Forker, Joseph Fly, George Geddis, Jones Geddis, William Geddis, Thomas Graham, George Horne, Joseph Howell, Calvin Hough, George Johnson, William Johnson, William Keeler, Robert Kenderdine, T. S. Kenderdine, Joseph Large, Theodore Livezey, John Levensgood, James Lugar, Joseph A. Paxson, Henry M. Pownall, Isaac C. Pownall, Lewis C. Rice, William Sigmund, Frank Swallow, Albert P. Schurz, Benjamin C. Shaw, Jonathan Thomas, Reuben Thomas, Andrew Jackson Wall, Eli Warford, Joseph H. Warford, Charles Williams.

#### OLD TIME STUNTS.

I will begin with the teachers' list and treat of the soldier boys later. The first one I remember was Hiram Jones. He was of the old-fashioned sort; coming in just after the "boarding around" kind, and wore a top hat and high collared swallow-tail coat. However, as I only went to him one day, and that as an experiment along with my older sister, I cannot say much about him only from hearsay, and that he was a rather primitive in his scholastic acquirements. The next teacher, Sarah Lee, I know something about. She

was severe, and could wield either whip or ruler; the first on the back and legs; the last on the hands. But, as during the winter season, when their craft were laid up, several boat boys came to school as well as "bound-boys," she had some difficult propositions in the way of juvenile humanity to deal with, and these weapons came in play. They were necessarily dull to acquire learning, from their little schooling, and naturally mischievous and, from their associations, militant and rebellious. It seems strange, with so much of this rough element to deal with, there was quite a hiatus in the middle forties from the absence of male teachers; say from the time Hiram Jones gave up the gad and ruler to the time John W. Gilbert came, who by the way, I do not remember using them. He followed Susan B. Fell, and was succeeded by D. W. Small. John helped his father on the farm between school terms, as many men-teachers did, and taught in the winter. Small, as mentioned, studied law. Gilbert moved with his father to Greenville, where he followed tanning the hides of domestic animals which was better than doing the same to school children: but, as I said I think he was clear of that, the point is lost. Small, who had gone to boarding school up in the Dutch country, had studied German there, and during the following winter, as a side help, he started a German class in the Eight Square, to the detriment of the other scholars, and to little good to the students in Dutch, for, besides some pretentious jabbering between themselves, to show outsiders their smartness, made up of colloquial phrases and hindsides foremost sentences, peculiar to the language, the enterprise was a failure, and their "Germans without a master," which literally

they were, were cast to one side, much to the relief of the school in general. The only one who made anything out of the innovation on our studies was the teacher, which was in tuition and sale of "Dutch books" as we primitively called them.

Another institution of more durability, as well as usefulness, was what was known as "Singing Geography." This cult came in about 1850, but was by no means confined to our school district, township, county or state, for it prevailed across the river in Jersey. One Samuel Naylor introduced the system in both states. Teacher Small studied under him, and being a frugal minded man, and believing in doing some "work on the side," as in his German tuition, formed a class of his larger winter scholars, and during the following summer vacation had twenty or more of them "singing geography" for a month, at the low rate of one dollar apiece. With the aid of "Felton's Outline Maps," large hanging charts on which were marked all the principal features on the world's surface, rivers, lakes, bays, seas, mountains, capes, grand and political divisions, with their principal cities and I don't remember what else, he had his pupils chanting, to a modified tune from the opera of "Old Dan Tucker" the titles of the long list named. Sometimes "Old Dan" had not compass enough, such as in giving a description of the destruction of Herculaneum and Pompeii or some other noted event, when the chanting would make one think he was listening to certain portions of a Catholic or an Episcopalian church service, which the intonation much resembled. It was wonderful how the craze spread. Night schools were held, composed of well grown young men and women, and I doubt me much but many a matrimonial

come-off originated in the buggy rides to those co-educational soirees. The fad died out in two or three years, and the maps, covered with dust, accumulated in school lofts, where they were found in after years, when, the old style schoolhouse was torn down, to be replaced by a new building, an unpicturesque "Four Square," as in the case in hand; a frame dwelling house, with the Jerry Flynn mentioned, as the owner; the walls of the old building doing duty in its cellar, verily, "to what base uses may we come at last."

#### TUNE FOR MULTIPLICATION.

But before this lesson-sugaring fad died out the prosaic multiplication tables were assailed, and its "Twice one are two" on up to "twelve times twelve are one hundred and forty-four" was set to the "Old Dan Tucker Tune," but "The tune the old cow died on" would have fitted the case better, for the cult as to chanting "The rivers and ountains of this spotted globe," as Milton says, and other geographical incidentals on to the last dying gasp of the fad as a memorizer for the multiplication table, petered out till it became but a memory, and in need of a sing-song itself.

Another teacher was William S. Janney, afterwards army surgeon, country doctor, and Philadelphia coroner. He was but eighteen years old at the time, with black eyes he boasted about for their penetration, but his strength was his strong holt, to play on words, for a country school needed that attribute. I remember one overgrown boy, a large opinionated pupil, who, from a breach of discipline, was promised a whaling next day, a delay dangerous, according to the maxim, but it would seem that the needed punishment required a

bigger gad than the one behind the teacher's desk to fit the crime; anyhow, a good sized sapling was on hand when the time came, when the culprit was made to "shuck" his coat, step out on the floor, and the whipping went on in earnest. But the harder the blows fell, the more the boy would not say words meet for repentance, although promised a "threshing within an inch of his life." But that did not scare the boy. It turned out that the secret for his indifference was a sheepskin under his vest. I believe he was turned out of school. William Janney was a good teacher, and I could thank him for my insight to the mystery of algebra.

Another teacher, nameless, has the memory attached to him as giving me the last "polishing off" at school, and a younger brother had the same experience. As usual I had done nothing worth speaking of; only held my seatmate, "Charley" Thomas, down to the floor where he had stooped to pick up a dropped slate pencil. At the crucial period the master was on hand, and asked me if I had held the now-arisen, panting boy down; I answered that "if he had wanted to get up he need not have stayed down." This was held as not only an evasion, but, technically, an untruth, and I was invited to step in front of the desk where the master could have more swing for his whip. I was spared the humiliation of going to the woods to cut the whip which produced the welts on my back and legs, but the one on hand was "just as good."

#### THE UNSPARED ROD.

My much younger brother suffered later, and on the reappearance of the same master, these teachers of the olden time coming and going with interregnums of one to three years.

The pupils at the time mentioned, from their positions of study facing the outer world, had swung around with their feet towards the stove, in readiness for the evening dismissal, when a carriage, stopping in front of the schoolhouse, showed evidence that the teacher was wanted outside. Then began a horse play on the boys' side, in the shape of "passing the time of day," by the head boy hitting the one next to him a sharp blow on the leg, with the hand held edgewise, which must be handed on down, the sport "getting thicker, faster and more of it," as it neared the out door. "Bill" Heed, the one above my brother, gave him such a whack that a counter blow was needed, instead of passing it on to the next in line.

Just at this time the master entered the school room and faced the two participants, who were now sparring back and forth, when there was a sudden stoppage of belligerency. The teacher at once ordered the aggressors to remain after school, and then ordered Heed to go to the woods and cut a gad. The plea of the originator of the scrimmage that he had no knife excused him. My brother having a barlow, and owing to its possession, he was at once sent to the nearby woods, for the needed corrective, an it seemed providential, on the teacher's side, that the grove was so handy by, and that it had such good punishing materials for the pupils. In his conscientiousness, my brother brought back a good, honest gad. Drawing it back and forth through his hands, in a professional way, to test its flexibility, the errand to the woods was pronounced a breach of confidence, the whip being too light for the punishment of the crime committed. And then the master took to the woods himself, and shortly brought back what the boys thought a young bean pole, for it brought marks which

took days to heal. My father was a school director at the time, but such was the Spartan nature of the disciplinary parents of the time, that there was no official remonstrance made. In fact as he, himself, did not believe in spoiling the child by sparing the rod, my father did some physical culture at home. Some parents told their boys that if they got "licked" at school, they would "catch it" again from them. Those were great days! "Good old Golden Rule days."

#### LADIES FOLLOWED SUIT.

In these times of culture and refinement, one would think that the mistresses, lady teachers, they would be called now, would employ persuasion instead of the rod. But, when strong enough, they did as the men. I remember two of them, and they were built like grenadiers, and with strength and temper to match, who could wield the gad as well as the masters, and, if a whip was not handy, but it generally was, a ruler, one of those inch-in-diameter, round ones, used in making up-and-down lines to separate the words in copy-books, would answer the purpose, for to be smitten on the inside of the hand with one of these was leaving a sting to be remembered. The younger pupils got the most of this, and the command to "hold out thy hand," the sharp blows causing its withdrawal, with a quick jerk, the demand that it be held out again, and the whimpering or sullen silence are all before me now, and I recall the sights and sounds with pain, in two senses of the word. Pinching and pulling the ears were other corrections. But, worse than these, was ear-boxing, from the danger of aural injury, and there was the finger-thumping of the skull, unpleasant enough, if professionally done with a sharp flipp with the second finger. These punishments, which would be thought barbarous,

now, and they were then, were taken for granted, at that time as a part of the school curriculum, and as having Biblical sanction.

But the teachers were not all so harsh, and two of them, the Parry sisters, Susan and Helena, I recall with pleasure and affection, and as for the muscular woman, whom I thought bore malice towards me, I met a few years afterwards, when she had given up both "book and rule," and gone back to private life, and she then and there called me to her, and made the most account of our scholastic relations; and then I realized that she spoke truth when she said in those long ago days, that it "hurt her more to punish me than I suffered myself." But while the sting was on I was excusable for doubting her. How our feelings change!

And now, I must speak of Susan Parry, mentioned above, the second of my teachers following the one last mentioned. But seventeen years old to my eight, she was my ideal of an instructor, as well as "guide philosopher and friend," so kind and considerate was she to me. Emulous, and doing my best to hold my own in my class I would sometimes fail, when I have known her in time of recess to help me out or dry the tears which unbidden came from my failures. She tarried with us but two years, when she left, loved by all but by some of the turbulent winter scholars, who failed to appreciate her forbearance. Knowing that her successor would be a sharp disciplinarian, she told the unruly ones that they would too late recall the patience she exercised towards them, and well they remembered her words. She gave up the school in 1844, and it was forty years before I saw her again, when she called on me at my Newtown home. Then nearing her three-



score years, she seemed like an aged woman, but her youth returned in her talk of our chummy times at the old Eight Square. She had a habit in her teaching days of hastily drawing side faces, or blank silhouettes, and which she did, half mechanically to my amusement while studying up some arithmetical problem; an art I acquired and have not forgotten. She gave "rewards of merit" for good behavior, and I have one of these little certificates yet.

#### HIS LAST TANNING.

Another teacher, and the last at the Octagon, was a little woman from York State, who, while visiting in our neighborhood, was employed to fill a vacancy, as about that time, from some cause, school teachers were not much more dependable than house servants now, and, by the way, she followed the one who gave me my last tanning, though several years before. Short in stature, light built and vivacious, she was the life of the school, admired by the big boys and loved by the little children, who were not discerning enough to see that she was no practical instructor for grown-ups, and the last did not seem to care. She did not pretend to have such capacity. When I would ask her assistance in some study, a sum in arithmetic, for instance, she would abstractedly glance at it, and say it should "bring the answer," the way I was working it, and then leave me to attend to some one of her favorite juveniles. And she did adore them, telling them the cutest little stories, and teaching them concert songs, but, as in the fable of the boys stoning frogs, it was fun for them but death to my ambition to get ready for boarding school. But she taught the older students some educational frills, elocution, gestures in dialogues and manners. A plain,

Friendly community, we had few Chesterfieldian ways as to salutations, and when, after the first morning's experience with her charge it had shocked her conventions, when she tried to familiarize us with the usages of police society, as she knew them, we were shocked in turn. For instance, as the pupils came through the door in the morning, they must duck their heads and say, "Good morning Ma'am, or Miss Budd," and on leaving at night, make the same genuflection and use "evening" for "morning." Then to the old time "yes" and "no" must be added the same "Ma'am." In polite society this would seem all right, but in a school, where the directors were Friends, and where the teachers, whether Friends or not had used the "plain language" to the pupils since the Eight Square was built, it seemed out of the way, and when I told my father about it he said he would fix that, and he did, but in a kindly way, explaining the peculiarity of the neighborhood's bringing up. She was wise enough to appreciate this, and afterwards abandoned her laid down rules. One of her pupils was over six feet tall, and to bob his head on entering the seat of learning was natural, but he would not want to "make his manners," anyhow, being plainly raised. He, however, did not begin school until after this edict was passed.

But this teacher's best hold was on elocution. Each alternate Seventh-day afternoon we "spoke pieces," and on the others had dialogues, and here the amenities of polite usage was allowed to the limit. Following instructions, each declaimer, before launching forth, must put his right foot forth, and then with a simultaneous head-duck, smartly draw it back in position. This, while showing re-

spect to the audience, was schooling us towards a possible advent among society people, so that when entering a drawing room, we would avoid criticism. This drilling went a little tough at first for those of plain bringing up, but as the primrose path is easier going than the straight and narrow way, we got along.

And then the "compositions" we wrote and read on those alternate week closings! They were great, for the mistress said so. They must, after reading, be neatly folded and tied up with pink ribbons, which she furnished, and then given her for her treasuring up. After she left they were found in the loft, dingy with dust and soot. Some of these I rescued and have them yet. This was an abuse of confidence that smote the feelings of the sensitive among us.

#### CLOSE OF THE TERM.

But the close of the term, and of my last attendance at the Eight Square, was an event. The little teacher, being versed in the study and practice of "piece-speaking," was filled with histrionic art, at least enough to create rustic admiration. So under her directions, we studied, practiced and rehearsed a drama, in which "Aunt Quinby" and the "Baron Von Klinkenberg" were the main characters. In the cast; she was the old-fashioned, unwelcome country aunt, unexpectedly making entry to her city nieces during a select party, and I was the Baron, especially invited to the same blow-out, to be mercilessly exposed by Aunt Quinby, and a certain country Jake, who proved him an impostor. "Jake" Walton, the six-foot-two pupil appropriately represented this rustic "Jake," and did the comic part in assisting in the exposition. As the platform was raised so that the audience could the better see us, and as the story was too low for

proper ventilation, the tall fellow could hardly keep his head from going through the ceiling at times. This ducking increased the hilarity of the audience, which, coming in free, could afford to applaud; that is the insiders, but those outside, who had to satisfy their stage taste by peeping in at the windows near the door from their refused admission, did not behave at all appreciative, and came near having the town constable put upon them. From the difference in altitude, Jacob should have occupied the avuncular station, and "Aunt" been the niece, but the inside audience was not critical, and conditions were let go. I was unfortunate in being the villain of the play, and although rigged out in the padded and epauletted regimentals of a member of a local military company, as supposed to be the toggerly of German nobility, and topped with a pomponned cap, I was not near as popular as "Jake," let alone Aunt Quinby. After this play was over I, among others, recited pieces, but I was forgotten by the house in the astral portions of the cast, but this show was a grand finale for my country school going, and my entrance to the world of boarding-school life.

From the list of the teachers at the Eight Square, it will be seen that there was thirty between the years 1823 and 1857. In the twelve years of my pupilage I was under fifteen of them; every one of whom are dead. Dr. William S. Janney was the last to go. How these tutors rise before me, the kind and unkind, the capable, and the reverse, all disappeared beyond the mysterious ridge from which there is no climbing back.

#### JOIN UNION ARMY.

So much for our instructors, but of more public interest is the fact that over forty of my schoolmates were in

the Union Army during the great rebellion besides several who went out in one or both of the emergency calls of 1862-3. Enlisted in the national cause, in two instances there were three brothers went, and in four others, two. But a remnant of these is left, but strange to relate, but two met death in the service, Robert Kenderdine and Charles Armitage, although another, Theodore Livezey, lately died from a wound received in the Wilderness battles, so mercifully were they spared, though fighting from Gettysburg down to the Carolinas. Of my cousin, Charles Armitage, sometimes my deskmate, he was quite a reader, as a lad, of books relating to war heroes, like Napoleon, Washington, or the generals in the more recent war in Mexico, their battles and the tactics winning them, being his study. On a slate, in school hours, he would surreptitiously draw plans of the battles of his heroes to illustrate his late readings, as if in preparation for his advent in the coming, but then unexpected, strife wherein his life was to be lost. My brother, Robert, was as different as could be from "Charley," as he would needlessly harm no one, or any thing; cared nothing for war literature, and avoided all manner of physical strife in his student life.

I often think, in looking over the modern reading books, how much more attractive and cheerful they are in the way of illustrations and subject matter. My first shy at scholastic lore was through Comly's spelling book, a combination of spelling and reading matter for children from ten years old down to "a-b-abs." From the suggestions and advice in this volume, one would think the little tyros needed watching; such sentences appearing as "My son do no ill." "Go not in the way of bad men; bad men are

in the way of sin." "The eye of God is on thee all the day." "Why did my darling tell a lie; did she not know that God was nigh?" and so on in easy three-letter words, with now and then one a little longer, which the youngest could understand. We certainly felt we were not of the elect, and needed watching so that there was an awful eye looking down on us from the mysterious above, through night and day, for darkness the deepest, in our opinion, was no veil for hiding evil doings.

The readers, coming next, as they progressed from number one on, or regressed from number six to one, according as the series were planned, were little better as to cheerfulness in subjects. One of them contained two narrations concerning the carrying off by eagles of little babies; one in verse, the other in prose, as doleful. Another contained a poem called "The Dying Schoolboy;" a most augubrious piece. Before I was ten years old a younger brother died, and the first day I went to school after the funeral, we had the reading in our class, and I broke down when my turn came. I have thought since I should have been excused from this reading exercise that day or the selection passed over. Another subject, in an advanced reader, was entitled something like "A Night in a Country Graveyard." The first sentence read: "I never shun a graveyard," and went on to describe how the writer went to sleep in a rural cemetery, and how he saw one bodily resurrection after another, till he was surrounded with a variety of "spooks;" what they had to say, and so on. It was a gruesome selection for any one to read, particularly for a young child. But the getters up of school reading books seemed hardened to the requirements of such.

## EIGHT-YEAR-OLD BOY DROWNED

When I was a little school boy, one of my mates was drowned in the canal at the upper end of Lumberville, Alexander Smith. He was but eight years old, and the event cast a gloom over the community and particularly in the school. All the scholars, led by the teacher, marched two and two to the funeral, a full mile away, and made a rather spectacular showing, but with a solemn effect. The lad was a son of Ingham Smith, our village storekeeper, who, years after, was unfortunate in losing his two remaining boys through the Civil War.

On rainy days the thoughtful teachers would have us in doors, when we would play such games as "slip the ruler" to pass away the dull hours. At other times we would break the monotony of our lessons by "Choosing Sides," when, with a leader on each side of the school house, each in turn, would select the best speller, who as called, would take positions from the teacher's desk towards the door. Then the teacher would give out a list of difficult words, from side to side, and whoever missed would keep dropping out till but two were left, when came the survival of the fittest.

There was a prejudice against reforms in our school, generally among the children of conservative Democrats, or the boat-and-bound-boys, whether in the nature of politics, philanthropy, religion or medicine; the last a singular subject till a new cult was an infringing on old curing ways. So to be a Whig, an Abolitionist, a Friend or a Thompsonian, was to put the holder of all or one of these reforms under the ban, and, as I was of a family representing all of these, or nearly so, I was to use a school term "it." I must to an extent

except the second class, as my father was a Whig first, and an Abolitionist afterwards, or until his party got in power through Gen. Taylor's election. And I was not much of a Thompsonian, for its rough treatment made me dislike its ways; however, as I was practically all of these, I stood my ground. General Taylor's election in 1848, set the Whig phase of the situation right, and the sneers at Abolitionism stopped then, for the Democrat boys who gave them were subdued by defeat. Dr. Thompson's mode of "steam-doctoring" as the system of botanic treatment was generalized, had so died out by 1850, that its line had so run out that there was hardly one of its kind of doctors around, our local one taking up "horse-doctoring" in its stead, and Quakerism had so come to be respected, from the condition of two of its comrade cults, or the boys of the faith being too belligerent towards those "hollering" at them "Quaker, Quaker, how art thee," and mimicking their "thee" and "thy," their "First-day," and other of their peculiar tongue, sometimes coming to blows—hardly the thing for non-resistants—that they were no longer in contempt. And the use made by the teachers of the "plain language" offset the funmaking of the roughs, so that in the latter part of my school days, I had little cause to feel mortified from my peculiarities of speech, religion, politics or philanthropy.

I have written of my school-day experiences before, and I could write pages more now, but this now set down must suffice, except to moralize on the departure from the world of so many of my fellows of the Eight Square. Of the many I associated from first to last, in the twelve years there, how few remain this side of the great divide in comparison. They came into my ken, sometimes as six-year-olds

sometimes as six-foot grownups; they went to their crude graduations, such as the primitive ways of the times granted, or left school in the rough; some to trades, some to farming; to store clerking or to some genteel profession—few, however; but so many to lead the lives of soldiers; a continuous procession; nearly all now dropped out

by the wayside; so few left that I have trouble to get help in locating them, but mainly from my long absence from those boyhood scenes. To paraphrase; to me it seems:—

“They are dead, they are gone  
to the church-yard lone,  
And I alone remain.”





## A WAR-TIME OUTING

"Peace hath her victories as well as War," and that is something to be proud of, but the failure of a military expedition exploited during the Southern Rebellion cannot be looked upon optimistically, except as being the salvation of thousands of human lives, as, in all probability the ill success of this enterprise promoted. To be sure the defeat of the Union army at the first battle of Bull Run was a disguised blessing, as it aroused the North to such an extent that it saved its cause, but the defeat of the purpose of the Charleston Expedition of the winter of 1863 had only a discouraging effect. From its not being a success war history hardly mentions it, so as one of the participants in its inception I give this narration.

It was over a half-century ago, or to be particular it was during the closing days of January, 1863, that an Expedition left the coast of North Carolina for the capture of Charleston, then the object of intense dislike by the loyal North from being the head center of the Rebellion, for there the first overt act of treason was committed for the destruction of our nationality by the firing on its flag at Fort Sumter, and where the most inveterate feelings prevailed against free speech and towards those who favored

the abolition of human slavery; a city even more deserving of capture and humbling than the head of the Confederacy, for Richmond had a little Union sentiment in abeyance, while Charleston had not a particle. There was not an expedition gotten up during the war with more ostensible secrecy and less of the actual than this, for while there was for weeks, to the worryment of our friends there, an embargo on the sending of mail matter North to keep the enemy in darkness concerning the affair, it was seven weeks before the "Vincible Armada" made the final start, and there was not a day while matters were in progress but what the rebels were cognisant of the movements of the Union forces, which was but natural, as we were in a hostile country. The Expedition was a failure, not from the unwillingness to do their duty by the subordinate officers and their rank and file, but from various outside causes such as I have outlined, to which may be added the publicity given by over-zealous war-correspondents, so that the enemy knew all the details necessary for the repulsion of the proposed attack, and the aid given by the dissensions at the crucial time between the temporary leader of the expedition, General Naglee, and General Hunter, the Commander of

the Department of the South, whence the final departure of troops and vessels of war was to be made. From the causes given the affair was a wretched failure, although the expedition was composed finally of 16,000 men of all arms, a half-dozen iron-clads, as well as other men-of-war, and fifty vessels of different kinds, gunboats, mortar-boats, transport, and the like. There were 10,000 on the preliminary expedition from Beaufort Harbor. What I know of the matter is from memory and my newspaper correspondence, together with some details from General Davis' "History of the 104th Pennsylvania," which regiment was with us. The Expedition is of local interest from the fact that Bucks County had practically two regiments with it, that and ours: the first lacking but one company, the latter, two. The long delays prevented the 174th continuing with the "Armada" as it was the only nine months regiment connected with it, and its time would have been up before its services would have been available; but I was long enough with the affair to describe the embarkation and landing, as well as its weeks of experience on the "vasty deep."

The vicinity of Beaufort Harbor, North Carolina, was where the expedition was to make its initial start. Our brigade, composed of the 174th, 85th and 58th Pennsylvania and the 56th New York, had been lying for weeks on the shores of the Trent river, beyond New Berne, and some thirty miles from the coast, without knowing what we were there for, unless it was to guard the outposts of the Union Army in that section of the South, and to where we had come from Suffolk, Virginia. Here we were pleasantly situated, with tents well arranged for a winter's stay, and hop-

ing for a respite from our several camp breakings, for, though we often hear of armies being tired of inaction, and wanting to get into a fight, it does not often realize. But one day we got orders to prepare three days' rations, and we knew that meant business, and the time limit made us believe that Charleston would be our immediate destination, particularly as the rations were to be in bulk, instead of being individually portioned out, which looked like a sea voyage being in view. I would like to tell you about these separate rations, did space permit, suffice it to say that the mixture of salt pork, hard-tack, beans, sugar, coffee, and other edibles got well assimilated in the haversack, particularly during a rainy or hot spell, and by meal time became rather repulsive to a fastidious mind, and thankful was I that a journey I took across the plains and mountains of the far west a few years before had prepared me for such diet.

Our companion regiments had been ordered away first to facilitate embarkation, and these went off in the usual manner by burning the flooring and "wood stable high" of their tents, bunks, and everything burnable, that their successors might not get advantage of the time and labor we spent on our winter quarters. This was in a spirit of selfishness and vandalism in revenge for what the builders felt for the interruption of what they thought would be a long stay, and was a common thing to happen. It was night when they left, one by one, and the fires from stockades and bunks lighted up the surroundings brightly. The same had happened at Suffolk, and our own men were as guilty as any, the only palliation being that slaughter in battle is worse. War is a terrible thing, and was aptly styled



by Sherman, and as minor matters along with the shedding of blood go pillaging along the line of march, the burning of houses and barns and the abuse of helpless people. This seems to come naturally in the fallen state of man consequent to war time, and is often done thoughtlessly as the dire work of a soldier, and the thefts if cumbersome are thrown away. I recollect that as we left Norfolk a large lot of ginger was filched from the warehouse we had been quartered in, and carried off and soon thrown away as being of no earthly use, for we were in no position to manufacture ginger ale or the spicy cakes our mothers used to make. These same "lifters," did they live to get home, would have abandoned these acquired traits for their normalities before enlistment. Of course the destruction of their own handiwork was less culpable than would have been the case had it been the work of others, but nevertheless it was criminally blamable.

Hardly had the fires gone down at the neighboring camps, and the 174th men taken to their bunks, expecting to make a night of it, when in the darkness we heard the clank of sword and the rattle of spurs in the company street. This was the Adjutant, who, though ranking no higher than myself, could make as big a noise as a Major General as he walked around officially. In fact he was called "General" eventually. This was Frank Reeder, a son of Governor Reeder of Kansas fame. He got his position over a worthy young man named Staples of Stroudsburg, who was Sergeant-major and should have been Adjutant, and was practically so named, but our Colonel owed his appointment to Governor Reeder, and in the way of a deal, it could not be helped. Reeder was but a boy of seventeen when he got his position, but he was a dashing

fellow, afraid of nothing, and insolent to his superiors in the regiment, did they in any way displease him, and with a Colonel under obligations to his father, he was immune from rebuke. Of his bravery there was no question. I saw him a few years ago, tall, mustached and side-whiskered in gray, so different looking, from the beardless youth I had known near a half-century before. We had been good friends and were glad to see one another. He has since died.

But to return to what I was about to write: To be routed out of bed on a night so dark you could not see a yard ahead of you; to dismantle a home you had lived in for weeks, and had expected to live in more weeks, unless sooner ordered to the front; to bundle up your belongings; take down the tent, and load up these with the commissary and ordnance stores (and by the way we had had enough cartridges in our particular canvas home to blow us to smithereens till we made complaint to the ordnance officer and had the fire-works removed) onto the baggage wagons was no small thing, though a prosaic part of the "pomp and circumstances of glorious war." The next thing was to fire the wood-work of the tents and bunks, load the household goods on a wagon, get in line, and in the light of the burning camp load our truck on the cars, climb up among it—we did not ride in Pullmans then—and next start through the darkness for the coast.

By morning, jolting over the rough road till we had to look that we did not tumble off the cars, we were on the shores of Beaufort harbor, and we soon saw "what we were here for," for the waters were dotted with fifty or more vessels of all kinds, from the mammoth "General Woodbury" sail-

ing ship, with its 1000 soldier capacity, to small schooners; and from the first class steamer "Cahawba", with its ability to carry 1500 men, to the "General Miegs", crowded with 250, and so on down to tugs. The "Woodbury" was the ship which brought the 104th Pennsylvania down from Gloucester Point, and was a fine square rigger of the old school. It was in the same storm off Hatteras which sent down the Monitor, and for the same reason had to be cut loose from its towing tug, and was so submerged by the waves that the men had to be battened down in the hold. Some of the vessels were old timers like the blubber tubs used to rounding the Horn, whale hunting, but thought to be good enough for Uncle Sam to haul his men and horses in; in fact the first ship we were assigned to was a horse boat, and bore the trade marks of its assignment. The fleet went in "light marching order"; that is, minus tents and camp equipage, and with only enough horses for the field officers; but what use would these animals be in storming the "imminent, deadly breach", after battering down the Charleston forts, is past finding out!

The sight out on the harbor was certainly inspiring: The bright sun, the sparkling water; the boats and lighters going back and forth; and the placing of troops, cannon stores and horses on board transports, although sad thoughts would come to us now and then as to what would be the outcome of all this display, for the Northern papers had fully informed the Charleston defenders as to what was coming, and that was an attack on their city works, although Wilmington and Savannah had had camp mention as alternates. But the first destination was evident now, and the re-

cent disastrous attack on Fredericksburg happening while we passed through Norfolk warned us what we had in store, and that the taking of Charleston would not be as "easy as rolling off a log," as the saying is.

In many cases our regiment was poorly officered, which was the cause of uneasiness among the men. We had an efficient colonel, who had been wounded, in the battle of Antietam, and was now in the North for recuperation therefrom. The second in command was totally incompetent, while the next was mighty uncertain. As for our particular captain, he was as kind hearted a man as ever was, and would hesitate at home to cut a chicken's head off; but he had entered the army because he wanted to, and that was to his credit. He had left a family, a wife and children at home whom he thought the world and all of; the letters from which did him so much good that he used to read them to the official mess. But he did not want to shoot a rebel, any more than to do the other cruel thing I spoke of; and more than that, he did not want a rebel to shoot him, and I don't blame him. There were none who went to war but wanted to get home whole, but this captain ought to have made more of a show. The will was good, but the flesh was weak. When the company was ordered on board, he was found under the shade of a tree along the beach, suffering from what we knew as "nervous prostration." On my finding him he exclaimed pitifully, when I told him to get his men in line and go on board the waiting transport, "Why didn't you keep away from headquarters, and not ask what ship we were to go in, and maybe our company would have been overlooked and left behind." He was a scrry object, and a

nonentity as a company commander, until we made our final landing, but as I said, in "the piping time of peace" a good enough fellow. The trouble was that the job now in prospect was not in his line. As the leader of a forlorn hope through the breach of one of the Charleston forts, he would not have felt kindly to the situation. And had he failed, as next in command, I do not know that I would have done much better. But there was one thing which would have stimulated me: I had lately had a sword presentation from my home friends, and I had written them such a grandiloquent acknowledgement, "that the donors would not be forgotten, nor the gift dishonored," that I could not in the consistencies have faltered when the crucial time came.

To show our embarkation troubles, our company mounted the sides of three vessels before being finally stationed; no available steamer being at hand large enough for our whole regiment. At first seven companies were placed on the "Burnsides", then, for want of room, our, the largest company, was ordered on the "Meigs," where we found three companies of the 39th Illinois. A gale springing up, we were blown ashore, when, to lighten the load our company was sent to the "Cossack," a sailer. This is the ship which came down the coast as a horse stable, which had not been cleaned out, and while we spent the night there, we kicked so that we were transferred in the morning, on remonstrance being made to General Osborne, of the uncleanness as well as the unseaworthiness of the ship. We were then unstabled and sent back to the "Meigs", which had again been floated.

In our changes from shore to boat

and from vessel to vessel there were no casualties to note except the running down of a yawl containing four of our men by a tug. They were rescued half-drowned, one so hurt that he was left behind at Beaufort hospital. They had gone ashore for a box of good things sent by their kin from the North, such as were forwarded from time to time to their absent ones when localities could be scented, and too often to the spoilation of the recipients' appetites for their normal soldiers' fare. The boxes went under the water with their owners, and when rescued their contents were a sorry sight. Put up by the loving hands which sent them for a belated New Years' feast: turkeys, chickens, sausages, pies, butter, jellie, tobacco and cigars, these were now a salt-water soaked hodge-podge conglomeration, so mixed and vitiated as to be unfit for the fishes they were cast overboard to, and the fowls and other perishable portions in such bad odor from their long transit that they were wronging the sharks in the offer. Their consignees had been cheerful under the knowledge of the probable destination of the expedition and the result of their late bath, but when they began clawing among the mass of once edible food, which was to be such an agreeable change from their general rough diet, they looked ready to cry aloud, stout hearted as they were normally, between this and the shock from their near drowning. In the situation there was a mixture of tragedy and comedy, but the first was in the ascendant when the mass was heaved overboard, all save the tobacco, which was too precious to lose, even to make the rest more palatable to the fish.

At last all was in readiness and one

one the ships and steamers started in the outer sea, and it was a sight to put pride in the hearts of members of the land and naval forces connected with its send off. The sun shone brightly, and the waves of the harbor were responsive and when, as ship after ship, spread their wings like huge birds, and with a favoring breeze passed out to the ocean, the sight was most thrilling. The sailers, from lack of artificial aid, were given the start, but the steamers followed as they crossed the bar, and the whole fleet was soon coursing down the coast. There must have been sixty vessels of all kinds in the scattered fleet, and as we put to sea there was half of them in view. As darkness came on a still more striking sight met the gaze, particularly in connection with the tall masts of the ships, with lamps at their peaks in different colors to designate each vessel in signalling, as they swayed to and fro, describing arcs of light like swinging stars. The steamers were sail rigged also, and they, to a minor degree added to the charm.

But a change came over the scene and this was on the next day. First came a rain, when to protect ourselves we buttoned our dog-tents together and huddled under the temporary roof, which, in a measure answered, until, taking the place of the rain, a gale came on before night. This verged to a tempest, when sheet after sheet of our flimsy covering went sailing through the air. Then the steamer began to plunge, see-saw and roll, and the men to get sea-sick. A portion of the Illinois regiment which had preceded us were below deck, and at

least safe from the storm, that is, the rank and file, the officers had preempted the cabin and staterooms, barring us from what comforts were available, leaving us the bare deck, which with the stern railing torn off from a collision we met with at starting, made parts of it dangerous. There were sixty-four of us in our company, and a full half were suffering the torments of mal-de-mer, and the other half, rolled up in their blankets, the Captain mentioned, among the rest, were trying to fight it off, or were "playing possum." But I must except two of them, and with no false modesty I can say that I was one of these. The other was Thompson Morgan, of Point Pleasant. Seasickness never affected me, so perhaps I do not deserve so much credit; still I might have shirked out of what followed, like some of the rest. As for Morgan, he was also immune. He was a big, able-bodied fellow, who had no stomach for battle, and like the fifer, who was also able-bodied and too well on in years for his vocation, and the cooks and teamsters sought positions of safety, when they could get them. Though on the roster as such Morgan was no drummer, but he certainly filled his part of caretaker for the afflicted that fearful night off the coast of the Carolinas. I have been in some pretty tough places in my time, but my experience that night went well to the fore. I suppose in this age of sea travel some of you have seen or been parties to seasickness on well ordered ocean steamers, with stewards and stewardesses in call, their "properties" in hand, at the beck and call of those afflicted, but you cannot conceive what "Thomps" Morgan an

went through in the darkness, cold and tempest of that January night. The absence of railing around part of the deck made the duties dangerous as well as unpleasant, and we had cause to bear a grudge at the coaling schooner at Beaufort harbor, whose bowsprit did the damage. To keep the sick men in their retchings from going overboard as they rushed towards the edge of the boat, was almost beyond the power of their two caretakers, and before morning the latter began to think they were undergoing trials which would in a measure fit them for 'arough work before them on landing, if they ever got that far. But I am happy to say that not a man of them went overboard; a wonder, considering the unprotected parts of the vessel. We had time to think, however, of the shirkers on the lee of windbreaks and around the warmth of the smokestack who were able to help us, but who were afraid of getting sick and going overboard and getting their feet wet.

But all troubles have their end, except marital, and the gale left with the darkness, and we two who had borne the brunt began to feel like forgiving those who had evaded their duty, in seeing the recovery of the invalids. We were soon getting in shape, the decks were cleanend off from the effects of last night's jam-boree, and the bright weather was making us forget past troubles. Our commissary department was getting in order also, provisions were plenty, and our cooking, from solids to liquids, was done by steam pipes from the engine boiler led into barrels, where coffee was made by tens of gallons, beef and pork boiled by the hundred pounds and beans by the bushel. It was well we were becoming satisfied, but things would have been different had we known that we were to be

"cabined, cribbed, confined" for two weeks instead of as many days which we had thought it would take us to go to Charleston as our near-at-hand destination. We knew better on opening our sealed orders off Wilmington, when we found the landing place had been changed to Hilton Head, from some unexpected change in the program, where there was to be a refitting made and a fresh start for Charleston, where the expedition never got. This stubborn city was to be captured by but one way, and that was by cutting off its communications in the rear, and by that sign it conquered.

There was one thing we sorely missed on this voyage, and that was the Monitor, which was to have been our mascot, our symbol of luck. I had seen it as we passed out to sea, from Hampton Roads, not far from its victim, the Merrimac, which was lying at the mouth of the Elizabeth river, like some maimed dragon, while its contestant was floating peacefully at anchor, as if contented with duty done. In tow of a steamer it was nearing off Hatteras, when a storm arose, so violent that these on the steamer had to cut the hawser or go down themselves, when the gallant ironclad went to the bottom of the sea with its crew, and some of those who attempted a rescue. The "Merrimac" it could fight to the death, but fighting a storm off Hatteras was another story. We still had the "Iron-sides" and a half-dozen of the Monitor type as a good part towards the reduction of the works around Charleston, but the lack of the testy bunch of hardware, swallowed up by the relentless sea, cut us to the heart.

We afterward learned that the assault on the works was dependent on the success of the ironclads in passing the forts and harbor obstructions, the troops the while awaiting their success

on board the transports. The first break in the program was the loss of the ironclad Keokuk, when after some vain cannonading by other war vessels, the attempt was abandoned.

The storm which, from the west, had blown us far to sea, had a great deal to do with the failure of the expedition. The crew said we were forced one hundred miles off shore, which took us some time to regain. When about seven miles from Charleston, we were halted by a shot from one of our gunboats with orders to put out all lights and hurry south. It was dark as pitch, but not so much so but what we could hear the call. It appeared that a tragedy had just occurred whereby forty men had been killed and wounded on the gunboat "Keystone State" by a ram which had put out from Charleston. The disabled vessel was towed down to Hilton Head where it arrived with its sorry burden about the same time we did, the effects of the carnage still reddening the gundeck.

We had days ahead of us on the briney deep, much of the time at anchor near Hilton Head, from a dispute among department commanders as to whose jurisdiction we were under since we missed Charleston. Our sailing comrades of the 39th Illinois were not the most agreeable shipmates. From another state, and as three-year against nine-months men, they looked upon us as raw recruits as not having had time to build ourselves up to the standard of veterans like themselves, for they had seen rough service both in the East and West, and did not realize that we were beginning to learn. During the cold and rain of our first being together, and though there was room, they made no move, officers or men, to share with us their between-

deck or state-room comforts, and their officers showed no signs of being sociable with our own. Like many others of their rank they were too convivial for the responsibilities they were under, and frequently tipped the bottle. Before our start they had been brigaded with us, but that made them show no more companionship.

Even with ourselves we had begun to tire with one another, held so closely together as we had been by the limits of the steamer. On shore we had so much to take our attention, guard mounts, drills, picket, and the like, when we had nothing more strenuous, so that there were petty quarrels and bickerings on board. But it was not always so. One night as we lay on deck, and the motion of the steamer was subdued to approximate smoothness, we relaxed into good nature, when Arthur S. Collom, our cook, startled us with an invitation to be his guests at the Danboro Hotel, which he landlorded while in private life, on the anniversary of our entering Uncle Sam's service, the coming November; for, be it understood, that Asher, though but an enlisted man and humble cook, did not give up the role of Boniface when he entered the army, which was a substitute, for big money, albeit, for he was a man of thrift. I will say here, that, as is proverbially the case, it was "come easy, go easy," for after the war, with an over confidence in the South's future, he invested his blood money in land along the James, which, at his death, his executor could not realize on. And, by the way, Asher, like many another sought the cook's position knowing that it was safer to be among his pots and pans than on the firing line, and who can blame him, with a family at home and a good

tavern stand for his retaking if he got home safe.

To return to my subject, we had a cheery, talkative time on the "al fresco" deck, of the General Meigs about what we would like Asher to give us in the way of fare, which would be done up right, for he was a tip-top cook. All we named Asher promised us, and the best of all the whole thing eventuated. As we named over turkey, with its cranberry sauce trimming, the side dishes and the dessert, with its mince pie and ice cream, it began to be a regular Barmecide feast, till we began to imagine we were in the far North with our knees under the dining room mahogany, and the good things borne to us by waiters in easy call, as happened in the Arabian Nights story. We reveled in the meat of the national bird and its Christmas tide accompaniments until the happy end when the ice cream was borne in, matterless of what might happen in the coming months, or in the immediate future consequent to our present errand. But the feast when it came that November night in 1863, was none of your Barmecide variety, with its imaginary edibles outlined by lines as invisible as those of latitude and longitude, but a reality, and, as free lunches invariably are, well attended. Asher is long since dead with his kindly, hospitable ways and cooking abilities, but if he were again in the flesh, and giving Company E an invitation in the nature of one to a golden wedding, how few would answer to the summons, such as was formulated that winter night off the South Carolina coast. The field officers of the regiment are long since dead, and but three or four of the thirty captains and lieutenants are on this side of the Great Divide, and as for the rank and

file of my company, I cannot name a half-dozen of it who are living. Of the dead, I can yet hear the Orderly Sergeant calling their names night and morning as they lined up on the company street, and as I heard them called hundreds of times, along with the names of those who may yet be living—Allen, Bensley, Brink, Bowden (Isaac and John) Cooper, Collom, Curtis, and so on through intermediate initials to Rudiger, Umstead, Watson, Wilson and Yost, and their short answers of "Here"; all dead, and so many more. Gone! Gone! and so few living to give them remembrance.

The contentions between our general commanding officers had kept the Great Expedition in such an uproar since anchoring at Hilton Head that no progress had been made towards the intended design. Our rendezvous was St. Helena Island, a short distance inland, and here we laid out our camp, after which we made preparations to take up the task we had left off to make short work of Charleston. We had a review before General Hunter, who for a while claimed us, of 15,000 men, which must have done that official's heart good, but it certainly made us tired. Hunter, by "ways that were dark and peculiar," had brought his influence to bear at Washington, and got possession of the 18th Corps from Naglee, who was in temporary command in General Foster's absence and joined it with his 10th, which was but half the size of our former Corps.

After this review we began in earnest to prepare for our Charleston work; the war vessels practicing with their big guns, boat crews taking stunts at landing troops from transports, the infantry on shore drilling for assaults, while an improvised am-

bulance corps were at their gruesome work of trotting around with their stretchers loaded with able bodied humanity, carrying, in imagination, the wounded from fields of carnage to welcoming field hospitals all well enough in precept, but we hoped the practiced would never come in, at least with us personally. As danger signals flew, our cooks rejoiced that their positions rendered them immune from danger, and the recently vacated post of fifer was in demand. The drummer, a big, able bodied fellow, had already picked his place. He had as little soul for music as had the fifer, and he had none at all for the strenuositities of battle, and their stations, like those of the cooks and ambulance men, were reasonably safe, but they got some guying. But we cannot well blame them. These had families and life is sweet—as sweet to save for themselves as for the salvation of their country. And these men, as they reached for their stretchers, cooking utensils, of fife and drum, doubtless, like some of the rest of us, thought of the thousands up North, given and giving in marriage, cavorting at balls, and in a general way making merry as before war times, and felt justified in using all lawful means for saving their lives for domestic use. But the men generally were ready for whatever parts were to be assigned, the immunes named being a small portion of the whole. Their annoyance was the bickerings and jealousies between those high in military authority which so delayed military operations.

Thus weak after week passed away, and Charleston was unafraid of any thing we were doing in the way of covert or overt action. Finally our regiment was detached for service in

the Department of the South to outpost duty in guarding ferries and the inland waters dividing the mainland from the Sea Islands. For awhile we were stationed at Beaufort, South Carolina, for there is a town of that name in both Carolinas, a paradise for ease-loving soldiers, and a happy place to pass away the closing months of an enlistment. But particularly was it such for the "Humanitarians, the Gideonites," as they were generally termed, who, under government protection, as well as patronage, were having a fine time as they had long had as citizens or in military pay in attending to the wants of the Freedmen and the handling of cotton, in connection with which there was a series of scandals till the whole group were sent back to civilian or military life. Here, at their ease, with nearby gunboats in call to keep off meddlesome rebels, this gentry had a fine time, while it lasted.

The fighting done by this unsuccessful Expedition was by the navy, which made so little impression on the walls around Charleston that the prospects of an assault on them by the land forces was so unpromising in the eyes of general Hunter, that he decided to abandon the attack. Had General Naglee been left in command, there would doubtless, have been another story to tell; as it was, had we not been detached from the Expedition, we would have returned to Port Royal unscathed with the rest of it. In fact, had a war risk been placed by a life insurance company on the infantry of the Charleston Expedition it would have made money by the transaction.

In closing this paper I must say something about conditions around the Sea Islands during the first half of the Civil War, my several months



station there having given me a chance to know. This region was dotted with plantation buildings, in which was placed centrally the pretentious home of the owner; the mansion on pillars to keep dampness away, and at the same time furnishing underneath a playground for the dogs and pickaninnies of the plantation. Here the slaveholders made their homes, when not summering in the North, or in the Saratoga and Newport of the section, Beaufort. The unexpected, to the rebels, capture of the forts at Hilton Head by Commodore Dupont in the summer of 1861, scared the planters from their homes and local summer resort; they leaving everything behind, and never to come back till after the war. So universal was the hegira, that the only white man left behind, was one too drunk to get away. This was a great humiliation to the first families, who, in their hurry, abandoned costly furniture and house decorations, as well as clothing and valued heirlooms; the clothing being appropriated by former slaves, so that clad in the silks, satins and laces of their mistresses, the negro girls and women strutted around the streets of Beaufort, where was the head of the "Freemen's Society," founded by the philanthropists of New England; the antecedent of the Freedmen's Bureau. Through the instrumentality of ministers of the gospel and school teachers the former slaves were to be put on such a footing that they were to be prepared to fight life's battles along with their late masters now on the mainland as fugitives. The whole thing was a failure, for the blacks flocked thither in such droves that they could not be taken care of by the "Gideonites" and in a short time developed laziness and general de-

moralization that made the colony a byword as a humanitarian fake in the minds of all except the most radical abolitionists. At the spiritual head was a Reverend Mr. French, while the military overseer was General Rufus M. Saxton, who assumed the title of Governor of South Carolina. In the height of their power there was a discreditable mingling of colors; in one instance a white man being married to a mulatto in a negro church with the full sanction of the authorities, many "Gids", as the philanthropists were shortly called, being in attendance. One of the Field Officers of the First South Carolina did not hesitate to be seen on the streets of Beaufort with a colored woman. And with cotton worth from one to two dollars a pound, it is no wonder that there was graft in connection with other malodorous doings. A plant was erected for ginning, spinning and weaving this staple under government auspices to further this new "holy experiment" on the freed slaves. But the philanthropic scheme only developed lazy men and immoral women; white officers even discolored themselves by mingling with the last.

I will note an instance of the overbearing insolence of those in authority in and around Beaufort. A captain in an unfavored regiment was accused of uttering disloyal sentiments, which here might mean criticism on the actions of General Hunter or "The Military Governor of South Carolina," who dare not step foot on the main land. He was arrested, court-martialled and dismissed the service. Disloyalty, at any rate during the war was a relative term very often. By some it meant a willingness to continue slavery with the Union. Many of the best fighters in the army thought the

negroes would be worse out of slavery than in, while, prominent abolitionists never shouldered a musket for the eradication of slavery, but spent their time in developing visionary schemes therefore and in embarrassing President Lincoln in his practical efforts. The captain I mentioned as having been dismissed the service went North and made an appeal to Lincoln, who listening to his story, believed it, and the Secretary of War reinstated him, and returning his command, the Department made it so unpleasant for him that he was forced to resign. And so it went. But the long lane had its turn, and the harpies who had fastened themselves here were sent away, and the discreditable condition of affairs ended.

The location of Beaufort was ideal, and it is no wonder that the regiments which had been so long stationed here disliked to leave the "velvet" by which they were clad when they were ordered away. The tents of the officers, furnished to their capacity with the belongings of the Beaufort aristocracy were the acme of comfort, with fenced in grass plots in front, watered to verdant luxuriance, while the holdings of the enlisted men were not much short in agreeable surroundings. The Fourth New Hampshire was particularly favored, and a picturesque sideline was an antique draw well with its sweep. They turned over their plant to us for safe keeping, and we enjoyed its luxuriance until we in turn were ordered to fresh fields. The Fourth had led a life of ease for months, but they had rough times afterwards when they showed their mettle, particularly at Fort Fisher, where they lost their Colonel. Bell. We thought him a dudish little fellow, but he was

all right, when the test for his manhood came. The Fourth never got back to their ideal camp.

It was in this Department that the War Office first tried the experiment of making Freedmen into powder-food, three regiments of negroes having been recruited here, voluntarily and otherwise, for the slaves in this section had been too well treated by their masters to freely enlist and fight them very earnestly. These black soldiers were not at all prepossessing in appearance, except those pretty well tinctured with white blood, and who were generally their non-commissioned officers, their scarlet trousers making them too suggestive of the monkey attachments of Italian organ grinders. They were officered by whites, enlisted men from the volunteer regiments who had successfully undergone service examinations, but these were often looked down upon by their former comrades as having changed conditions that they might resign from the service, which they could not do as private.

Debarred the complete excursion to Charleston, we finished the term of our enlistment along the inland waters of the Sea Islands on picket duty, and except being on one scouting expedition I saw no further active service. About the last of July we went North, my ride to the transport being in an ambulance, and I was fortunate that the ship did not have to stop on my account as it did for one of my comrades, who was fed to the waves, for sailors are superstitious about getting rid of undesirables, and such stoppage and release is a sea custom; still the captain showed a regard to the proprieties in making this midway halt. I did not know of this till afterwards, for I was stretched out below

out of sight and I heard of the occurrence, where I had been taken by one of my comrades who had seen me wandering around the dock as if I needed a guardian, and in danger of going overboard in fashion unconventional. In the "Fifty Years After" reminiscences, published weekly in a local paper, mention is made of me having been stranded in Philadelphia from fever, but I must gotten over it or I would not be here writing this history.

Thus for details which I hope I have not tired my readers in narrating. In looking over my newspaper correspondence, I see so much of interest to me, and which is not on historic record that I am inclined to think it may be of account to others.

On the whole, in reference to this midwinter expedition of 1862-3, this oft quoted couplet crosses my mind:-

"The King of France, with twenty thousand men,  
Marched up the hill-and then marched down again"  
for the arranged assaults on the forts defending Charleston never took place. General Sherman's to the coast march, in the culminating year of the rebellion, accomplished the desired end, so all came out right, sparing the slaughter which would have come from the assault of the Charleston we were designed to participate in, so that now "when this cruel war is over," when bouquets are being tossed back and forth between the old time enemies, who erstwhile donned the Blue and Gray, and loving cups are drained mutually and captured flags returned ostentatiously to their former possessors, there is cause to fear that apologies will next be tendered to our erring Southern brethren for our having resisted their attack on Fort Sumter in the historic springtime of the year Anno Domini, 1861.

# THE SONG OF THE BIRCH

## A War-Time Lyric

(Showing the amenities of the teachers' profession in the early sixties, and with apologies to the author of the "Song of the Shirt.")

With a terribly aching head,  
And a body enfeebled and worn,  
A woman sat at a teacher's desk,  
Weary, sad and forlorn.  
The quickly approaching night  
Around her its shadows flung;  
She raised her voice to a mournful pitch,  
And this was the song she sung:

"Teach! teach! teach!  
From early morn till night;  
Teach! teach! teach!  
While the sun is shining bright;  
Teach! teach! teach!  
While the air with gladness rings.  
The passing sleigh bells help the sounds,  
But that no comfort brings.

"The scholars have all gone home,  
The room is cheerless and cold,  
As here I sit with sorrowing heart,  
Striving my tears to hold.  
The desks are splotched with ink,  
Cobwebs hang to the walls,  
The leaky stove with sulphur reeks—  
The scene my heart appals.

"How silently drear is the room  
As I sit here biting my pen;  
A half-starved mouse runs over the floor  
And a spider creeps out of his den.  
Pendant like gibbeted ghosts  
To the pegs on the shadowy wall,  
My untouched dinner basket hangs—  
My nubia and my shawl.

"Oh, mothers of children dear,  
Who send your darlings to school,  
How glad you are they're out of the way  
And under the teacher's rule.  
Not me to spare the rod,  
Nor me the child to spoil,  
As long as I've strength, and the rod has  
length,  
And its yield is hickory oll.

"What tales the loved ones tell  
About the mean schoolmarm;  
How innocent they've been all day,  
And never done any harm.  
It's me for the parents' blame  
For making their darlings mind,  
The while the directors, who should be pro-  
tectors;  
But ah, they aren't that kind!

"Teach! teach! teach!  
Getting thanks from none,  
Getting nothing but blame from all—  
Oh, that my term were done!  
Toiling from morn till night,  
For very indifferent pay:  
Teaching the young ideas to shoot  
For a paltry dollar a day.

"The plow-boys out of the war  
Their wives from farmers take;  
They say we teachers—it makes me sore—  
Can neither cook nor bake!  
But don't you worry for me,  
Or think I a lover lack;  
I've a soldier boy away in the South—  
Ah me, will he ever get back!

"There goes a speeding nag,  
Drawing a fancy sleigh;  
The whiskered fop, as he scoots along,  
Scarce deigns to glance this way.  
Do I wish he would only stop?  
Do I wish he would take me along?  
Oh, no! Let him crack his ten-foot whip,  
And leave me alone with my song!

"Oh, listen, you man in the sleigh;  
You man with an empty dome:  
The real men have gone to war,  
The others are staying at home.  
A man like my soldier true,  
On Old Virginia's shore;  
Don't I wish that he would come back to me,  
Safe and sound from the war!

"But it's teach! teach! teach!  
To earn my daily bread;  
And it's teach! teach! teach!  
While aches my heart and head.  
The evening's gloomy shades  
Are stealing around me now,  
As homeward I start, with a sickening heart,  
And a sorrow-mantled brow."

Then the teacher arose from her desk  
And went to the pegs in the wall,  
Took down her basket and put on  
Her nubia and her shawl.  
A twilight bitterly cold  
Around her its shadows flung,  
As she tearfully locked the schoolhouse door—  
Her dolorous song was sung.

T. S. K.

*Lumberton, Second Month, 1862.*

### THE MEETING-HOUSE AMISH.

Readers of fiction pertaining to the plain German sects of Pennsylvania, particularly those of Lancaster county, would be interested in paying them a visit, if for nothing else than to see if the descriptions portrayed are correctly drawn. I mainly refer to Helen Reimensnyder Martin and her subjects from the Amish and Mennonite sects in her books, "Tillie, the Mennonite Maid," and "Sabina, a Story of the Amish," and I venture to say that whoever has fairly studied up these books and followed this up by a visitation among the people named will return deeply impressed with the injustice done them individually by the author, although known as a talented woman. The visitor among them will be impressed, as I was, with the fact that the plain sects named as individuals have either never heard of these defaming books or, if they have, are so matterless of their contents that they are indifferent towards them. This comes, of course, from their conventional consideration of books, newspapers and magazines as detrimental towards keeping them isolated from the world, particularly as to their effects on their younger members, the easier affected by such contact.

As the plainest of these sects, I was the most interested in the Amish, who, like

almost all Christian sects, are subdivided, such subdivision being the least excusable from their being of the smallest Christian divisions and the most isolated, from their peculiarities, from the general body of Protestants. Both claiming to be *the* Amish, each gives a distinctive name to the other branch, as do the Friends: in the one case the "House and Barn Amish," from their meeting in such buildings when weather and space permitted, or "Meeting-house or Church Amish," from having settled places of worship, in the other. While friendly towards strangers, these people are shy of them unless placed in touch by mutual friends, on account of advantages taken by sensational reporters from intrusive visits to their social or religious gatherings and then placing them in a ridiculous light; but, as intimated, the main body of these people are matterless from their avoidance of books or papers. From such a mutual friend I was peculiarly favored in my intercourse with both branches of the Amish.

Speaking of the subdividing of the plain sects, the Friends, who once had a large holding in the region of the German sects peculiar to Lancaster, went into "Orthodox," "Hicksite" and "Primitive," to say nothing of the larger body of the "Friends' Church," who are evangelical to the extent of a paid ministry and a formal creed.

The Dunkards have two main divisions—the “Old,” the “New”—and the “Yanney (Johnny) Martins,” a small sect so named from its founder. I will say here that the plain Amish sometimes distinguish themselves by calling themselves the “Church of the House,” and I regret that they sometimes call their opponents “Hickory Amish,” as being too much given to the world, as similarly consistent Friends termed those whom they considered as bringing their society into disrepute “Hickory Quakers.” There are also the German Baptists, divided into “First-day” and “Seventh-day,” and also a small sect called “Herrites,” who refuse to listen to any sermons, even at funerals, from any preachers but those of their own sect, even stopping up their ears to avoid it. The Mennonites are also divided up; the sect called the “Reformed” being the more illiberal. The Dunkards and Mennonites are the most numerous in Lancaster county, probably from their more conforming to the ways of the world and their religion more allowing them to go into business, from their being freer to defend themselves from designing customers who would take advantage of a sect whose religious belief prevented going to law to collect a debt.

The “Meeting-House Amish” have two churches in Lancaster—at Conestoga and Millwood—and another in Chester county, at Atglen. The “Church of the House Amish” have ten congregations scattered through northern and central Lancaster, each with a church organization, a bishop, deacon and minister, whose annual gatherings have the temporal care of the church. These meet alternately at the houses and barns of the members, with services from three to four hours duration ending with a dinner furnished by the owner of the farm. The Amish all worshipped this way from the start of the sect, they seeing no sacredness in an established place of meeting. In a future article I will say more of this more primitive sect. My first visit was intended to be to this branch of the Amish, but my then difficulty of learning where their meeting was to be held, from their exclu-

siveness, made me forego the pleasure.

As there was a certainty in these regards to the meeting-house branch, and as I was in touch with the mutual friend mentioned who could give me a conveyance thence, quite a factor in a visit to these exclusive people, I naturally went to their nearest place of worship, which was at Millwood, five miles from Christiana, on the north side of the Pennsylvania railroad. The congregation then met alternately there and in the disused Friends’ meeting-house at Sadsbury, two miles from Christiana, and where they every two weeks had a “sing,” an institution entirely out of traditional unison with this ancient place of worship of Friends, who for a century and a half had gathered there. Friends belonging there have now a modern-built meeting-house in the borough of Christiana. The Amish had a Sabbath school here, and an innovation was being introduced by this sect, one of the greatest sticklers, “the way, for St. Paul, in his views on woman’s rights, by which the young women were writing programmed essays and reading the same “in the church.” This was heralded as a great step forward in this conservative body, but, unfortunately for this idea, the Amish leaders had this literary work discontinued as having a tendency to lead the young people “into the world.” While a plain sect, in some ways resembling the Amish, particularly in opposition to war and to paying their ministers, as well as to taking up collections in their religious gatherings, whereby the house would be dishonored, there was at least a sentimental objection amongst Friends against the continued use of Sadsbury meeting-house by those outside the faith. These Amish have since then built another place of worship at Atglen, a few miles east, the accommodations of which I am ignorant of, as far as humanity is concerned, but the horse accommodations equal one hundred and eighty.

Arriving on the grounds we found some eighty wagons there, almost invariably one-horse, and mainly ungeared for a long stay. The conventional yellow “Amish

wagon" is a thing of the past, as far as these people are concerned, but almost universal with the primitive body. We saw several, however, which had been the old-time color, but, in a rather insincere way, these naturally candid people had gradually compromised themselves to meet the ways of the world in the manner of carriage hues, by going from light yellow to dark, and then from varying lead colors to black. Some of the carriages we saw had come from the painters in this funereal color, so no further compromising was needed. They are a plain, two-seated vehicle, set low and angular and without a dasher. The middle-aged and younger are getting a little gay, however, and we saw surreys and buggies among them, the last owned by the marriageable young men and widowers not so young, who act like others of the world, but who afterwards "go plain." This means collarless coats, fastened with hooks and eyes, in place of buttons, and broad-brimmed, low crowned hats for the men, and plain bonnets, caps and capes for the women. The Amish are "merciful to their beasts," having comfortable stabling for their horses, which numbered that day about eighty.

The meeting-house was as plain as could be and would seat from 250 to 300, according as to how it was crowded. Back of the pulpit line the floor was raised a step. On the middle of this were short benches facing one another, the arrangement resembling a short porch or "stoop," and on these sat the bishop and ministers, a desk in front. The men and women sat separately on the main floor. One of the ministerial visitors was from the Conestoga church, nearby churches not having services on the same Sabbath. One of the preachers was the bishop's son, a common professional relationship among these plain sects.

The main auditorium was so crowded, the children forming a prominent portion, that an attendant ushered us to a prominent place on the platform. While this made us unduly conspicuous, it gave us a good view of the audience, which was a

revelation from its uniqueness. The men were not so distinctive, as their heads were uncovered, and their peculiar hats invisible. With the opposite side of the house it was different, every one from little girl to old woman wearing a cap and pointed cape, and the elders dressed mainly in black, from the deaths of two prominent members, they showing their respect in that way. In general the women do not avoid gay colors—green, blue, purple and even sometimes red being in favor; a dot, plaid or flowered figure, even on drab, making it gay. As long as the color is solid it goes for plain. With Dunkards and Mennonites, and their varying divisions, it is different, plaids, both in bonnet and dress, being allowed.

The Amish preach long sermons, as a rule, and the visiting bishop spoke for over an hour, the preliminary sermon being short in comparison. After he was through, the bishop, without rising, spoke for ten minutes, followed by his brethren, also seated. This expression is also followed by the deacons, and is called "giving the testimony," and is vocal assent to the soundness of the sermons preached. Judging by his intelligent face, the attention his congregation, young and old, gave him, and his after address to the Sabbath school in English, the visitor showed himself a man of intellect and eloquence. As is the rule, the sermon was in German, the text being, "Train up a child in the way he should go, and when he is old he will not depart from it," the preacher taking pains to interject the translation in his remarks for our benefit.

I am the more particular in being thus explicit to take away the belief so expatiated on by those of the Helen R. Martin and "fly reporter" class, that these Amish are lacking in even ordinary intelligence. And furthermore I will say that there was not one of the four ministers on the platform but what could have addressed an English congregation understandingly and creditably, even as a preacher, in that language and of that nationality. The younger preachers said they would have gladly spoken to us in English, but

the older and more conservative among them would have thought it such a departure from the old ways, and a "leaning towards the world," that they would have felt aggrieved; hence the services in the first meeting, sermons and hymns, were in Dutch. In the Sunday school following, when the "fathers and mothers in Israel" had mostly gone home, to enable the two strangers within their gates to understand them, two of the classes were conducted in English; there being some "lesson leaves" in that language on hand.

The length of the sermons in German, and our inability to understand them, threw us mentally upon our own resources to pass the time away, for we could not collect our thoughts as in a silent meeting, so they went out to scenes around. Facing us, from our platform view, were the older women intently "listening to the sermon on the duties of parents, and which we could but faintly understand when we heard the names of parents and children mentioned in the Bible in connection with the text. On our right, and on their side of the aisle, were the men in their plain coats and vests with their hook-and-eye fastenings, except some of the young men who had discarded both from the warmth of the day, while across the way was the main body of women and children, with intent faces, including the latter, saving the smaller ones. Occasionally one of the little girls would smilingly answer a smile from another, but, as a rule, they were as demure as the conventional children of Puritans. The old women, as were the younger ones, were neatly dressed, but their faces and hands bore the looks of field service, wherein patience had borne its part. As for the young girls, there were many sweet faces among them, the eaps above them only intensifying these looks, and one could easily pick out the "Tillies," "Albinas" and others of the agreeable "plain people" condescendingly mentioned by Mrs. Martin in her Lancaster tales. Now and then a little girl would go out to the pump to get a tin cup of water for some thirsty brother or sister, or a tot

would run across the floor to sit with a father or mother. But these incidents did not interfere with the earnestness of the minister, nor the intensity of the facial expression of the audience. These were sights and sounds to be remembered, and to almost make the onlooker from the toil and tumult of the outside world he had so lately left wish he were one of the Amish to live satisfied with their rounds of quiet life.

During the recess no church heads could have been more attentive toward us than were those of this unpretending congregation, a fact worthy of attention at thought of the many inconsiderate strangers who have come among them with their cameras and note books, out of mere curiosity, to afterwards give their pictures and words in maligning caricatures. The Amish have so often been portrayed as *outré* in speech and ways as well as habits, and so void of sensitiveness and politeness, as to be unworthy of respect, merely objects of curiosity on which to sharpen dull wits, that we found their treatment of us particularly agreeable, and the climax of this was reached when one of the prominent men invited us home to dinner with him, a possible incident, by the way, but which we hardly expected, but were desirous of, as we wanted to see these people at home.

As for the Sabbath school, so far as we could understand the proceedings, the members showed the average intelligence of country districts and more earnestness and appearance of being present from a commingling of pleasure and duty, and not that it was anything of a burden. The teachers were not mere perfunctory heads, while the scholars had studied their lessons in advance for the day. And these were the "men with the hoes" and the sodden-faced women pictured by the fake writers of "best sellers," who sacrifice truth in detail to coin dollars for themselves and employers.

We must admit, however, that but for the coming of the public school system these plain people would have been different, and low in the scale of intelligence, but sixty years of free tuition could not



help but make its mark on these communities of non-resistant Germans. They send their children to school to the time limit of the law's requirement and they are as bright as those outside their restrictive religion. With this as a factor these people will never lapse to the talk and habits of their ancestors.

My friend being acquainted with some of the leading members of the congregation, it had been his design to introduce me, but before he had a chance we had become acquainted. They came around me and asked and answered questions as much as any would who were unacquainted with another's ways and until it was time to go home with our friends to dinner. Then there was a fixing of caps, a putting on of bonnets, and a gearing of horses, and soon Amish wagons, carriage and buggy, laden with old people, children and those between, thinking of marriage, were wending their homeward way.

Going to meeting is simply a duty with these people. When the hour and day come around they arise early, perform their allotted tasks, gear to their varied styles of one-horse rigs and hie away to their plain places of worship, be it church, house or barn. The services last for hours, but what care these patient worshippers in the fulfillment of a pleasant duty! Some of these people come from five to eight miles to Millwood meeting.

The Amish rarely become merchants, for with their non-allowance to go to law they would lose many a bill sold to sharpers, who would take advantage of this rule of their religion. Their only public business is in going around the country with road engines, threshing, shredding cornstalks and sawing wood. Keeping such machinery in order requires a machine shop, so a firm of their own sect has one at the Gap for this purpose. They also saw and deal in timber, of which they are said to be good judges. This being a dangerous business, I saw two unfortunate young men who had each lost an arm through it. But these people are taken care of by their brethren, getting full pay for their work whether earning it or not.

The Amish can give lessons to other churches in the line of benevolence. A fund is always on hand composed of the only contributions asked of their members, and this outside their church buildings, where collections are not made.

The ministers are selected by lot from a class considered fit for service. As many similar-looking Bibles as there are candidates are placed in a row on a table in the council chamber, in one of which is this text from Proverbs, "The lot is cast into the lap, but the whole disposing thereof is of the Lord," or "Herewith God has called thee to the ministry of the Gospel," and whichever of the class draws the Bible containing the text is the minister during good behavior or competency.

Like the conservative Friends, the Amish disbelieve in a paid minister, in war and in taking oaths, and they assume the care of the poor. But unlike Friends they believe in the ordinances up to the limit of feet washing, which the sexes perform separately. Some Mennonites, and the Amish are a branch of them, break up or close their assemblages with the "kiss of peace," a performance confined to the male members of the congregation, and is a custom in general use at ordinations and confirmations, and without any semblance of shame.

They have no music in their services, but weird hymns are sung to the slowest time; a leader starting a sufficient number of bars ahead to fill the gap in the verses, so that the chant is continuous. The women join in this, their fine treble sounding over all, and not the most agreeably. But a surprise came at the close of the day's services when "Nearer My God to Thee" was sung. The rendition of this was simply grand, one of the women showing a contralto voice which showed cultivation to an extent which made one knowing the strict rule of the society wonder why it was allowed.

The fly in the ointment of the Amish religion is the ignoring of the claims of womanhood to equal church rights. That the women suffer this willingly, and that the men find Bible sanction for it makes

it none the better. In the minds of those who take exception to this, St. Paul is the chief offender, for his sayings keep the naturally vibrant tongue of woman "silent in the church," and "the glory of her hair" covered with a cap, while she has no offices save as almoner to the poor or teacher in the Sabbath school, the last being a concession, the service being in the church. The generality of the women bear this repression patiently, but in my inquiries, and they required tactful making, I saw evidences of a desire to shake off this thralldom in a degree. It may take a long time, for these women are thoroughly imbued with their faith and the literalness of the wordings of the Bible, but this period of freedom will come. And yet how far behind some of our most prominent churches, who look upon the Amish as back numbers in the line of religious bodies, are these people? The public schools they have at their doors and the Millersville Normal School is within trolley reach, from which the Amish girls see their Mennonite sisters emerge first-class teachers, and these will be prominent factors in making the Amish like other religious bodies. But when the time comes it is to be hoped they will retain a sufficiency of their frugality, plainness and simplicity to differentiate them from the rest of the world.

Considering the reading of worldly literature a waste of precious time, they take, as a general thing, no periodicals but their church papers, and no books except those of a religious nature are seen around the house. Said one woman, "I do not wish to see a daily paper. I read our own religious weekly when I have time, but whatever leisure I have must be given to my Bible." It is work and save from childhood to old age. As a class they express a carelessness as to riches, but some have an abundance of that, as rural ideas go, in the shape of two or more farms and with land at \$150 to \$200 per acre this counts up, for real estate is valuable in that section.

Marriage among the Amish is as much a duty as church ordinance observance

and meeting going. I was told that in this church, where there was a membership of 300, there were but four persons over thirty years old unmarried, two men and two women. The parents have much to do with the matrimonial arrangements, but natural selection is the main factor. Marriage must be "done in the Lord," which, as they interpret it, means between members. The relationship must not be nearer than second cousins. Much has been said about the Amish excessively marrying "in and in," and the consequent deterioration, but like many other things said about this people it is untrue. It is true that family names are few in proportion to the number of these, but the above deductions do not follow from that.

With the girls at least marriage is suggested or inculcated at an early age through the furnishings of what are called "haustyres" or what we term "outsets," before engagements of marriage, resulting in a collection of household articles in the way of dishes, linen, clothing and bedding sufficient for their wants and stations in the time of need, and until then they are displayed. I was in a home where there were three daughters, two grown, and each had a collection of dishes on top of her bureau, and the drawers underneath were full of clothing and bed linen. Among these were fine caps, and the girls take pride in these and the lace with which they are trimmed. There was also some furniture stationed around, but this is too cumbersome to store to any great extent. The two older daughters were about equally supplied. The youngest daughter, of some eight years, had quite a matrimonial start, although she had as yet got only as far as dishes. When their means are insufficient for an adequate "haustyre" the family is assisted by their friends who give all kinds of needed household fixtures to the newly-married couple. These are presented during a wedding tour established by custom which they make among their friends.

There seems to be little sentiment about these weddings. The Amish are intensely practical, and the woman portion

great providers for the table, as shown by their after church feasts among the House Amish. So, while the wedding ceremony is going on, 'ke as not the two mothers are in the kitchen at the head of the feast preparation.

Among these people the wedding dinners sometimes take place in barns, and they have such buildings of generous size, in fact far more distinguished than the houses; neatly painted and showy, and a suitable place they are for the young people to disport themselves in various primitive games. In one of these there is a taking hold of hands in a ring whose diameter is commensurate with the width of the floor, the bride and groom among them when, to a sort of chant, they side-wise cavort around space, in a sort of "ring around the rosy" style. No artificial music is used, as the Amish draw the line at singing, nor dancing, but the movements described are dangerously near it. Shall I say it? They also have kissing games of the "copenhagen" kind.

To those on different religious planes and social points of view, discussions are useless. It is difficult for a Mennonite to convince a Friend of the wrongfulness of accepting a minister without being ordained, that a member should be received without confirmation, or that marriage could be rightfully accomplished without a minister's assistance. The same as to the fulfillment of the ordinances. These things are all seen by them commanded to be done in Holy Writ, and to be taken word for word. With wonder we see them relegate women to a lower religious position than men, when they are in every way their equal, and that they keep ordinary literature from their homes, and pictures from their walls we forgetting their restrictions, including having pictures made by pen or brush, have come down to these literal people as a divine command that they dare not ignore, being included in the list of graven images that must not be worshipped. We cannot see alike, and reasoning from either standpoint is a waste of words.

I saw this feeling exemplified in giving

my reasons for coming among them in their private and collective capacity, which was to disabuse myself of impressions gathered from magazine articles and books of fiction relating to their beliefs and customs. But the fact that I got my erroneous ideas from novels offset any corrections of them which might favor their people for the reason that fiction is an abomination, and they want no justification, even indirectly, from such a source. Helen R. Martin has been much criticised by those who have reason to take exceptions to the unfairness of her character formations, and from my experience among the non-conforming sects of Lancaster county, the exceptions taken are just.

#### AROUND CHRISTIANA.

Surrounding where the Pennsylvania Railroad crosses the culminating ridge between the Delaware and Susquehanna rivers, and close to the boundary line of Lancaster and Chester counties, is a country abounding in interest, whether taken topographically, socially or religiously, or from the series of events from peaceful to tragic, which have centered within that section in the last two centuries. Side by side, at intervals modified by the required grades for mounting or descending the thwarting highlands, the "King's Highway," laid out in early colonial times by the Provincial government, the later built Lancaster pike to the south, and the still later constructed Pennsylvania Railroad, wind and stretch across the ridge where the lowest depression at the "Gap," still naming a considerable town, invite their traverse. The railroad crossing was anything but a labor of love. The ridge, "rock-ribbed and ancient as the sun," had only been what geologists, were they foundrymen, would call case-hardened, for when workmen began to tunnel the ridge they found a quicksand which made a deep cut obligatory, and, after that, pile after pile of white oak trunks from the adjacent Welsh Mountains were contiguously driven to make a bed on which to lay the tracks. Since then, when it became necessary to further lower the grade, deeper

quicksands were found, and further piling was needed, as well as deep drains for carrying off the water to render the foundations solid—strange conditions for the summit of a ridge. Even to get this objectionable crossing the railroad had to make a long curve to the south. Since then, what is known as the "Low-grade" line has been constructed at great expense for freight traffic. As there are no passenger trains on this line, the farmers who granted the rights of way are in no ways benefited, even to the extent of carrying their milk to market. When they got their big damages they seem to forget that these inconveniences were included.

Through the Gap trains, one after one, quickly succeeding, "volley and thunder," making a turmoil so at variance with the travel on the old pike two miles to the north, where, eighty years ago, the

#### Wains of Conestoga

With their merry strings of bells

went their westward way. Tavern after tavern strung the highway for the accommodation of driver and team. Many of these hostleries are yet seen, but so different looking from what they were in the prosperous days of old, when teamsters in companionship of a score traveled together from Philadelphia to Pittsburg. The taverns dilapidated, the stables bare of whitewash, these once busy halting places are a sorry sight. As in an after-day ride I came on to this pike in the dusk of the evening, the quiet of death seemed to pervade it. From its historic name it did not size up to my ideals, the narrowness of the road taking away its impress; the flanking grass and weeds so impinging and restricting what I was led to believe was a broad highway. An Amishman in blue shirt and broad-rimmed, low-crowned hat, slowly jogging along the stoned road seemed a fitting antithesis to the changed condition of ways of travel. The Conestoga teams,

"With jingling bells in merry chime  
To clinking hoof-beats keeping time:  
The axles strong, the broad-tired wheels,  
The Norman horses' clumsy heels,"

were represented by a little express wagon

drawn by a plug shuffling along the narrow road.

And about those bells: It was my good fortune to see a whole chime of them, twenty-four in all, owned and kept sacredly under lock and key by a son of one of the old Pittsburg teamsters, who also has the only Conestoga wagon known to exist of the correct, ancient shape, as well as the harness for six horses, the outfit eighty-five years old and as perfect as when made. The teamster's son, now about seventy years old, drove the team for local use after the railroads had put it out of commission for long distance hauling, and well knows the ins and outs of heavy teaming of the Conestoga sort. And the sound of those bells! Of different sizes when rung, their music was the sweetest, and no wonder that instead of the constant jingle annoying the horses, they shook their hames to lengthen the chimes, for so said my informant driver and son of a driver.

Beyond the ridge the Pequea Valley extends west and southwest to the Susquehanna, thirty miles away. At the western end it stretches between elevations ten miles apart, the Welsh Mountains and the Mine Ridge. In the latter, one hundred years ago, copper was mined and smelted, and during the Civil War nickel ore was got out under the ownership and management of Joseph Wharton and, backed by a generous tariff, he waxed toward the fabled wealth he died with. But around the ruins of the furnaces a blight covers the earth where the vegetation was killed by the arsenical fumes belching from them. One chimney stack yet standing looks like a grave marker for the business which died there.

To the north, where the Welsh Mountains bar the general level of the horizon, stretches a wealth of woods, upland and meadow where grain grows lush, and cattle wax fat on grasses which stick to the soil from year to year; lands where Friends once numerically increased and financially flourished on contiguous farms, but from which Amish, Mennonites and Dunkards have quietly, but persistently

and relentlessly shouldered them off, but paying them prices for which they were glad to sell their lands. As far as the Friends were concerned, the climax was reached when the "Church Amish" were given peaceable possession of old Sadsbury meetinghouse, where they had weekly worship, with a Sunday school, followed by weekly "sings," in the coming evenings, so accenting the ancient silence, as far as singing was concerned, for near two centuries.

I will now speak of a different sort of people than the plain sects mentioned in a former article, the old-time outlaws of the Welsh Mountains, the Buzzard gang headed by Abe, the notorious, and sub-headed by his brothers, Isaac and Jacob, if Biblical fraternal rotation and euphony are to be carried out, but I am not so sure that Jacob is correct. They were a prolific family, these Buzzards, the number aided by a second marriage, and mostly birds of evil, although there were exceptions, but the bad ones were enough to make the name no misnomer. One of the name, Franklin, was a man of "infinite jest," the joker of the gang, who lent comedy to its otherwise serious life, for while the rest stole chickens, pigs and grain, and did an occasional "second-story job," Franklin stole horses, in which line he was an adept. Once stealing one, he so changed its color and appearance, that he was enabled to sell it to its former owner, and then re-stole it. So 'tis said, but it is better not to believe all you hear when looking up local news of a sensational order.

But the end came at last when the bulk of the gang were jailed at Lancaster, including the four ringleading brothers.

Abe Buzzard, taking his name into account and his general reputation, one would think was of hobo appearance, but instead of that he was quite a jaunty, presentable fellow, that is, before the cares of age and his strenuous life work hurt his looks, for a succession of the putty complexions from jail service and the brick-and-tan of out-door mountain life are not prolific of good facial appearance. During his first term in jail he "got relig-

ion," and of course won the esteem and confidence of his keeper. One night he asked this custodian to get him a book, presumably a religious one, from the library. In going into the bookroom, the jailer went ahead and the keys being obligingly left in the door outside, Abe slipped out and locked the door, retaining the bunch of cell keys, by which he was able to release eleven of his brother jail-birds from their cages. Making their way to the outer yard they silenced the faithful watchdog, though tethered to a warning bell, and, with strips of bedding and secreted rope, all scaled the walls and escaped to the mountains. They were all recaptured, however, and served their time.

After this Abe returned to the peaceful life of a mountaineer. He seems to have repented, and in the guise of an awful example went up and down the Pequea Valley and in the recesses of the Welsh Mountains doing religious work. But something akin to "the call of the wild," came upon him, and with a renewal of his itching palm, he took up again the role of grain, henhouse and barnyard thief, with an occasional turn as "yeggman," and was soon full swing in his old career, until, lacking caution, he slipped a cog in his criminal gear, and was rearrested, and now in ill health did his time out. Again he went missionarying, still as a worse example than before, but he again fell, and now a poor broken down thief, in feeble old age, Abe will doubtless end his days in jail. How different would it have been with him had he been a defaulter for hundreds of thousands, with an up-to-date lawyer and jury, instead of a plain chicken thief and yeggman, with a court-assigned, apprentice attorney! The gang is now broken up and quiet reigns about the farmhouses, pig pens and barns of the lands shadowed by the Welsh Mountains.

But there was a worse crowd than the Buzzards which flourished a generation before the days of the birds of evil who nested in the range north of Pequea Valley; the "Gap Gang," who in the late '50's terrorized the neighborhood, and

added kidnapping and murder to their list of crimes. The lone pedlar was robbed, and runaway slaves, halted here in this rich valley of Lancaster rather than make their way with their swarthy brethren to the cold comforts of Canada, and even free negroes, were gathered in, and, borne away in the night, found themselves in Maryland by morning, in shape for selling into slavery, and in hand-cuffed gangs were on their way to the cotton and sugar fields and "rice swamps, dank and lone" of the still farther south.

But on the 11th of September, 1851, the slave-hunters met their match. Two miles south of Christiana is still standing what has for long been known as the "Riot House," where a tragedy occurred, ending in national excitement, which, had the time been ripe, might have started a civil war as easily as did the "John Brown Raid" of eight years later. One Gorsuch, a Maryland slaveholder, had located a runaway negro near Christiana, then a noted station on the "Underground Railroad." He got the services of a United States deputy, under the Fugitive Slave Law, lately passed, and with a posse, which, to the credit of the neighborhood, could not be found around Christiana, swooped down on the "Riot House" in the early morning of the day named. To provide for such an emergency the neighboring blacks had agreed on tin-horn signals from danger centers, and at the time in question there was a gathering of the negroes around the "Riot House" which foreboded bloodshed, for the marshal's deputies were just preparing to storm the building. Armed with corn cutters and whatever weapons they could find, the fugitive slaves and their helpers scattered the posse, killing Gorsuch and wounding his son and others. The slaves got away and reached Canada in safety. Resistance to the laws of the United States was then called treason, and a score of blacks and four white men, prominent residents of the vicinity, were arrested and jailed, except two of the latter who were released on bail. Castner Hanway, Passmore Williamson, Elijah Lewis and James Jackson,

were the white "traitors," and their arrest, incarceration and trial were long remembered, and as a lad of fifteen years was well in my own mind. The trial took place in Philadelphia, a city then full of cold-blooded commercialism, and before United States Judge Kane, a Northern Democrat with Southern principles and whose name was coupled by anti-slavery men with the slayer of Abel, so bitter were feelings then. Despite this, after a long legal siege, a verdict of acquittal was rendered, but in the meantime much hardship was experienced as well as financial loss by the accused whites, who, it was proven had tried to restrain the blacks from violence. They were representative opponents of slavery, and as such were selected by its advocates for federal punishment. They have all passed away, but the event they were connected with will long be remembered by their descendants and those of their sympathizing neighbors as a case of outrageous violation of human rights by those who pretended to be conservators of law and order. Before me now is a picture of the "Riot House," looking as if it had been trying to stop an artillery duel, its battered walls and the loose stones at their bases so appearing. But it was time and neglect wrought the ruin. In front are the figures of Pete Woods and Sam Hopkins, the first erect and with a corn cutter in his hand which did service in the cause of freedom, and a humble reminder of the scythes with which the peasants in the French Revolution mowed down the aristocrats. Sam, white-bearded and serious, is seated on a dislodged stone, as if meditating on his gives and takes of sixty years ago. But all are gone now who took part for and against the Fugitive Slave Law, white and black, bond and free. But there are those yet living, children then, but gray of hair now, who heard that early morning tin-horn call, the explosion of gun and pistol, with accompanying cries, groans and angry shouts, and saw the flight of victors and vanquished, for both had to flee the scene of a drawn battle, the first to their homes in the nearby valley or mountain,

the last towards more United States aid. The dead and the wounded were mainly among the slave hunters.

But enough of this unpleasant description. The shadow-land in the region of which I am speaking was sectional, and there was the usual proportion of sunshine thereabouts, and now the objectionable is of bygone years. No longer do the Buzzards hover and swoop over the valley, nor the trembling black dread the coming of the slave hunter. Peace and prosperity dwell in the great valley.

And yet there comes a sympathizing echo to the despised defense of the slave hunter by neighboring "dough faces," as they were called, in a book written by W. U. Hensel, who tries to create a feeling in favor of the Gorsuch family from the death of its then head, in his reckless attempt to re-enslave a fellow being. More than that, and perhaps to justify him in his apologies, certain ones invited the descendants of the Gorsuches up for a love feast, and they had it. Mayhap the olive-branch wavers were the heirs and assigns of the marshal's posse; only on such an excuse can I understand the burying of the hatchet.

The section of which I am writing; the watershed between streams flowing to the Susquehanna and the Delaware, was the Far West of William Penn's travels. He came here about the year 1700 with the head man of the Shawnees concerning some real estate matters, and, if history is to be taken for truth, with which, I regret to say, it is not always synonymous, he had a pleasant outing with the Indians. After the usual dignified formal pow-wow, dignity was cast into the shades of the forest primeval by hosts and guests, and a feast of green corn and venison from a bed of live coals was indulged in. There is no mention of toasts, toastmaster or responses, but I warrant me there were clearer heads the next morning than if that function had prevailed; that is, if it had followed modern lines. And right here, if I am to credit "Parley's First Book of History," Penn hopped, skipped and jumped with the otherwise stoical Redmen, and,

more than that, danced with them. This last might be taken as fact, but the same reading book tells of the sea serpent, maelstrom, and the rescue of John Smith by Pocahontas, all of which have been proven myths, or to speak less guardedly, lies from the whole cloth; so we are justified in cutting out of the Gap ceremonies Penn's salutations generally, as well as his dance personally with a squaw, for the tradition monger has even dragged in this event.

Speaking seriously, compared with the present modes of travel, what a trialsome journey the great founder of our Commonwealth must have had in his horseback ride to the Ridge. The whole of the way was through a dense wilderness, over unbridged streams, and but such a track as the Indians made in their pedestrian journeys; and yet, when come to his destination, Penn was so pleased with the land that he expressed a wish that he might bring his family here, where some of his friends, notably James Logan and Thomas Story, had already bought lands. He said he would rather live in this peaceful country with a small income than with his proprietary emoluments and their connected troubles. Among these were the difficulties with the encroaching Lord Baltimore and with the thankless settlers in Philadelphia, whom he had so befriended. Far more agreeable than these were the wild Indians who looked on the Friends as the only just people they had come in contact with, and so, with a sigh he turned his back on this peaceful land to the worriments he found on the Delaware and the farther shores of the sea, which he had left so hopefully to found a commonwealth for the good of humanity, and which had caused him so much unhappiness.

With his colonial trials, his persecutions on account of his religion, and a generally unsympathetic family, among which his apostate, rowdy son and namesake bore a too prominent part, it is no wonder that the great Founder of our Commonwealth sought surcease from his cares in such unseemly pleasures as generous traditions have credited him with. And yet historical doubting Thomases are trying to up-

root that sheet anchor of our pleasant thoughts in connection with Penn, by claiming that he not only took no outing as far as the Susquehanna with its accompanying sylvan pleasures, but that he did not even have a meeting with the Indians at Shackamaxon, and that the historic Elm was as much of a myth as the "treaty made without an oath, and never broken," which never happened. T. S. K.

## THE "CHURCH OF THE HOUSE" AMISH.

I have written of the "Meeting-house" Amish, and I will now speak of a visit I made to the more primitive sect, known by themselves, if they differentiate at all by the heading title, though sometimes as the "House and Barn" Amish, but preferring themselves the name of Amish alone, as being the original sect, and the others as a split-off. From the difficulty of making connections, it was some years before I could get the location of an accessible meeting from there being no established place for such save as the alternation of homes came around, but on an appointed time the opportunity came from the intervention of one of my friends of the section who was in touch with some of the Amish brethren, and with the most pleasant details, for the fixed upon place of meeting was on a trolley line up New Holland way, north of Lancaster, the farm buildings being but a short distance from the track and the services held in an ideal building—a barn—and the home a hospitable one, belonging to one of a familiar name much monopolized by the people of that section. He and another Amishman had arranged to meet me and a traveling friend from my town, who was equally interested with me in the objects of my journey to these primitive people, so that from an introduction by these to the first arrivals the aloofness generally felt by them towards strangers was set aside. It was now half past eight, and a slow, plaintive chant coming towards us showed that the services had commenced, and, best of all, the sounds came from a barn. I knew, from the world's title given the sect, that

both house and barn were used by these people for church purposes, so I was especially glad we had happened at a time when the last was best available. The building was one of the large barns so prevalent in Lancaster county, was new, and in size about sixty by seventy feet, independent of an addition, with a cellar underneath, and with two driveways, or threshing floors, the division or partitions next the mows, four feet high, and, the time being just before haying, the building was conveniently empty.

We entered the barn by one of the broad driveways, where went in their season the lush crops of the farm in hay and grain, and from where the weird notes of the hymns had come, and what a sight met our eyes! On one of the twin threshing floors, with their low flanking partition, furnished with backless benches, save for the few rocking and ordinary wooden chairs, for the benefit of the aged and infirm, except two of the latter, which were kindly handed to the strangers for their own use, were seated a hundred or more worshippers. Seven lines of benches extended lengthwise of the sixty-foot driveway to take the place of the pews in the ordinary church, and seated on these were the men, bare of hats, showing their heads of long untrimmed hair, buttonless clothing, such fastenings eked out with hooks and eyes, the coats and vests collarless, and the women in their capes, as emblems of the modesty which should conceal any allurements of figure, and their plain muslin caps, some holding infants, others with their older children by their sides; all dressed in black loud colors, passing for plain, so long as they bore no figures on the goods. In the stables below, horses, to be increased in number as time wore on, were uneasily pawing, the bawl of a calf came now and then from the leanto and the cackling of hens from their nests in the barn, and these, on top of noises from the nearby road—the rumbling and shriek of trolley car and automobile: such were some of the sights and sounds that greeted us as we sat through the long service.

The people came in irregularly, as they



were all farmers, who had, some of them, come six or eight miles and had their farm chores to do before starting. On the bench next to the right hand mow, the high seat, as Friends would say, sat the bishop, visiting ministers, heads of the church and older members to the number of twenty-five. On the far end of the second row were nine young men and women, probationers, who came in after the first hour, and whose membership would begin following the coming harvest, the second communion of the year, provided they continued seemly in their conduct, and the bishop would confirm them. Back of these benches was the general audience; the women at one end of the threshing floor, the men at the other. In the rear was the second driveway, which was used as a passage way for the in-and-out-goings of the assemblage from the far end, there being more of this movement than is generally found in a place of worship, for there were new comers in evidence and crying babies to be taken out and mollified; bottles of milk to be passed to the more advanced of them and water to be handed up to the preachers.

As with the "Meeting-house" Amish, and the other German plain sects of their kind, the women all left their bonnets of black or of such dark purple that they could hardly be told from that color in the neighboring house, and put on their white muslin caps. These last were of the plainest type; no lace about their edges, such as I had seen on the heads of other less plain sects, where the finest work was put on them for church wear. The same can be said of the young girls, down to some of the children in arms. There were no frills nor furbelows about the women's dresses—all wore the cape, pointed back and front; none of the material figured, and the colors ranging from red, through green, blue and purple to black, although the older women wore the latter generally. Were it not for the averseness of the Amish to pictures, I would attribute the glaring hues in the dresses to studies of some colored biblical illustrations I have seen, where the prodigal son in yellow is receiv-

ing a blessing from a father in red, while Joseph's coat of many colors has those of the rainbow, and Noah in purple was superintending the shipment of the ark's lading. As with the other branch of the Amish, the absence of dot, figure or plaid on the gay colors named counts for plain, and their presence on drab means worldliness; but there was not a ribbon on old or young, save to hold cap or bonnet in place.

The men and boys wore the plain, stiff wide-rimmed black hats with low, flat crowns, conventional with the Amish; some of the older with cutaway coats, while the little boys, down to four-year-olds, had roundabouts, their trousers long, and reaching to bare feet and held up by suspenders. All wore their hair long and reaching down low over their foreheads, some having it hanging loose, others plastered down tight. The younger fry enjoyed themselves after meeting in a subdued way, matterless of their peculiarity of appearance, and why should they not be when the two strangers without their barn doors were the exceptions! In reference to the Amish hats, they are bought in Lancaster, are of fine texture, lined with silk and cost four dollars apiece. I saw but one straw hat among them, and that conformed to their style, was neatly home-made, and when sold brought fifty cents, and required a day in the making. I will here say that there is a store in the city of Lancaster where these plain people can be furnished with attire in consonance with their peculiar hook-and-eye fastened, collarless coats and vests, as well as the style of hat described.

With a frankness and lack of convention which was charming, many of the men, young and old, had taken off their coats, for the day was very warm, even those on the high seat facing the main audience, reminding me of what I saw in my boyhood, go-to-meeting days, when, in summer time, Friends sat in their shirt sleeves during a religious service. As the great Homer sometimes nodded, so St. Paul was on occasion human enough to be all things to all men, and when I saw many with their coats off, in a spirit of comrad-

erie, together with a desire for comfort, I joined in with them. Even to their absence of buttons I to a small extent followed their example, in this making a double concession by taking off my Grand Army button, for, in such a peace-loving assemblage, its presence was unfitting. So, for the long session, I held my coat and kept "the little bronze disk" in my pocket to the annoyance of none around me, while personally I felt that I was practicing but little deceit.

In my account of my visit to these worthy people I wish to be respectful to them to the limit, for they were lovable in their simplicity and earnestness, and so hospitable to us strangers, and what I say is only to let the outside world know of their ways, all perfectly proper to their point of view, but which are singular in ours, but not detracting from my general admiration for the Amish people. In their seriousness and lack of the sense of humor, the bawling of a calf in the stables below, or the cackling of a hen from her nest in the adjoining mow, did not cause a smile on the faces of the audience, not even when one in authority, when a second uproar from the nest broke upon the services, bore the hen from the barn to the extension of her raucous remonstrance. I need not say that the visitors within the gates of these good people showed respect to conditions; in fact the whole long sitting was imbued with a seriousness which forestalled any flippant ebullitions.

The song service in vogue when we arrived there lasted an hour from the start, and the slowness of the notes can be ascertained by doubling the length of those of the ordinary doxology. There is a leader who fills up the space between the hymn verses with a high tenor voice which sounds like that of an Alpine yodler, the strain being taken up by the congregation in a minor key for a few bars when the high notes continue. I have never heard the periodical lamentations of Jews before the walls of the city of Jerusalem, but I can imagine a similarity in the Amish hymns to those. None of the language could be understood by us, and I could not see how

such wails could be developed into understandable words. But the congregation seemed to enjoy the singing and that sufficed. This singing was followed by an hour-long sermon by the bishop, when came a silent prayer, during which all knelt down, those, of course, on the high seat facing the hay mow. Then came more singing, a vocal prayer, a reading of a Bible chapter and mere sermons which continued the meeting until half past twelve, when, after a parting long-meter hymn, the meeting informally separated, this hymn taking the place of a doxology. The next meeting had been previously announced to take place in two weeks, as is the custom. The intervening Sabbath is the time for holding the young folks' meeting, when they practice on their "sings."

In the meantime the women of the house, assisted by some of the older sisters, had been busily engaged in preparing dinner to which my friend and I had been invited as guests of honor to the first table, where we sat at the head. The men and women at such times eat separately. We passed by the latter, sitting in long rows in the dining room, as we went on in to the front apartment where a table had been set to seat twenty. This was covered with a cloth. Each guest was furnished with a knife, cup and saucer, sufficient for handling the simple food before us. This was bread and butter, with the necessary "spreadings," in the way of apple butter and molasses. In their seasons there is a greater variety of sauces. The "relish" was in the shape of two kinds of pickles, the drink being tea and coffee, besides water, which many of the men preferred to either. The dessert, which was in abundance, was dried apple pies, familiarly known as "snitz." One Amishman told me when their turn came around his mother baked a hundred pies. The seats were benches brought from the barn. The children, after several tables had been filled and emptied, came last, as good little boys and girls should. There was a plenty for all

and the two strangers were well attended to. After dinner we sat around the front yard, we of the world being the center of enquiring groups, though the talk was of the give and take order, for our friends wished to know something of the outer world as much as we did of their inner. Some of them had a tendency towards progressiveness, while the others justified their conservatism in their desire for their society's welfare and continuance, which they considered was in aloofness from the world.

There is a pathos about all this only felt to much extent by those who mingle with the more intelligent of the Amish, and who appreciate their wants and cares. As belonging, myself, to a sect considered as peculiar from its evangelical dissonance, from its tolerance of silent meetings for worship, from the lack of a regularly employed minister, its absence of music and singing at such times as well as its shortage in social formalities, all causing a sensitiveness to outside antagonism or intolerance, I was too much in sympathy with these people, particularly as some of "their ways were our ways," to do anything but patiently sit through a long service of which I understood nothing. The more thoughtful of us are alike in the fear of disintegration from our dissimilarity to the outside world, and the constant attrition from brushing against it, though we are not willing to go to their lengths for the attempted hindrance. It is well known that these exclusive plain societies "marry in and in," thinking that this means prevention from extinction from "contact with the world." Without reference to state laws, the rules of the Amish prohibit marriage between any nearer than second cousins, but when the children of these second cousins, though but third cousins, marry, matters get worse and worse; even when the parties are keeping well within the rules of outside law and the Amish rules. It has been claimed that as a body these people are not deteriorating, and on my visit to the "Meeting-house" Amish a few years ago, I thought they

were as rugged as those of other sects, but, on my late visit to the plainer and more rigid sect, so far as efforts to keep themselves from the world was concerned, I found that while the men, young and old, looked hearty, that it was different with the young women. These are good looking, with sweet faces, under plain cap or plainer bonnet, but they are pale of complexion, fragile looking and apparently anemic, and I doubted if they could work in the fields on the morrow as I had seen some of their older sisters do the day before. Some I learned have the seeds of consumption in their systems. Their parents are tender with their daughters, for they realize the conditions, but the "help" question is troubling the Amish neighborhoods as it is ours, and their girls, as when they were in plenty, no longer are heard of going out to work for farmers where girls were scarce and boys in abundance, and eventually getting hold of these boys; when the once hired girl would get to be mistress of a farm household, or as much so at least as an Amishman's belief in St. Paul's ideas of woman's rights would allow. So getting high class kitchen help from a neighbor is a lost art, and the alien maid, formerly accessible at \$2.00 and \$2.50 a week, is another lost one. Harvest hands can be had at \$1.50 per day and the ordinary day laborer for \$1.00, and these will soon have to come from the outside.

The thinking people among this exclusive sect have much to occupy their minds. At the risk of degeneracy, shall they allow their children to continue marrying in and in till they become anemic in body and mind, not in this generation, perhaps, but eventually, and thus hold their sect from the world, or let matters take their natural course, the children marrying affinities from a world alien in religion and social habits, and thus preserve the stamina of the race to the loss of their society's integrity? As it is, even for a House-Amish to marry one of the Meeting-house branch, or *vice versa*, their creeds the same, means disownment. The stricter sects suffer the most mental dis-

tress from the contact of their children with the more liberal. The Amish of both branches, in the way of carriages, have gone from the yellow, dasherless square-top, through intermediate colors to black, and then to other styles of wagons, but they had drawn the line on automobiles, though now the Meeting-house Amish are indulging in these. They visit back and forth at their religious gatherings and when at our barn meeting an automobile drove up it was a shock to our plainer friends; intensified by the fact that it was owned by the "Separatists," which sect was just making a break from the old way of getting about, and, furthermore, that it was driven and occupied by young men who had their hair cut to modern conformation and who wore modern hats, to say nothing about their discarded hook-and-eyes—in fact had well gone to the world. And when, after meeting, and during the long recess before all could get their dinners, there was a mingling between the two sets of young men; those of the plain hats, hook-and-eye clothing, budding whiskers and long hair, and the Conestoga youths, beardless, cut-haired, buttoned and jauntily hatted, all boding no good, from contact, for the continuance in their ways of the plainer dressed brother adolescents, and which I know worried the older of the primitive Amish. And then that automobile! It was as a firebrand for the destruction of old-time ways. This and its human lading I think brought many a heartache to the elders of the plainer faith.

But about the young women segregated on the lawn, in their capes, plain cut-dresses of the solid colors, their heads covered with white muslin caps, and a seemingly yearning look in their sweet faces for the automobile youths chatting to their plainer brethren, when they should have been with these girls laying plans for breaking up the closely-related marriages so surely in prospect between the Ulmers and Sabinas of the "Church of the House" Amish! I believe, despite the repression inherited by the women from generations back, there is a mild revolt in the hearts

of these Amish maidens because they cannot "dress more to the world," go to innocent assemblages they are debarred from and enter the "Millersville Normal" where some of their sisters of a less plain faith are attending. The schools in Amish sections of the country are taught by those outside the faith, and to the sorrow of the sensitive parents of the attending children for fear they may be weaned away from their religion by hearing of conditions beyond their restricted bounds which would bring dissatisfaction and disintegration to their society. The young girls seem subdued, but they think, and even among the older ones there are symptoms of the turning of the worm. A few years ago, when among these plain people I told a matron of the plain German class that among Friends the women went abroad to preach; the answer was, "If I did that, who would cut the wood?" And yet she was a quiet soul, without a book or newspaper in sight, save one or two directly connected with her religion, and seemingly resigned to her condition.

In the group of girls was one with a white dress, of course plain and caped, but she had a lace bordered cap on. I asked an Amishman if she were one of his faith. "Oh, no," he replied, "Don't you see her cap is tied on with black strings? She is a Mennonite. We would not allow that. The strings then would be white." So rigidly are these good people bound by the rules of dress. As conditions are changing, I could imagine the plain muslin caped, restricted Amish girls feeling a mild envy towards their Mennonite sisters attire.

I have spoken about their indifference to their portrayal in fiction. I encouraged those I thought approachable to read Helen R. Martin's books relative to the plain sects of Lancaster county, at the same time condemning their tendency to place them in an unfair light, and yet that there might lessons be learned which would be of use to those she criticised in getting them to leave the conservative lines in which they had been so long traveling to the betterment of their people, particularly

in the way of a higher education and the more mingling with the outside world. One of the more intelligent, and who realized the danger imminent from over exclusiveness, particularly in reference to too much intermarriage, asked; "Are there pictures in the books you mention?" Not only on the walls of their rooms should "there be no likeness of anything on earth or in heaven" but there should be no books around in which there are pictures! Not even in a book which would without doubt interest him, and make him do some thinking on lines for the betterment of his people whose welfare he had so much at heart. In reference to absence of pictures, I could guarantee "Sabina" but not "Tillie," but my friend would not promise to buy either book. Imagine the pleasure of a book canvasser in an Amish neighborhood!

Those girls, seated or standing in the front yard, apparently matterlessly chatting, and each with her "austyre" at home and well husbanded, (Shall I play on the word?) in the practical certainty of marriage, did they not look, with their hearts at least, beyond the conventionally clad Amish youths grouped in the driveway toward the more worldly Conestoga boys, and wonder if there was not a mate in store among them of a less social solation than those among their own people? As human nature goes, and with its longing for forbidden fruit, one would think so; but these maids had traveled in restricted paths so long, paths laid out by such long inheritance, that they would think it flying in the face of Providence to stray beyond their borders. Perhaps!

And thus we, strangers to them and their points of view, seated among their elders conversing on different matters than what these maidens could have had in their minds, we of an age so removed from them that Philandering could not have held our thoughts, in the slight interruptions between our questions and answers, and our reasonings and conclusions from what was before us, could not help but cast side glances and thoughts towards the maids of this Lancasterian Arcady—this Paradise with its serpent may-

be far away, but only in hiding and ready to spring.

In the Martin novels the conversation indulged in by their characters is of the crudest English used by the "Pennsylvania Dutch" of the eastern part of the State. This did not at all agree with my experience in that line in Lancaster. In the absence of the substitution of "w" for "v," and of "s" for "th," I noticed nothing different from language used by English-speaking people in our rural districts, and the peculiar idioms common to our up-country Germans in speaking English were singularly absent in the speech of the Amish, the more noticeable from the fact that the latter mingle more with outsiders. And this, despite what lingual specialists say in reference to the vocal chords of both races, that are so attuned by centuries of use, that an Englishman can no more sound "ach" correctly than a German can say "thin" without making it "sin."

As an evidence that "the world do move," one of my Amish friends showed me a vest pocket clipping wherein was exploited the over-relationship among them, as well as the number bearing one name, and the absence of race suicide. This was wherein was told of a school where there was, out of a roll of forty-five pupils thirty Stultzfooses in four families, cousins, in a series of 9, 8, 7 and 6, and of one family where there were 21 children, and, as a further evidence of world-movement, one of our new-made friends, having heard of our proposed visit to the McCall's Ferry dam, asked if we would like him to accompany us, a suggestion to which we gladly assented. In all the nine years that this great project has been in progress, neither he nor his neighbors had thought of exploiting it, but now he and the more thoughtful of his fellow Amish, were getting alive to this great enterprise whose electric current, through turbine and dynamo, is running the trolley cars back and forth through their country, even by their own doors, by a power thirty miles away. It is no wonder these good people, from their point of view, are afraid of over-

education when it brings up too much investigation on lines inimical to the faith which they so reverence. Pastor Russell, of the Brooklyn Tabernacle, with his boiler-plate sermonized matter wending its way to the remotest neighborhoods has serpent-like entered this paradise. In one plain-sect Lancaster county family is a daughter who, brought up in the strictest lines, has so let in the reasoner, after seeing and reading one of Pastor Russell's sermons, that she has left the safe shelter of the plain church of her fathers for generations back. It is hard to understand the pathos and social tragedy in this, to us, seeming little act, but those in touch could easily understand the regret that one of these strict people would feel at seeing a member of their family thus lost to his faith.

The Amish children go to the public schools the portion of the seven months they are in session that is legally required, for they are a law-abiding people. They perfunctorily study physiology along with the rest of the required curriculum, but they do not worry about the intricacies of what are bucolically called the "innards." It is enough for them to know that food and air are necessary to their existence, particularly the former, but they do not know how their working towards it need be bothered about. As they grow up they are prepared to take life as it comes—the growing up, the use of the plainest of garments, and odd cut of hair; the baptizing into the church and severely living up to its ordinances; the marrying, with its child-coming; the working for a living in ways distasteful to the easy-going outside sets; the final end-all by dying! What care the Ulmer Popples and Sabina Wilts; the Aaron Wilts and the Elephina Schwenkfelders, and the other odd Martinic creations, for science and its vagaries; for physiology, with its side-lines of eugenics, race suicide, hygienics in general and sanitation? The pristine law to multiply and replenish the earth; to earn one's living by the sweat of the brow, and then to live just lives; to care for the poor and distressed among them, and not forgetting

those outside their faith in trouble; to take the Bible literally; these are the rules they try to follow. The sneers and flings at their odd ways, or grudgingly tendered compliments for their virtues matter not to them, for they do not read books of the Helen R. Martin kind, and I do not blame them!

In reference to the Amish marriages, they are a serious affair, though winding up with a touch of hilarity. The seriously impressive part of the ceremony lasts from about eight o'clock till noon, beginning by the tying of the bonds by the bishop, when follow a series of sermons, hymns and prayers, after which comes one of the substantial dinners the Amish wives are famous for, and very different from the frugal, though sufficient, repast following their religious meetings. The sermons are full of advice, partly religious, partly of a practical kind, referring to the coming life. Before this the ample barn has been relieved of its housings of machinery, swept out, and garnished with tables laid with pie, cakes, fruits, candies and nuts. There should not be much stomach room for these, but in time this is made, and the good things partaken of. Next come plays, games and conundrums, the last of not much depth, but they suffice for these good people. There is no dancing, but among the games, I am pleased, or sorry, to say there is a fair amount of osculation. Of course, not being present at these ceremonies, I have had to get the matter at second hand, but I did hear that one of them is for the single young men to throw the late bachelor over a fence to show that he is cast out from the pale of bachelor society. If the fence is of the "pale" variety, so much more is the act appropriate. The next day the married couple go around among their relations and friends visiting, at which times they get the more bulky presents necessary to housekeeping, their lighter needs having been gathered for years and stored away at the home of the bride, such as dishes, clothing and the like.

I have spoken in another article of a visit I made to a private family of the

other branch of these primitive people, and in reference to the austere, or ante-marriage outset and its early beginning. In this I recall the girl of but ten years, who, with her father as chaperon, took me upstairs to show me the start of a house-keeping as much taken for granted as that day would follow night, and her innocence in the display. There was in evidence the disingenuous marital instinct which came to Adam and Eve in Paradise. With these people, so shut off in their isolation from sex problems agitating general society, this pointed quatrain would pass unheeded:

"Where the apple reddens  
Do not spy,  
Lest we lose our Edens—  
Thou and I."

for these foreordained matrimonials do not have to spy, and they therefore lose no Edens!

Speaking of those Amish girls on the lawn, with thoughts of the surreptitious glances they must now and then have sent towards the more worldly-dressed lads automobilely brought from the distant meeting, I could not help but think of two of the main actors in Helen R. Martin's book, "Sabina, a Story of the Amish," where Sabina, despite her repressed bringing up, could not keep her thoughts from Acker while he was away, and her glances from him when he was in sight, and yet the city-bred artist was on such a different plane from the simple-minded Amish girl.

And about the getting together of maids and swains. The "sings," alternating their meeting Sabbaths would seem but an unsatisfactory opportunity for them to pave the way to marriage, in the absence of the balls, socials and church festivals the young folks East get the benefit of! What they call "beau-night," which is not the conventional Sunday evening of what is termed a higher civilization, is the evening before, the Amish, being strict Sabbatarians, would do only week-day courting. According to Helen R. Martin, it is done in the dark, after the ninth stroke of the clock. No matter what the in-opportunities of the young folks, "love finds a way," and, as I have intimated,

they are two to one greater for marrying than those of the same class East. Much of the preliminary courting is done in the evening rides around the country, in their square-topped, dasherless wagons. Alas, these young folks are but human!

Of the not less than forty of these wagons which, ungeared, were ranged between the barn and house, all but two or three were of the strictly Amish build of vehicle, but there was only one of the yellow type which a few years ago was universal among both sects of these plain people. None of the others had been "done up" for a long time, for a glossy, late-painted wagon would savor too much "of the world." Helen R. Martin speaks of Aaron Wilt, after paying for a new, finely-painted wagon, deliberately, in the presence of the painter, dipping a broom in muddy water and thus ruining his work, amid the oaths of the artist.

These people are not troubled about the worries of outside "scientificos" relative to sanitation, fresh air, microbes and the like, and as for the study of physiology and its intricate laws, it is held in abeyance, so they go on in the old way and doubtless are happier than are we with our learning in such matters.

Like "The Quaker of the Olden Time," the Amish do not indulge in "compliments," not a "Mr." nor a "Mrs." from them. Not till in good time did they get our Christian names, did they call us anything but those, all of which sounded refreshing to us, who were members of a society, which to such an extent had abandoned these non-essentials.

As for politics the Amish are intensely Republican, as they have been since they left their non-resistant ways of not going to elections. There is no side-stepping towards Progressivism with them, and as for Democracy, one of them informed me that there was but one Democrat among them, and he was rewarded for his going out by a post office.

I could hear of none of them being soldiers in the Civil War. When drafted, as many of them were, they took advantage of the liberal exemption laws favoring

non-resistants, and for \$300 bought the privilege of keeping away from the tented field.

The Amish are a branch of the Mennonites from Germany, from whom they set themselves off as early as 1620, as growing too worldly, following a preacher named Amman, who taught that buttons, as over gay, should be substituted with hooks-and-eyes for the fastening of men's clothing, and that the hair and beards should be let to grow. This was afterwards modified so that the shaving of the upper lip would be proper. In 1865, seeing that there was a tendency of the society to break from these traditions, and also to establish regular places for worship, a break came whereby the Amish were divided as at present into "The Church of the House," and "Meeting-house" Amish, as heretofore stated.

Those coming to this State selected a limestone section of Lancaster county and being saving and industrious thrived greatly, but as land advanced in price during and just after the Civil War they committed the imprudence of those of greater financial ability in buying too much land for the money they had to pay down, so, when values lowered, their margins vanished, and many a poor Amishman went to the wall in spite of the aid furnished, as a religious duty, by his brethren for, with the Amish, clannishness and aid in financial distress go together. Their land was bought in by the wealthier Amish farmers, who aided their weaker brothers in buying cheaper lands outside the coveted limestone region, where they are now thriving, for, with anything like a fair chance, these people will rise above poverty. So that part of the State, instead of being one of abandoned farms, is where land is bought or rented as soon as the occasion arising for its offering comes, and now in their land hungerings, the Amish have bought out the farms of other sects till they have contiguous holdings for miles and miles north of the Pennsylvania Railroad.

As to the church government of the Amish, it is mainly the same as mention-

ed in my account of the other branch of the sect. They are, however, saved the expense of building and taking care of meetinghouses, and their only collections for the few poor among them are made by the deacons, who act as their treasurers, the money being handed to them without solicitation and the beneficiaries are hunted up instead of having to make application for help. I have wondered why Helen R. Martin did not take advantage of what should have been a known situation and have the meeting place she described in "Sabina" in a barn, where her powers of description could have been put to good use. Incidentally I would say that the lady has been much criticized by those who have reason to take exceptions to the unfairness of her character formations, and from my experience among the plain people of Lancaster county, the exceptions taken are just.

How long the Amish will adhere to their primitive ways is a question, but speaking of the meetinghouse branch, as intimated, there are many signs of the breaking down of the barriers which separate them from the world. Buttons are covertly replacing hooks and eyes in unostentatious places and the visits of the more venturesome to the cities are subversive to strict regulations as to cut of garments and style of headgear. The silent monitions from milliners' windows and clothing store fronts; the meaning glance of the eye and open remarks of those they meet in passing, tend to create a quiet feeling of rebellion in the hearts of the undisciplined among these isolated people. But perish the thought that the quaint, elongated Sabbath services will cease, that the midday feasts and social gatherings will be no more, and that the bucolic plays in barn or on lawn, with their wealth of osculation, to say nothing of their old-time ways of courting, will be ended by outside social encroachments. Rather let this religious and social oasis in the heart of Pennsylvania remain as it is with its charming eccentricities in the way of dress, manners and customs, where the barns worshipped in are suggestive of the



Manger of Bethlehem, the caps of the women reminders of the aureoles of the saints, and the untrimmed locks of the men of the heads of biblical prophets. There was one man in the gallery at the last meeting I attended, if the comparison is allowable, who would have made a fine leading figure for the Passion Play as brought forth every ten years in Germany, so did his face, with the wealth of long hair, coming to his shoulders and over his forehead, together with his sad patient expression, resemble the conventional features of Christ, not as he was at the time of his labors, but as he might have looked had he been spared to the age of sixty.

"The groves were God's first temples." Near two thousand years ago the evangelists preached on desert, plain and mountain side, and by the shores of river and lake, with no roof but the sky. Spired and domed palaces, called churches, with velvet-padded floors, cushions of down, stained glass windows, surpliced choirs and pealing organs, were then not deemed necessary accessories to heavenly recognition. So the Amish barn, with its lingering scent of fields of summer in its broad mows, and which we ridicule or tolerate, as our moods direct, are more in consonance with the places of worship of the early Christians. Instead of being religious Outlanders, rather have the "Church of the House" Amish gone back to the first principles of our faith, with their deeds of brotherly kindness, their simplicity of dress, their ways of baptizing, their feet-washings and humble modes of worship, and their critics gone further away from it in ways of luxurious worship to gain a luxurious heaven!

T S K

#### AROUND LANCASTER CITY.

Being the richest county in the United States, agriculturally, well might Whittier have called Lancaster "The Garden of the Lord," instead of Frederick county, Maryland, as in his Barbara Frietchie poem, and he would, could he have known of its wealth. To be sure Frederick county ranks second, but that is one short of first. In reference to Lancaster's prominence, two counties in Texas lay claim that

either of them can turn our county under, but as they are the size of some of our northern States they can stand to one side.

My account of that section will represent two visits, made six years apart, in 1908 and 1914, and takes in Lancaster city, Ephrata and the McCall's Ferry dam. Taking its history, its activities, the peculiarly dressed people coming to town on its two market days, to say nothing about its being the once home of Thaddeus Stevens, Lancaster city forms a subject of interest.

So like are the dresses of the Mennonite and Dunkard women, seen on the streets of this town, to those of the women of the Society of Friends as they were when plainness was the rule, that a stranger would think it was the center of a Quaker community. Even young girls wear this costume; the bonnet and dress generally black, but sometimes they are a fine figured lilac plaid which in the distance looks like a solid color. This is called the summer dress. All wore the pointed cape of the same color as the dress. This suit applies more particularly to the Mennonite women, and not to the Amish, comparatively few of whom are seen on the streets, and whose costume I have specialized in another article. The men wear black clothing, and the hat is not so broad of brim as that of the Amish, while their faces are shaven and hair short. One of these told me that his wife had criticized him for expecting her to "go plain" at all times, while he confined himself to his collarless coat and vest and plain hat to meeting-house uses. "Now," he said, "I will have my world's coats and vests altered and 'go plain' both in my religious and worldly pursuits," he being in business. On my late visit I found he had lived up to his word. In a restaurant the cashier, a girl under age, wore a cap and cape reminding me of the picture, stamped on the back of "Tillie, the Mennonite Maiden." Some of the men are typical of one's conceptions of the "Quaker of the Olden Time"; that is, the cheerful, well-to-do ones. These non-conformists take the world less seriously than of old, and,

instead of hoarding everything up for their children, are launching out in the way of taking vacations and owning automobiles. One of these I found making ready for a trip to Boston, and well he might afford  $\frac{1}{2}$  for he was rich in acres, and acres around Lancaster represent values of from \$150 to \$400 each. Another plainly dressed man had been two terms in the Legislature, showing that these wearers of plain attire are in politics. That they are Republicans goes without saying, for they live in Lancaster, where a nomination by that party means an election. But the way farming is in that section, they can well follow that vocation, judging by the magnificent fields of crops seen, especially their tobacco, corn and alfalfa and second-crop clover. I do not know when I have seen such yields, but maybe this was an exceptional season.

The two great market days of Lancaster are Fourth- and Seventh-days, beginning early in the morning. I saw from fifty to seventy-five wagons, mainly one-horse backed up to the curb surrounding Center Square, reminding me of old times along Second and South streets, Philadelphia. The farmers are mainly Mennonites and Dunkards, but few of the Amish, who can be recognized by their wearing beards, which do not distinguish the others. These are generally accompanied by their women-folks, with their plain hoods and caped dresses. These women must per force keep silent in the churches, where they must also keep their heads covered, from their literal belief in St. Paul. But business is seen to lurk in bonnet-shaded eyes and faces, with not a little of thrift in driving a bargain. The market expeditions depicted in the Martin novels are easily recalled in these scenes, and where a man and wife were together, the woman seemed to be in the ascendant. This was pleasant to see, for it was well that St. Paul sentiments in reference to what was once the weaker sex should, at least on week days, be in abeyance. The women, sellers and often buyers, for there are many plain people in Lancaster, are often clad as darkly as nuns.

On the northeastern outskirts of Lancaster is a horse and cattle market, the greatest livestock center in the State. There are over fifty acres, mainly paved with Belgian blocks and roofed over. From eighty to one-hundred-and-fifty carloads a week are received and sent out here, the outbound sales costing the shippers nothing for freight, so long as the stock is sent eastward over the Pennsylvania's lines. It was claimed that last year 4,000 carloads of stock were sold from here. The yard is owned by a company whose only profit is in the sale of hay to cattle owners. Even this increment is begrudged, judging by a growl I heard from one of the cattlemen to the effect, that, "the company buys weeds and all for \$8.00 per ton and sells the stuff to us for hay at \$30.00!" It is thus that would-be philanthropists are misjudged and slandered.

A great trolley center is Lancaster city. North, south, east and west go the cars, the power driving them coming from the McCall's Ferry dam, twenty miles away; the same power which lights the city. From Center Square a car a minute shoots out into the country, in the direction of Reading, Philadelphia, Harrisburg, Columbia, McCall's Ferry and other points and the electric current never tires in their propulsion. In my former visit, and perhaps it yet obtains, there was a sort of a lottery seneme connected with the trolley service. Each buyer of a ticket was given what was euphoniously called a "receipt," just as prizes in progressive card games are savingly called "favors." After a certain time, when so many car tickets were being sold, an announcement was made that whoever has a certain ticket (they were all numbered) would get a book of 500 tickets worth \$25.00. At the hotels and other resorts these numbered tickets were asked for from strangers, who would have no chance to realize on them, the "gentlemanly clerk" or "bar-keep," not hesitating to make the request.

Few, not knowing the fact, could realize that an inland city like Lancaster was for forty years a seaport, as far as water com-

munication with the ocean was concerned.

Around 1830, when railroads had not got in the ascendance, there was a craze for canals east of the Mississippi. Waterways, not larger than good-sized mill streams, were stopped up with slack-water dams, and their walls, pierced with locks, allowed boats to pass through and over them. A canal by mere mill creeks, like the Swatara and Tulpehocken, connected the Schuylkill and Susquehanna and was designed to be part of a watery chain to make a through canal from Philadelphia to the lakes by the way of the Susquehanna and its West Branch, while the Cordonus creek joined the town of York with Chesapeake Bay. Along with this promotion came the organization of the Conestoga Navigation Company, by which, with nine pools and locks, in a stretch of eighteen miles, connection was to be made between Lancaster and the world of waters, which was accomplished at the small cost of \$4,000 per mile. By this waterway the large boats running on the Susquehanna canal brought loads of coal and lumber from the North to the city and points on the route, and for return freight had flour from the Conestoga and more inland mills and grain from the Lancaster and Lebanon county farmlands to carry to Baltimore, to return with store goods and other needed supplies for the people in the sections named. The end to this enterprise came in 1867, when a fierce flood so tore the Conestoga canal that it was abandoned. But there were those I met who had taken part in the loading and unloading of the boats which made this water-way and the basin at the end of navigation lively with business. But the bed of the canal was treacherous from its rocks, and time and again they would impale these boats and sink them, to the stoppage of increasing numbers of craft and the impatience of consignees and boatmen whose annoyance too often ran to blasphemy. At Safe Harbor, at the mouth of the canal, there was a dam thrown across the Susquehanna, whereby the Conestoga boats could be towed across the river by steamboats to the main canal and thence to tidewater.

On one end of these boats was stabling for the horses when there was no towing path, and the boats had to be drawn by tugs.

The Society of Friends once had quite a holding in Lancaster city, a holding now lost as far as a permanent place of meeting is concerned. It is interesting to know that while the decline of this people in the outlying districts is attributed to its ways being so different from those of the general world in the ways of fashion and social and religious customs, sects still more backward in the way of progress and more burdened with modes of dress to isolate them more or less from their human surroundings, like the Amish, Dunkards and Mennonites, should be increasing in numbers. And these are sects who have far less claims on the thinking, advanced world at large than have Friends who from their start have been foremost in the philanthropies, and who, during the first fifty years of their existence, had their full share of martyrs, mainly from the hands of Protestants, from deaths by hundreds to minor persecutions by thousands.

The Lancaster Friends' meeting was established in 1755, and laid down in 1802. In the division of properties after the separation among Friends in 1827-8, the house and grounds, since only occasionally occupied, were assigned to the Orthodox branch, who finally sold them to the Order of Odd Fellows. Concerning this sale a Friend, evidently "Hicksite," dissatisfied with the transfer on the ground that the deed for the grounds forbid such transfer, thus unburdened himself:—"and now a fantastic structure may be seen devoted to midnight orgies, and on the spot where Friends recently met to worship the Father in Spirit and in Truth. Alas, how sad to contemplate!"

Interested, my friend and I hunted up the location, which had been a lot in the heart of the city, running from street to street, and of good width. A part had been sold for a factory, while the revised meeting-house had been replaced with the building of a marble-cutter whose port mortem shafts now thickly punctuated

the grounds in front where Friends once gathered before and after meeting in the good old days. They seemed fitting monuments of the dead society in Lancaster. There was a graveyard on the grounds and what was left of the dead was removed. A neighbor said the exhumers kept these bones housed for a while, but he thought they had since been given sepulchre. It was a comfort that he thought so. Well might the Jeremiah previously quoted, again exclaim—"Alas, how sad to contemplate!"

I give the following data concerning this frontier congregation, showing its struggles for existence and early demise, for it lived less than fifty years, despite the loving interest and financial aid given it by its fellow meetings. Eleven years after its establishment, or in 1766, Philadelphia Yearly Meeting was called upon by Caln Quarter to look towards furnishing means for finishing building the house for worship, from the want of means or indifference of local Friends. In 1779 Lancaster meeting reported the "waste condition" of its premises to its quarterly meeting, which the following year recommended the closing of the main house, repairing the small apartment, and refencing the graveyard. In 1784 it was reported that the week-day meetings were *weakly* attended, of course intending no play on words, and in 1778 application was made to the quarterly meeting, which was brought before the yearly, that one hundred pounds be given towards the repair of the meeting-house. It is not shown that this was given. In 1798 Lampeter Preparative Meeting, to which Lancaster was subordinate, recommended that a committee be appointed for the care and oversight of the said meeting, and in 1802 Lancaster meeting had got so low that Sadsbury Monthly Meeting advised its discontinuance. Caln Quarter, at its next session, agreed to this and named a "committee to sit with Lancaster Friends the next Sixth-day and inform them of its decision."

The Meeting for Sufferings afterwards took up the matter of Lancaster meeting, from the concern felt from its discontinu-

ance and the consequence of the loss of Friendly influence in that section, and desired that Sadsbury Monthly Meeting extend a care over the premises, and recommended that resident Friends see that "uses to which they may be applied shall always comport with the religious professions and principles of Friends." Hence the plaintive remonstrance mentioned on account of the transfer of the property to the Odd Fellows, which, as it turned out, put the property from its original intentions.

When a visiting Friend sees church after church rearing their towered structures, with their rich furnishings and stained memorial windows, from Lancaster's street corners, with not a trace left of the little Quaker meeting-house and its congregation, he feels a sorrow in his heart that what was so hopefully started in this "Tadmor in the wilderness" should have had such a pitiful ending.

The royal names of the streets in Lancaster—King, Queen, Prince, Duke and Orange, show a loyalty to King George, his Queen and the Duke of Orange that did not die out during the Revolutionary War, and its symbols are in being yet, though one would think that while the Continental Congress convened there while in its peripatetic career these names would have been changed. According to Irving's "Rip Van Winkle," it was the custom for tavern keepers who had King George for a sign, to make him a George Washington as soon as the colonial cause was won, by some adept flourisher of a paint brush. Not so, the Lancastrians; they held to the royal names of the streets, and so they stand now. They had their taverns named for the Kings of Sweden and Prussia, and the Prince of Grange, and even for the Red Lion of England, and they let them stand through the ups and downs of the war and long afterwards.

Eastward from the city start three routes of travel towards Philadelphia; the "King's Highway," originally voyaged by Conestoga wagons from Philadelphia to Pittsburg; then the Lancaster pike, which was afterwards laid out and macad-

amized and then adopted by those picturesque wains with their belled horses, and the Pennsylvania Railroad—all coming together eventually. Where the road crosses the Conestoga east of the city is one of the oldest stone bridges in the country, with nine arches. It was built in 1799 as a toll bridge, but made free in 1817, when it was purchased by the county for \$58,000. The builders were "Abram Witmer and Mary, his Wife," as recorded on the keystone of the main arch; a singular concession in that day and community, and by a German, to the rights of woman. At the east end of this bridge are the basin and filtering plant of the Lancaster city water works. A stone wall a dozen feet high surrounding an acre of ground and artistically vine-covered shows where the sometime muddy waters of the Conestoga, and as it was when I last saw it, are changed to crystal pure.

Owned by a Lancaster liveryman are some relics of a long-past mode of freight transportation in a good state of preservation, mainly because the owner is interested in the antique. This is a Conestoga wagon, with its harness and bells, and just as it used to course over the long way from Philadelphia to Pittsburg. The wagon is cared for at Rohrerstown, some four miles out in the country, which I had expected to go out with the proprietor to see from his kind invitation, but as the visit required another day from home, I missed the pleasure of seeing it. It is the only one known to exist in a perfect form. This has the sway-back roof and body, with the bows shooting back and forth, so far, in fact, that when the front wheels got into a ditch, the driver on his horse stood in danger of being struck with the projecting cover. The bed is some sixteen feet or of "four-hogshead" length, as such bodies were designated, and easily carried forty-five barrels of flour and thirty-five of whiskey. The harness made eighty-five years ago, is as sound and serviceable as ever and has the conventional breechings of the time, with heavy straps crossing the back, and large housings. The breast chains are double and made

with an art which might be called one of the lost among blacksmiths, so close woven they are. On each hame are two staples for the insertion of the lower ends of the arches from which hung the characteristic open bells of the Conestoga horses. From the six belfries swung twenty-four of these musical brasses, ten for the leaders, eight for the "swing," and six for the wheelers, each horse having half the numbers, and the size of the bells diminishing towards the leaders. As the only Conestoga chimes in existence, the owner has these under lock and key, and well he may. Shaken together I never heard sweeter music from bells. It has been stated that the horses were annoyed by these but our driver says he has known them to shake them for their music. Our friend's father drove his Conestoga as long as the railroads would let him, the across-State journey taking one month. They traveled in strings of twenty wagons, and the music from the hundreds of bells was charming to man and beast. These companion teamsters put up at the same roadside hotels, strung every mile or so along the road, when they had a sociable time together after their horses, their first care, were attended to.

An expert in Conestoga lore, our friend, hearing that he had not the only wagon of the kind, hunted up with much trouble an alleged second, only to be sure that he had the only perfect one, the other being a patched-up affair. He for some years drove his father's team for local use in hauling grain to mills from cars, making two loads empty a ten-ton car of the time. The whole rig now, wagon, harness and bells, are kept as curiosities from away back times, although last year it was made use of in the Lake Erie-Commodore Perry centennial to make a conveyance of powder kegs from the DuPont powder works at Wilmington to Erie, as a reminder of what was done one hundred years before over the same journey and from the ancestors of the DuPonts to the lakes for Perry's use.

Lancaster, from its being a great trolley center, and with its population of 59,000,

attracts the suburban population at night. For the lovers of the gay and hilarious there is an abundance of saloons, and as for the five and ten-cent shows, they are all such a class could wish, and of a risque and sensational kind, judging by their scare-head bills of fare. One of the larger kind sidelined a street, whereby the passer by, if of thrifty nature, from the heat within requiring the windows open, could take in the menu free of charge. They even have a roof garden. These "world's people" have anything but sympathy for the plain folks around Lancaster, presumably for their economical ways, and one of them, I think a cattleman from the droveyard, judging by the odor of his clothes, whom I met on a trolley, said there were "lots of Dunkers and the like just out of town. And worse yet as you get towards Christiana," he added significantly.

T. S. K.

#### THE EPHRATA CLOISTERS.

Few know, and fewer care, that within sixty miles of Philadelphia there once dwelt in community a sect composed of Protestant monks and nuns, clad in conventual hooded gowns and with all the belongings of Catholics of such orders, convent and nunnery, with their separate chapels and refectories, their dormitories in narrow cells, with the hardest of couches, and encircling workrooms, and their water-driven factories and mills and fields and garden for outdoor labor. But these people and their homes and workshops existed, and, though nearly extinct, some of the buildings are yet standing, and a few of their works do follow them. Their writings, their printed books, with illuminated initials; their pictures in pen-work, their weavings and wood and metal hand-craft, as well as their basketry and pottery, may yet be seen, but only in part, for vandal thieving hands have made sad havoc among them, for what could one old man and an older woman, the sole guardians of these buildings do when hordes of excursionists sometimes crowd the cloisters, where the treasures are, and loot at will?

A branch of the Dunkards, but who must

not be confounded with that present sect, were driven from Germany about 1720, and a group of them, who had taken upon themselves celibacy and solitary living, settled along the Coecalico creek, fifteen miles north of Lancaster city. Among these was Conrad Beissel, who felt that there was error in the doctrines of the founders of the sect, although three of its wisest men had searched the Scriptures for rules of guidance, in that they had not established the Seventh-day of the week for their Sabbath, and such as he formed the Society of Seventh-day Baptists for their peculiar cult. This was in 1728. Their forerunners had held to a celibate, as well as a communal life, and lived in hut-like hermitages. Under the new light a monastery and nunnery were built on the summit of Mt. Zion, where hundreds of soldiers were afterwards buried—from the sick and wounded from camp and battlefield—particularly from that of Brandywine. They had been placed under the care of the Brothers and Sisters by Washington, and died by scores despite their tender care. A fine monument has been erected here by the Government to mark their burial place. Here a monastic life having been instituted, the first buildings were erected in 1733, Conrad Beissel taking the office of abbot or father, under the assumed name of Freid-sam. They wore the habits of the Capuchins, or White Friars, a long white gown and cowl, the suits of the men and women, with their coarse girdles, much resembling each other.

As in Catholic institutions of the kind, monastic names were taken, mainly from the Bible, the family titles being dropped. As a coincidence it is to be noted that the Redemptionist Fathers, Catholic, have started a large institution close by the cloisters, with extensive buildings centering hundreds of acres of land. The Protestant recluses named were the most numerous around 1740, when there were 300 members, 71 of them, the sexes being nearly equally divided, leading cloistered lives. The buildings on the high grounds not being large enough for the increasing community, more commodious

ones were built on the meadows below, near the creek, including a large sisters' house, called Saron, with chapel, or Saal, nearly as large, and a brothers' house, Bethania, also with a chapel. One of these, the sisters', was used for love feasts, the other for worship in common. There were smaller buildings for workshops and storehouses, and for lodging visitors at times of feasts and other gatherings. There were also other houses for the occupancy of those who saw fit to marry, but so much banned that in one year they must leave these homes as well as forfeit their communal rights. Besides owning a farm the celibates owned a paper, flour, saw, oil and fulling mill. The outside farmers lived independently of these, but joined them on days of worship and other religious ceremonies. Conrad Beissel had a strong personality, and held the society well together to the time of his death in 1768. His successor, Peter Miller, was nearly his equal, but a decadence began in 1777, induced by new ideas developed by the American revolution. The Brethren were in a measure devoted to art and literature, these always, however subservient to their religious inclinations, as their books, writings and pen-work show. They did their own printing; one a book, a history of the martyrdoms of the early members of their society before being driven from Germany, and as large as an old-fashioned Bible. This has a full-page frontispiece, filled with scenes and characters, done in the crudest way of the illustrative art of the time. They also printed many smaller books, as well as tracts and hymns.

A few words about the beliefs and customs of these peculiar people, who started, flourished and passed away, but who are in memory of those yet living, although, as individuals, but a dozen or so yet meet in the quaint old "Saal," and go through the old-time love feasts and foot-washings, winding up with the passed from lip to lip "kiss of peace."

The Bible is their law, they taking everything therein literally.

They believe in the divinity of Christ,

the triune God-head, and that salvation is of grace, not of works, in the seventh-day Sabbath, and in baptism by immersion.

They celebrate the Lord's <sup>Supper</sup> at night, after which they wash and wipe one another's feet; a time and act justified by Scripture.

Although they take no vows and allow wedlock by bare tolerance, even aiding the married, as a body, in their temporal affairs, celibacy was ever urged in verbal advice and in writings on the walls of chapel, cell and refectory, as conducive to holy life. They believed in an abstemious mode of living, but this was modified as the means of the community increased. Wooden cups, trenchers and trays were used at their communions; from simplicity these Baptists even eating from square pieces of poplar boards, relics of which I saw, some using wooden knives and forks, also secable, but which are necessarily kept under lock and key. They did not pay their ministers, but shared their living with them. Unlike the Dunkards and Mennonites of their place and time, they shaved.

This much about this branch of the Seventh-day Baptists, preliminary to a journey I made among their once haunts on the shores of the Cocalico in the summer of 1908.

As all roads lead to Rome, so most of the Lancaster county trolleys go to its main city, thirteen of them in fact; in this case not an unlucky number. Seventy to eighty cars are in daily service making several trips each a day. At the plaza, or center square, I selected a car for Ephrata, not hard to find, for they go and come in a steady stream. After fifteen miles and an hour's time, and through a rich and pleasant country, I reached modern Ephrata. In the car were hooded women and plainly attired men, a token of the quaint settlement I was tending towards. The new town is anything but a type of the ancient place, with its stylish homes and its general business bustle and activity. On the nearby, overlooking hill is an extensive sanatorium and a \$100,000 hotel. As to

their paying, I heard doubts expressed. As intimated a great business is carried on in this town of 2500 people. It is a noted horse market, 125 carloads having been shipped from here the past year. Two famed and ancient turnpikes meet here; the Harrisburg and Downingtown, and the one leading to Reading. You go northwest from your trolley terminus, and the busy town quiets off to still life, and we pass some quaint homes of the plain people who lived and went, and soon come to the Cocalico creek, of the figured cotton dress goods title.

This, a large mill stream, is crossed by a stone bridge, over a century old, and so narrow that wagons can hardly pass thereon, so narrow, in fact, that progressive sports in order to drive the pike company to building a wider bridge, have been tumbling the heavy coping stone off in the creek. To stop this playfulness, inscriptions in large letters follow the wall surface from end to end, veritable sermons in stone, warning these criminals that severe financial penalties will be exacted if this scaling down process continues. Now this old landmark, dating from the birth of the pike and stating it in the sententious and initial-using way of such mural tablets says "29 M to T, 59 M to P," the first indicating Downingtown, the last Philadelphia. The artist who lettered this was a German, and phonetically worked the "D" to a "T" from the oral directions given him, making the initial have the name to read Towningtown. For protection this relic is enclosed, so that it looks like a gravestone, and so let it remain indicative of the quiet Dutch plain people who once peacefully dominated this part of the country, and a monument to the departed qualities which have given way to the rush and roar of modern, and too often conscienceless ways.

On this bridge I met a minister, by the cut of his coat, but otherwise an ordinary working man. He told me he, heading a little congregation of eight, had split off from the Seventh-day cloister people, whose doctrines he believed to be unsound despite the arduous work of Conrad Beis-

sel and his compeers in reference to the proper day for the Sabbath. It was the First-day of the week, and with his incipient church he was going to prove it. I thought he boasted about his religion too much for a Christian.

Enquiries as to where I could find some one to pilot me around the cloisters now in sight, showed that the little minister lacked enthusiasm as to my quest, on account of the day's difference in the religion of the two Baptist sects, the First-day and the Seventh, and as he was fain to wander from my inquiries in reference to the ancient buildings and their old time community, to take up the fad which had estranged him from their faith, I shook myself from him as soon as I politely could. Inquiry at the next house, and a quaint little one it was, showed that the caretaker of the cloisters had gone to his dinner. I forgot to say that another I asked concerning my quest, the comprehensive title of which as stated, was the cloisters, thought I said "oysters," and, as we were two weeks away from the nearest "R" month, he did not know what to make of me.

I soon overtook what turned out to be an Episcopalian minister, and though not much more enthusiastic about the ancient landmarks than was the other preacher, he agreed to assist me, and with our united efforts we located the place and found out the nearest way there, which was through the graveyard of the ancient dwellers of the settlement. Prominent among the marbles was that to the memory of Conrad Beissel, the founder of the society. Nearby was a granite block, noting where lay Frederick and Margaret Fahnstock, "erected by their tribe," in 1906, so the legend ran. Fahnstock is a name prominent in the society as preacher and historian.

The first building we came to was a large flour mill, now disused, and which is on the site of the noted paper mill which ground up the rags into paper which the brethren used in their books and tracts, and on which they wrote their scriptural texts and mottoes to hang on the walls of



their rooms, for warning, exhortation and edification. More than that, it furnished paper whereon to print Continental currency, and, still further, when the Father of his Country wanted gun wadding to hold down the bullets to shoot down his "friends, the enemy," his emissaries went to Ephrata and carried away paper already printed upon for the salvation of souls, to be used for a purpose very dissimilar to the tenets of the paper makers, whose mission was peace to all men. They told me here that there were three wagon loads carted to the cartridge factories. The mill and adjacent property was lately bought by an outlander, named Wilson, who had grown rich by a "pince-nez" invention for eye-glasses. He has put in electric lighting machinery and from this is illuminating the houses on his several farms, so now the occupation of the miller is gone, with the hands lately employed there. On this account partly, and partly because he is trying to change the pronunciation of Cocalico so that the accent will come on the third syllable as Cocaleeco, the new comer is in a way a "persona non grata," around Ephrata, for they do not want the old time pronunciation of their stream tampered with. As for Ephrata, it is a name which would rhyme with the terminal word of the Latin phrase, if it was pronounced as it should be, but which it is not, for the emphasis is on the first syllable, *Ephrata*.

Among the jumbled-up buildings, the workshops of a once busy community, we went our way to what would be properly termed the nunnery, expecting to find it bare of humanity, but, entering an open door, we found an aged sister, who turned out to be the last of her line. Burdened with years, flesh and rheumatism, Hannah Binckly, was by no means an ideal nun as to looks, as she sat in a little low room, eating a very plain dinner, the smell of which pervaded the air from her rusty stove, and unable from her lameness to more than point out and explain in her broken English the few curiosities in sight. But just in the little circle of vision were old time implements of the household that

would gratify the longings of our Bucks County Historical Society's gatherers of the "Tools of the Nation Makers." But old though willing, this chatelaine of these monastery ruins was unable to show us around. To while away the time we were waiting for the brother caretaker to come, the one who professionally shows visitors around, we passed out of the building, and there found seated on a rude bench an aged man in overalls, anyway but monastically clad and with anything but an enthusiastic look when he found out what should have been prospective meat for him in the way of fees. He turned out to be the caretaker we were waiting for. But alas, much ciceroning had made him sad and suspicious. The average tourist is mean; he wants something for nothing in the way of attention from the man who shows him around. Worse than this, he is apt to steal. I saw myself where he had purloined hook after hook from the wall whereon the sisters had hung their clothing, until there was not one left.

Knowing conditions, and seeing my overalled friend's indifference, I told my clerical companion that we must, as it were, pass the plate. This was rather straining conditions, as he was used to a reversion of them, in seeing the passing done and getting his share of the proceeds. But he fell into the suggestion like a man and Christian, and neither letting on to know what the other did a silver offering was made and handed over to the brother Zerfaas, that being his name. I had previously made the brother aware of our intentions, coupled with my opinion of the thrifty tourists aforesaid, and he responded by laying bare his hand and heart. Said he: "Our orders are to ask no fees, but still my sister and I will not decline such offers, for as a church we are poor. But the meanness of some visitors! Sometimes they come in groups, and then, when half way round, just sneak away without offering me a cent. And the worst of all is they steal when my back is turned. The other day there was a crowd here, and what could we do to protect these things?" Thus spake he, but not in these

words exactly, for he was a German and spoke brokenly.

With our silver in his pocket, but not to such an extent to very loudly jingle, the brother led us "up stairs, down stairs and in my lady's chamber" literally, for we saw cell after cell, the dormitories and personal chapels of the hooded and gowned sisters who once here led their secluded lives. Up the narrow stairway we went, with a rope for a stair rail, through workrooms and into the smaller cells surrounding them, and by way of doors but twenty inches wide.

There are from 50 to 60 apartments in the Sisters' House. The cells are two yards wide by three long, and with ceiling hardly seven feet high. Around two sides of the room and near the floor was a broad board used as a couch and seat in the early days, and when a short log did for a pillow, for these people at first did not look much for comfort. Besides, this was before the sisters had their wheels and looms ready for the first crop of flax and clip of wool, after which linen was woven into bed ticking and pillows for filling with straw, and wool into material for clothing. Some of the cells had narrow trundle beds, which came into use in more luxurious times. The furniture and conveniences were completed with a cupboard and narrow wardrobe for the individual belongings of the inmate of the little bedroom. An hour-glass was also a part of the needs of the sisters, for marking time for prayer and praise, and maybe for timing the baking of their rye bread. In the closets had been pegs on which the nuns might hang their clothing, but tourists have stolen these, though considerably leaving the holes. The door hinges and latches for the small doors had been neatly carved from some tough wood. These were left, perhaps from the trouble and exposure in the taking, but the wooden pillows in some way had been made way with. The cell windows were small, about 15x20 inches. The doors were the latter width and not much over five feet high. These cells, or "kammers" (chambers), as they were called in German, were

grouped and opened into larger rooms which were used in common, being where the sisters worked at their various occupations—knitting, sewing and spinning—and where I hope they chatted and gossiped to their hearts' content, but not to much purpose, for their world was so narrow, and as true celibates they could not let their minds or tongues run on the companion brothers across the campus. In the more spacious workrooms was the larger machinery, such as looms and wool wheels. Each story had its brick fireplace and swinging crane, where cooking could be done, cakes baked and water heated, and bread pans were hanging around, but only to satisfy the curiosity of honest visitors, for scores of years had passed since they had been called into use. The rooms in common were necessarily better lighted than the cells. They had fireplaces on their sides, the heat from which would warm the radiating passages and cells opening thereto.

Through the intricacies of the corridors (so narrow that two persons could not pass one another) and the rooms and cells of this ancient building, from whose gloomy corners the imaginative, nervous person might look for a cowed sister of a century and a half ago to waylay him with goblin gibberish and clutches, we followed our guide of the overalls, by name Joseph Zerfaas, but without monastic title, as that form had lapsed before his time.

Brother Zerfaas, for so I must occasionally call him, had a grievance which he sometimes aired in our pauses for rest. Much association with tourists had somewhat soured him on humanity in general. Each vacant peg hole, vanished spoon and cooking utensil, every absconded hour-glass and trencher, each lost piece of music and inscribed parchment were incitements to querulous utterances. He could confide in us breakers of traditions, in that we were money-down customers, and not on-tick tourists who would make a break for liberty the first opportunity. And yet, as a man of peace and tried patience, he spoke apologetically, as though his words were wrung from him. Continuing

what he had told heretofore, "I ought not to say it," he would explain, "but when I find out the stealings which have been carried on while my back was turned, after these excursionists get out of sight, I call them thieves. But you have acted good and I will show you things those fellows don't get a glimpse of." Our brother did not just thus express himself, but this is the English substance of what he said.

The woman we had seen was his sister and named Hannah. In the fitness of things, as the last survivors of those who dwelt in these halls, they should have been celibates, but as a truthful narrator I must say they were not. Hannah was a widow, who in loneliness ate and lodged in the nunnery, unmindful of the "spooks" which might prowl through its dark passages in seeking their old-time cells, while Joseph was married and had one son, who ministered to the little congregation meeting weekly in the "Saal," and who, when the occasions came around, presided at communions with their love-feasts and feet-washings.

The Sisters' House, once known as "Saron," is in size about 35 by 80 feet, and is four stories high, counting the two in the high gable. The rows of little windows lining each story aptly suggest the cells inside. Low dormer windows show on the roof, their coverings reaching well to the peak. The walls are of hewn logs, shingled and filled in with clay mixed with cut straw, as are the spaces between ceilings and floor and between the rafters, evidently for warmth. The same materials were used for plastering the walls and ceilings, and time has given the coat a hard finish, but for want of whitewash there is much discoloration. Many of the shingles are off from the side of the house, so that the clay filling is exposed and early decay of the building threatened. On the upper half-door of the main entrance was a curious and blacksmith-made knocker, a bent bar of iron with hinge joint and a hammer head, and an iron plate below for it to strike on. A huge wooden lock and latch completed a consistent door furnishing.

The sisters' chapel, or Saal, cornered against the described house. Here Brother Zerfaas took us next, reverently unlocking the door of the sacred place. The Saal was as tall as the nunnery, but not so long, and so high above the square as to allow of two stories in the gable. It had a new tin roof on, and was in a better state of preservation than the other buildings. What is left of the Community is infinitesimal, and with its 140 acres of land cropped out there is much difficulty in keeping up repairs. In the audience room of the chapel the seats run at right angles with the preachers' stand, and long tables run between them, and from these the periodical love feasts are eaten. The ceiling was low and lined with poplar boards, brown with age, and sawn by hand, the brother said, but he was honestly mistaken, for the Community had a sawmill by the time it was proud enough to want the rough beams hidden. In the room in the rear of the chapel was an archaeological house well stored with sacred and other relics from long bygone days; hymn books, a communion service, and the like, and a large Book of Martyrs, giving an account of the cruel sufferings of their sect before leaving Germany. These books were printed in this wilderness a century and a half ago, a journey of days from the sea coast, where the art of printing at that time had made little progress, and on paper made by the printers. There was also a large line of housekeeping articles, the more valuable, as were the books, under lock and key. The music books were a curiosity from the hand work put on them among which were marginal colored drawings, illustrating stories from the Bible, showing much talent from pen and brush. One was a picture of the Biblical mustard tree, so large that the fowls of the air lodged in its branches.

In the cupboards and on tables and shelves were piled many curious things—wooden tankards, a part of the communal service; dishes, some round, others square or eight-sided, or merely sawed off boards; iron spoons, neatly forged and dipped in spelter; handmade knives made shapely

with hammer and file; copper tea-kettles beaten out artistically, as well as pans and basins of all kinds, and earthenware jars so large as to be suggestive of those in which were hidden the forty thieves told of in "Arabian Nights," but which in their cases had held nothing more criminal in their day and time than gallons of apple butter. There were solid wooden measures, straw baskets, which, when saturated would hold water, and trays and bread baskets of the same material without number; all the deft manufacture of people scores of years dead and gone. And to think that these relics have to be kept locked up from the kleptomaniacal fingers of the predatory tourist, who I have heard boasts of his exploitation in slyly lifting these for ornamenting his private collection.

Tacked against the wall were a number of scriptural texts and admonitions written in German on sheets of parchment brown with age. As stated, these Baptists take the seventh day of the week as their Sabbath, and claim the right to work on the first, thus transgressing a long established State law, although it is well known that they have Scriptural rule for this departure from the common usage. As an object lesson of justification from high authority, they have framed and hung over the clerk's desk a letter written by General Washington in 1789, in one section of which he says: "Every man who conducts himself as a good citizen is accountable to God alone for his religious faith, and should be protected in worshipping Him according to the dictates of his own conscience." In Burlington, N. J., a German Baptist was fined by a justice of the peace for working on Sunday. He appealed, and during a court trial this letter was quoted by the judge in his charge to the jury, and such was the effect, from the great veneration for Washington, then living, that the alleged Sabbath breaker was promptly acquitted. A portrait of the Father of his Country is hung over the framed letter, a copy of which is handed to visitors by the brother, who is quite assertive, for a man of peace, on

which is the proper Sabbath.

There was an embarrassment of riches in the contents of this back room, and perhaps a weariness of flesh in its demonstration and inspection, for religious outlanders cannot be expected to be very enthusiastic concerning what does not jibe with their faith in the way of days of the week observance; treasured up books exploiting strange doctrines, even if of interestingly ancient make, and cannot see in their upholding of their standard faiths why such a fuss should be made over a wooden church service, when one in silver and gilt is so much more seemly, and what must have been used at the Last Supper. In the pauses of our inspection my clerical friends "got onto religion." They were unequally matched from the college education of the one and its lack by the other; the one condescending and patronizing, the other mildly assertive, though persistent, or as much as one could be who held a fee from his disputant, not for himself but for the maintenance of his monastic charge. They had a mutual Paulist belief in reference to the ecclesiastical standing of women, and the literal taking of the Bible, but when they came to the question as to which was the Sabbath day they were yards apart. Then there was the foot-washing question and the proper mode of baptism, but they agreed to let the matter rest rather than to take up further time in "beating the drum ecclesiastic," but a drum is too strong a comparison—even a tenor one would have been out of place, rather should it have been a tinkling cymbal as a type of the mild assertiveness of the arguments. And so the matter ended, with the usual non-conversion of any. After this we went on what might be called the campus, expecting to be shown through the other buildings. But the aged Brother Joseph was tired, and as each house was indicated he simply said "occupied," but it must have been by the ghosts of the departed brethren, for no one lived in them. These were the homes I spoke of, for one year only, of those who forsook the celibate section of the Baptist religion, the wives being

drawn by lot from the maids of the sisters' house, when they must go out into the world. As Joseph had been one of the number, or rather the descendant, he may have felt a mild delinquency in not telling the purposes of these temporary matrimonial homes, but he said we might look at the brothers' house, "Bethania," but we found nothing left but the shell. The partitions had been torn out from the first floor to the garret, and the stairs were so dangerous that I hesitated to mount them, and the upper floors were gone. I was reminded of the ruined California missions I once explored.

It would seem that the State should preserve the two best conditioned buildings, the sisters' house and chapel, with their curious interiors and valuable relics, as the "Landmarks Club," a private corporation of California, is preserving the old missions of that State. In fact, there is much similarity between the Ephrata cloisters and the mission buildings of the Pacific coast: their cells, workshops, long sloping dormer windows and the dried clay mixed with cut straw used in much of their construction. As I saw the decrepit sister in her little room by the side of a burning stove, I thought how easily the whole building with its contents might go up in smoke, to say nothing of the fate of Sister Hannah and the surrounding structures. The associations connected with this ancient place are very impressive, and a halo of historic romance hangs over it, so, as we went from the gloomy recesses of its buildings to the bustle of the nearby town, it was like going into another world. When a boy, and books were scarce, my father subscribed for "Day's Historical Collections of Pennsylvania," and in it was an article concerning the cloisters of Ephrata, with a wood cut of the Sisters' House and chapel. Although but ten years old I scanned these with interest, not thinking that I would ever come in personal contact with these ruins. At that early day, 1843, when the book was written, the brothers' house was going to ruin, but a few of the sisters occupied their house.

Before the Revolution, and during the prosperous times of these Brethren, three colonies left the parent settlement, locating in Bedford, York and Franklin counties. Those in the last-mentioned county held onto the cloistered ways of the Lancaster Dunkards, and seem to have kept together the longest, as they were in being after 1840. Their church was on Antietam creek and called Snow Hill.

As mentioned, the music of these people was wholly vocal, and it was cultivated up to the limit. In this Conrad Beissel was the leader. The notes were hand-written on lined paper and each hymn had special music; at least there were one thousand different pieces. Unfortunately this mostly went for cartridges when the raid for paper for their manufacture was made during the Revolution. The Ephrata people had a trained choir whose voices charmed experts. Once the Antietam singers met them, when they held a regular hymnal sangerfest, and the chapel rang with melody.

Dr. William Fahnestock, the Ephrata historian, once sojourned near Snow Hill. So entranced was the doctor with the singing of these brethren, which he had in his boyhood days heard at Ephrata, that he could hardly wait until the Sixth-day evening came, when the Dunkard Sabbath began, and he could go to the Snow Hill church and hear its choral praises. Though of Dunkard descent, he was a man of the world, and he says: "I have frequented English, French and Italian opera; that is music for the ear; the music of Conrad Beissel is for the soul; music that affords more than natural gratification. As soon as I listened I was ashamed of myself, for hardly had the celestial melody reached my ears than I wept; not tears of penitence, for the Lord had not my heart, but tears of ecstatic nature, giving a foretaste of the joys of heaven."

What has been written was concerning a visit I made six years ago, or in the summer of 1908. What follows is concerning another visit just made; and when accompanied by the friend who was with me when lately attending the meeting of the "Church of

the House Amish."

Again the green fields of grass, corn and tobacco, and the yellowing acres of wheat and rye we pass by on the shrieking, rumbling trolley; by large barns and neat homes, and through cross-roads hamlets and larger villages—all typical of Lancaster county, and again I saw the plain people in the Ephrata trolley mingled with those of the world. These so dissimilar from those in the same section gives an effect much at variance from what we see at a distance of but two counties further east. The women, in particular attract attention. Not only from their dresses made to the limit of simplicity, in the absence of ribbons and other furbelows, and their peculiar head coverings, but from the faces half concealed by these. There is a retiring, subdued look about their expressions, showing that their belief in what Paul said in disparagement of women in his Epistle to the Ephesians has possession of their souls: "Wives submit yourselves unto your husbands as unto the Lord—for the husband is the head of the wife—so let the wives be subject to their own husbands in everything." And not only that, but that they feel subdued on general social lines, and patiently yield to their lot. Whether or not it is the bliss of ignorance that brings this about, does not matter, they are happier than are the women of the world, even if it is not to their credit. I mentioned in my account of the bar meeting the non mingling of the young men and women after meeting and the dinner following, and I will add that on approaching a group of Amish maidens on the lawn, to see whether they saw or felt a beckoning from the "Millersville Normal" intimating that they should go there to fit themselves for teaching the children of their people, instead of their having to depend on people outside their faith, with their adverse influences, I found a shyness and aloofness which forfended enquiries before they were half propounded, so that I left the matter sought for unsatisfied. And I could not but think how our own modern, up-to-date young women, mentally fortified from contact with school,

college and "club work," similarly approached with similar enquiries from a different world, would have brightened up and given them all they wanted to know, and maybe more, if those approached were of the advanced "votes for woman" militant school. And these plain women, young and old, when they read or hear read, the command of the Lord given to the delinquent pair in the garden of Eden: to Eve, "In sorrow shalt thou bring forth," and to Adam, "Thou shalt earn thy bread by the sweat of thy brow,"—do they not have a feeling that man was assigned the long and easy end of the yoke in drawing the load of life? and at the same time question Adam's right to shirk his responsibility for putting sin into the world by laying it on to Eve with his "The woman tempted me and I did eat." A shirking which makes me so ashamed of my great grandfather, on both sides, that I feel willing to accept the Darwinian theory of man's origin, for Darwin's Simian could not do worse. I hope these women let in the reasoner on the above inquiries, but I fear not!

A feature of the Amish meeting we had lately attended, and which I omitted to mention in its account, was the absence of grayhaired men and women in a religious assemblage where all the members to the oldest who are able, are in attendance. It has been claimed that consanguinitous marriages result in tuberculosis and ailments of that nature, as well as loss of teeth, but as for its effect on the hair in the way of going gray is concerned it seemed a small factor, and, as for baldness, there would have been no excuse for bad boys having bears called on for their punishment, as in the time of Elijah, to teach them better manners here.

These enviable conditions relative to the thatchings of elderly male humanity may have come from the happy domesticity born of the Amish wife's literal belief in regard to woman's lowly station and which so halt criticism towards the lord of the manor as to insure the darkness and permanency of his hair.

Again at Ephrata, and in a walk down

the street from the trolley center, we pass the hotels where that holiday afternoon people of leisure drawn from closed shops, or from hay fields where they were badly wanted, were lounging on chair or settee, until a bibulous longing would suddenly overtake them, when they inspiredly would jump up and do some practicing at the bar inside the hostelry. We saw where workmen had been engaged enlarging a banking house, for, with its vast accumulations of wealth, the "richest county in the United States" must have more room for the storage of its money. In a down-hill, half-mile walk we came to the Cocalico creek, with its narrow, ancient stone bridge, where, on my former visit, the sportive youths of new Ephrata had been engaged in rolling coping stones from its side walls into the stream, and were under admonition not to do it again. In the meantime a new trolley road had been built from the town Lebanon-way, and on a substantial bridge it curved across the creek, along which, 180 years ago, were strung the huts of the hermit-celibates, human types of the early Dunkard Seventh-day Baptists. The railing and bushes had been removed from the tombstone-looking mile-marker which told the distance to *Towningtown*, and it stood out naked and unashamed. A walk through the ancient cemetery and we come to the old cloisters, where we found what should be the caretaker's lodge vacant, but in the back yard of the sisters' house we saw two people—a rustic barber and his victim, the last reminding me of shaving accommodations in the sunny South a half century ago, or, for one who had a chance to see the grewsome sight, of a death-sentenced Spaniard being garroted. The barber's shaving paper was a leaf which, as wanted, he picked from the ground, relieved the razor of its accumulations and threw it away, unembarrassed by the sight of the alien lookers on. He soon told us that, though wroughting himself, this was the Dunkard-Seventh-day-Baptist's Sabbath, and that no tourist could be allowed through the buildings for love nor money. This was said firmly between the strokes

of the razor, and, heeding, we took the first car back to Lancaster, with the invitation from the barber to come back the next day.

This was our Sabbath and their work day, and on the afternoon thereof we were promptly on hand. We found Sister Hannah and Brother Joseph, the aged keepers of the cloister on my former visit, had left their old thankless vigils, were beyond the worryment of tourists and were sleeping their last sleep in the graveyard near the road, but their nephew and son had taken their places as guardian of what was left of the buildings and belongings. We found him seated on a rude bench and in readiness to show visitors around and give explanations. This custodian was Samuel Zerfaas, the last of the cloister ministers, and a schoolmaster of thirty years standing, an intelligent gentleman, and though full of Christian forbearance, burdened, like his father, with the thanklessness of the average visitor. As to his father, we told him we were not of that kind, and this he appreciated and told us that whether the visitor paid or not for his services he would be served. Time and again he had been imposed upon by thefts of valuables until their relics were much reduced in number, but he would go on as his father before him had done.

"First," said the chatelaine of the cloisters, "I will give you a history of the sect which settled here in the long ago, and then my daughter will take you through the buildings," and then came the information I have previously given, qualified with the remark that things had been told that had no truth in them, for instance: the celibates of the sect which pioneered the coming of the Baptists did not live in caves, and that when the newspaper reporters said that when his Aunt Hannah was brought from the sisters' house for burial they placed her on the lawn with her exposed face to the sun, that it might once more shine upon it, as was the custom in the burial of the dead of the sect, they were in error, for they had no such custom. And then he said, and with repressed

humor: "Don't you believe that those footmarks on the ceiling of the refectory are showings of where the brothers had paraded, heads downward, like flies. Those boards were lying loose on the floor in readiness for nailing to the joists above when some of the brethren walked across them with bare feet which had been greased to heal the cracks made from rough contact with the frozen ground, and thus leaving their signs pedal, and so on with other errors. Then he called his daughter Hannah, a plump, pleasant-faced girl, who took us from first floor to garret, kindly explaining the points of interest and the natures of the relics left from the hand of the spoiler. Of course, it was in the recitative way of the cicerone, but it was informative.

But what a shortage there was of what I had seen when I made my visit of but six years ago and previously described! Vandal hands had borne away the most precious of the portable property, the hand work of the brothers and sisters of generations past—mementos now in private and perhaps indifferent ownership, and which, since they must go, should have gone to the care of the local historical society.

I found the brothers' house completely gone—the shell, as I had seen it before, torn down, and nothing to show where it had been, with its fifty cells, its working apartments and refectory. The chapel had gone before. It had been dismantled, piece by piece, by Brother Joseph, not in a spirit of destruction, as was charged, but to save tourists from injury, the climax coming when one of the tribe threatened him with a suit for heavy damages from a slight injury the wanderer had received while in the building. Is it any wonder that the conventional tourist, with his itching palm and conscientious avoidance of tips, is unwelcome here? The wonder is that the brothers' house lasted so long, for seventy years ago it was reported in a ruinous condition, although there were several of the brethren yet there residing.

I learned that for want of membership services are no longer regularly held in the

Saal, though Brother Samuel has not yet given up his ministry. One of the several outlying buildings is occupied in the summer season by an expert in curios and antiques and she has many valuables in the way of dishes, cutlery, furniture and the small pictures which decorated the walls of our ancestors.

With the possibilities that the remaining monastic buildings will follow the ways of those gone to irretrievable ruin, it would behoove those who are interested in such sights to visit the decaying buildings of Ephrata before it is too late.

#### THE McCALL'S FERRY DAM.

Forty miles up the Susquehanna river from Baltimore is an oblong artificial lake, the construction of which has involved much engineering and many financial difficulties, with great future promise for its power utility towards promoting trolleys and electric lighting. After nine years of ups and downs there has been a grand fulfillment of the optimistic expectations of those who conceived the enterprise. In the summer of 1908 I paid the place a visit, and my experience concerning the plant in its then doubtful stage I will here give, to be followed in the same article with an account of a more recent journey to the place on the 29th of June, 1914.

To go there from Lancaster we start on the Millersville trolley, which, like the rest of Lancaster's suburban lines, starts from Center Square, a brick-paved area centered by a fine soldiers' monument and a lively place at night and on market days. The ride to Millersville is over some of the richest lands in the United States, the county being the wealthiest, as I have heretofore mentioned.

In four miles we come to the Millersville State Normal School, where we see an imposing array of buildings, in the center of whose campus is a monument to the memory of its students who lost their lives in the Civil War, or it professes to be, but on the tablet I failed to find the name of my brother, killed at Gettysburg, and who was a student at Millersville. Stopping here till the Pequea trolley came to



hand, we soon got on one of its cars, and in a mile crossed the Conestoga creek, once made navigable as heretofore alluded to. Where we crossed the stream there had been one of the pools. A little excursion steamer ran on this canal at times, and when the flood came in 1867 which destroyed most of the dams this was left stranded. It was perhaps the same boat which towed the canal boats across the Susquehanna from the mouth of the Conestoga to the Pennsylvania canal on the farther side of the river. The road from Millersville south is an independent line run by power generated by Pequea creek, superadded by steam power when the water is too low. This stream is fifty miles long and starts from the Welsh mountains, and flows into the Susquehanna eighteen miles from Lancaster city. The route of this trolley is through a hilly country and mainly over private right of way until a point within six miles of the river is reached when it follows the Pequea. Its continuance down the creek is tortuous and long reaches of it are cut through the solid rock, high above the stream. In fact much of the way is enough to make a nervous man uneasy. Coming to the mouth of the creek the trolley line ends, then it is optional with the traveler who wishes to go to McCall's Ferry to take a steam car running twice a day or walk a mile and a half down the track and take a naphtha launch for the intervening five miles, the rocks at the present stage of the river preventing further ascent by boat.

I was fortunate in meeting a Mr. Kuhn, the owner of this launch, on the trolley. He was able to give me much information concerning matters along the line, and, of more importance, the history of the making of the great dam and its designs. His present enterprise, on account of the uncertainties of navigation and supply of passengers was only sanctioned by future prospects, thinking that when the dam was finished the managers of the company, for his pioneering, would give him a preference that would eventually make him commodore of the fleets which would course over this beautiful river lake, an

expectation which in the end does not seem to have been realized. Waiting for Captain Kuhn to get on his sailor's togs at the hotel of the little Pequea village, we were soon counting ties, and in a half hour reached the little landing where his boat, the "Dixie," starts from. It was a matter of wonderment that mischievous boys had not cut it adrift in the nightly absence of the owner. I was the only passenger, and, after some pulling and hauling, we got the boat off the rock which held it, and were soon chugging down the stream.

I was surprised at the characteristics of this part of the Susquehanna river, having thought them more like those of the Delaware in its lower course the same distance above tidewater. Instead of this, high hills rise from the immediate shores until in one place they come together, forming a point of view like the Delaware at the Narrows. The river bed is a mass of rocks with a main channel sometimes restricted to a width of 150 feet, with cubical bodies of rock rising thirty feet or more above the surface, and others in long wall-like stretches appearing similarly abruptly, bordering lanes, so nearly dry that a skiff could hardly pass between, save by a main channel which we followed. The whole river bed is thus formed. The rock is in sharp, up-end layers, like the formations of the Edge Hill range, north of Philadelphia.

The master of the little "Dixie" knew the channel well, or he never would have made the voyage without accident. Now under overhanging rocks, to get the benefit of an eddy, and then over placid reaches; next down rapids which I wondered how we could possibly mount on our return voyage. The man at the wheel kept a watchful eye on each ripple in his mentally charted channel, knowing from experience the number of feet and inches that would ensue between rock and boat as they came in nearness. Once we made a strike, but it was on a smooth rock, and, with a short stoppage we passed over it. Our ride was a succession of such events, but as my Charon had never met with a shipwreck on his several trips, I was not alarmed.

The side view continued the same, a rocky river bed, lined by wooded hills. The disused canal ran along the western shore, built back of a high wall, so little room was there for the waterway. In my recollection the lumber from the headwaters of the North and West branches of the Susquehanna came down this canal and on to Philadelphia by way of the Delaware and Chesapeake Canal and Delaware river. When the last was reached the towing horses were put in a special cabin in the bow of the boat, and so came to the city behind a tug—an agreeable change for the weary animals after 200 miles of working their passage. Now a few stagnant pools was all that was left of this once great waterway.

We at last came in sight of the breast of the McCall dam, an impressive structure, looking, with its unfilled piers, with the long wall across the island, like some ancient temple on the Nile, the rocks in the two rivers carrying out the resemblance. The whole length of the breast is about a mile and a half, or the same as that of the Gatun dam of the Panama Canal, and the height is the same, and to even get it as far towards completion as it was at that time was a wonderful undertaking. The point selected was where the shores were rockbound as well as the bed of the river, and where there were two channels so that one being closed, the other would let down the water. Foundations of the most solid kind were found on this rocky bed, and on these the walls were carried alternately to the intervening island up to the surface of the water, and from these arose pier after pier, fifteen feet apart, to the height of sixty feet above the level of the river below the dam. Thousands of tons of concrete are in this wall and the columns rising above. The breast rises sheer on the upper side, while on the lower is described a concave until the base is reached, so that the structure will resist the worst ice freshets that will come down the river. The walls are reinforced with iron rods. The design was to fill the gaps between the piers in alternation across the river to a depth of ten feet with cement, as that is

as deep as it can be put to set right, and then go through the same process till the top of the columns are reached, sluiceways being arranged at one point to let through the ordinary flow of water while the dam is building.

From the failure of the Kniekerbocker Trust Company, which had advanced the money to build it, nothing was doing along the main line of the dam. The structure was designed to be eighty feet high, but trouble with the owners of lands, which would be further flooded by the twenty feet added to the height, halted the program.

The tail race extends a mile and a quarter below the dam, and on this a force of one hundred men was working. Much of this race was of natural formation in channels of over one hundred feet deep—at one point one hundred and twenty—showing what a great hydraulic commotion must have once happened here. The work being done was to connect these places.

An immense power house had been started but stopped for want of money for its completion. Rising like some old time feudal tower from its moat-like raceway, tall and buttressed where its height was reached, it commanded attention, for from its depths would come a power which would reach scores of miles, and with its magic and forceful touch light up city, town and hamlet and turn the wheels of transportation. To one side was a great monolith, like a thrice pierced arch of triumph, rising high and broad above the water, and at present disconnected with the shore. Perhaps within months, or at most, years, confiding financial institutions with Midas touch will turn these unearning structures to producers of untold wealth, and their now deathlike quietude to life and power, but now their isolated, picturesque details, in their semblance of arch triumphal and mediaeval fortress and deep moat, with the unfinished wierway extending in perspective columnar procession, and the surrounding rocks and stretches of water and flanking river hills, only make an appeal to sentiment which temporarily backgrounds the utilitarian

future of the McCall's Ferry dam.

Remember this was predictive from a visit years ago, and now all that has been spoken of has come to pass, and, well financed, the dam raised to where it was wanted, and the waters of the river backed up twelve miles, and a force in motion equaling 100,000 horsepower and a making ready to increase it one-third more, the cities of Baltimore and Lancaster are lighted up and their hundreds of trolley cars spinning along on street and country road!

Just below the dam, at a place called Fite's Eddy, is an island noted once as being a station on the Underground Railroad in the days of human slavery. On the Lancaster county side was a narrow channel one hundred feet deep; on the York side the river could be easily waded at low water. The train dispatcher would place the fugitive negroes in hiding on this island, and then get word to Friends in Lancaster county, who would forward them to the next station at Christiana, from where the blacks would make their way to Canada and freedom. Joseph White was the agent on the Lancaster side, and well did he do his work. In those troublous days for the poor blacks Dr. William Parry, a Lancaster druggist, whom I once interviewed, made frequent fishing trips to the island alluded to. Once, looking up from his sport, he saw a black head furtively appearing above a rock. He knew what it meant, and being an anti-slavery man, the doctor went up to the hiding place indicated by the solitary noddle, and there found a family of absconding negroes. Their guide, escorting them across the channel had told them the island was Lancaster county and that friends were close at hand. Instead was the hundred-foot deep channel and no boat for crossing, with the pursuing United States marshal and his posse liable to be on hand at any moment. Seeing the fisherman was friendly, the colored man sought his aid, and he was told that a boat would be left that night beyond the deep water, and, if he could swim, he could cross over for it, return it to the

island for his family and take them on to Canada. In the meantime Dr. Parry had told "Josey" White of the coming of the fugitives, and with his aid they went their way to Christiana, and eventually got to Canada. On my recent visit the good doctor had gone across the other river, for which there is no re-crossing for black or white, bond or free. When I saw him he was no longer able to enjoy his old-time sport, being so helpless that a wheeled chair was needed for him to get around, and yet by this means he was enabled to do partial duty in his drug store. The doctor was cheerful, but to me was a pathetic object in his efforts to make the best of conditions.

On my way down from the dam I had crossed a construction trestle work which spanned a depression along the rocky shore. It was a very innocent looking affair, and in crossing it the only annoyance I experienced was from misplaced ties, which made stepping uneven. Returning it was another story. I had in my time thought what I would do if I ever crossed such a way and met a train, and I soon found that I was going to have the time of my life in fitting myself to my plan. When about half way over I heard a suspicious noise, and looking ahead I saw a construction train coming around a point. I had no time to go back, so I did what I had planned to do should such an emergency as that on hand occur—hastened to the nearest outlying trestle cap, got down on it, lay low and held on to a stringer. And now I did just so, and am here writing an account of the incident, instead of being an unpleasant object down among the rocks; but as I sat there, waiting for the outcome of the affair, I certainly thought about a friend of mine who met with an unfortunate accident when in a similar predicament. The engine was not a large one, the cars might have been larger, but as they rolled over my head their appearance was of a Mogul engine drawing a train of a hundred 50-ton battleship coal cars.

When ready for my return, I went to the boat landing. The launch was fifty

yards on its up-river way. The importunities of six visitors to the dam had made the boatmaster anticipate his starting time, so I had the prospect of a six-mile walk, on a hot day, up the railroad to the trolley end. I had seen the group of passengers, having heard some of them express themselves of a dryness of throat which gained a promise from the captain that he would call at a wayside tavern, and taking into account the boat-rocking habits of befuddled men, and the rocks and rapids of the river, I mentally said, "Let 'em go!" The fable of the fox and the grapes, however, was woven into the thought, and the looking ahead to a six-mile hike up the track emphasized it. The leaving out the description of the power house has suggested the often used saying about Hamlet, and, by a process of deduction as I started up the track, I came to think of the Thespian votaries, who, when stranded, take to tie-counting, till the funny papers give each the name of Ham, and, as I heard the distant pounding of the launch engine, and as the captain did not hear my shouts or pretended not to, the dissolving grapes had a sweetsome taste. A mental calculation told me that there were 12,000 ties between McCall's Ferry dam and Pequea, and my sympathies were towards theatrical, jobless pedestrian Hamlets. I even did not worry about my dry acquaintances halting for refreshments, provided they did not get refreshed to the boat-rocking limit, but after going a mile and a half, I got sight of the boat near shore, and my calls brought her to the landing. The gasoline tank had fortunately sprung a leak, and the captain had to stop at a store along shore to fill it, and fortunately, also, where there were no stronger fluids sold; hence the opportune delay, but no thanks to the captain. No apologies were asked or given, for, as I said the day was warm, so we went our way over a course made easily navigable by the slack water of the partially filled dam. But soon we came to rocks and rapids, and here my companions became unnerved, and wished themselves home with their mammas.

This condition did not tranquilize our boatman, whose nerves were also on tension watching visible rocks, and rapids indicating others. Finally we came to a semblance of Wells' Falls below New Hope, and to raise the rapids it was necessary to jettison the human cargo of the "Dixie" on a projecting highland. Climbing to the summit of this, like a group of Balboas, on this "peak" of the Susquehanna, we scanned with interested gaze the efforts of our chauffer to "raise the rifle" on the opposite shore. Watching the currents and rock-denoting ripples, our skipper would first try one channel and then the other, fall back and persistently try again. Finally he struck an easier current near shore and, scarcely making an advance for awhile, he finally got above the rapids, and veering towards our position to where we had descended, took us on board much to our relief, for just suppose we had been indefinitely marooned on this rocky shore, with maybe cannibals in the background who might think we were missionaries and good picking, or, perhaps as bad for me as this absorption, to have to spend my time with the sissies who accompanied me. But the raising the falls put aside future troubles, for we had fair sailing to the head of navigation, where we let off our nervous wrecks to our mutual relief, particularly to that of our captain. A mile and a half tie-walking and I took the Lancaster trolley, while my thirsty companions hastened to practice at the bar of Pequea hotel, in whose warm welcome they doubtless forgot the perils of the Susquehanna. \* \* \* \*

On June 29th I paid a second visit to McCall's Ferry, this time to find a fulfillment of the optimistic prophecies of the promoters of the project. The ears at the start of my journey were drawn by the power from this dam. The friends who had gone with me to the barn meeting of the Amish accompanied me.

Along with us was the Amish acquaintance alluded to who had been our sponsor at the religious assembly the day before, and who had asked the favor of accom-

panying us that he might see the wonders of the great dam, as well as the power plant. While a firm defender of his faith and its exclusiveness, he saw its shortcomings from such, and, moreover, was progressive enough to wish to see what we ourselves had come so far to visit. During our being together on trolley, steam-car and motor boat, and while investigating the wonders of the power plant, he had shown a spirit of inquiry and information which placed him far beyond the characters Helen R. Martin had formed in her novels, for no one could be more interested than our Amish friend. It would seem that the nature repressed by a life of faithfulness to a religion which depended for its existence on aloofness from the busy, unsympathetic or antagonistic outside world was now released and ready to absorb what might be seen and heard from the sights and sounds coming from the great enterprise which had harnessed up the Susquehanna at McCall's Ferry; and not only that, but the manners, customs and traditions beyond the bounds of the ken of the plain people of Lancaster county. More than that, our accompanying friend was possessed of an inborn sense of hospitality. As one of those to whom we were assigned for attention, and taking this to mean that we were to go home with him from the meeting, he was prepared for it, and our not being fixed to accept his hospitality, he insisted that we dine with him at Lancaster at whatever hostelry we would denote, and we were entertained on these lines, a fact antagonizing Helen R. Martin's assertion concerning Amish thriftiness.

Another fellow passenger on our way down the Pequea was one I took the trouble to interview in order to get some information concerning the passing surroundings of our line of travel. Outside of this it eventuated that he was a native of Germany, and more than that, a millwright, which as that was my inherited ancestral trade, made me further interested in old country descriptions of the details of that vocation. Among these was an account of a wooden overshot water-

wheel in the region of the Alps which was one hundred and twenty feet in diameter, but with a bucket-length of but eighteen inches. The strengthening of this immense height was by a series of wooden rims one after another. To overcome the danger from freezing in that cold region, and consequent unbalancing of the wheel, the water from a spring in the wheel pit continually was run on the "soleing," or inside lining.

Of further interest, though in another line, was the fact that he, a Lutheran, had married a Dunkard woman, so different in his ways and beliefs, so marrying of conjugal affinities. But, as he confidentially informed me, by averaging these differences, they took their way through life in an average matrimonial way.

Going over the same road as before, nothing can be said of interest save concerning what we saw when coming to the Susquehanna, where we saw a longer and broader lake as well as a deeper, so that the motor boats could come further up stream. We were fortunate in finding a steam train on a short wait to take us to McCall's, so we could leave the water journey for our return.

I found a wonderful change about the dam since my former visit. The columns then studding the surface of the wier had not only been filled between, but the whole embankment had been raised twenty feet. The power house had been finished to within one hundred feet of its intended length, and the force was being utilized to the extent of 100,000 horse power. No one is allowed to go through or on the grounds without a guide, who, in a business way, for twenty-five cents a person, takes them around, a charge which is all right, for who wants something for nothing deserves nothing. He showed us the casings of the 15-foot turbines and dymanos, the one above the other, for the power is direct, and the run is night and day. The walls, partitions and floors of this immense power house, 550x100, and 80 feet in height are of re-enforced concrete. The whole of the river was going through the turbines, and at that, the surface of the lake had

been drawn down five feet from the spillway line. The tail race is fifty feet deep, into which from seven arches comes the spent water from the turbines, taking the place of the mile-wide river of old. Fifty feet overhead a 100-ton traveling crane was going back and forth carrying the needs for running the plant and the extensions, making a power that was needed in placing the water-wheels and dynamos. Our guide interestingly explained and expatiated on the merits, powers and history of the enterprise for nearly two hours as we went the rounds, looking high above, horizontally and down to depths profound—at where the impounded water peacefully flowed into the mouths of the hungry turbines and where it emerged to the mouth of the tail race in angry waves to pass out to the parent river. To Baltimore and Lancaster, on copper wires no larger than one's finger, the power is transmitted north and south. A broad road cut up through the woods on the hill side opposite showed where the current line starts for Baltimore, forty miles distant. The breast of the dam is now dry for there is no water to waste for effects spectacular, but pouring over in one of its periodical freshets the Susquehanna will look grand, but its efforts to undermine the foundations or break through the walls will be futile. The fishway, by which what is known as the finny tribe will seek a way to the watery realms above, will mount the eighty feet rise by zigzag courses intended to break the force of the water, the plan having been approved by both State and United States Government Fish Commissioners. Eighteen million dollars have already been spent on the plant.

All this we heard explained by our guide, philosopher, and, I trust, friend, and I certainly left with a profound feeling towards the great enterprise, but it would have been much increased had I not so lately come from the locks and dams of the Panama Canal, which so much dwarf this local enterprise, but which deserves more than a proportionate credit from its local instead of national backing; but the length and height of the two crossways are so near alike that the McCall's Ferry dam need not worry through fear of insignificance.

We were now ready to return to Pequea, and loaded with we three, as many little boys, and a dog as passengers, we sped gaily up the river, the voyage being so much more pleasant than the former one, when between rocks which reminded me of Scylla and Charybdis, or rather the fabled stories of them, where if you missed one you hit the other, an adverse current, whining passengers and a much tired captain, we worked our way up the river after leaving the still waters of the dam. Here was the island on which we unloaded ourselves to let the "Dixie" have a better show shoreward, and, flanking us, the rapids which drove us there, but these were leveled by the rising waters of the dams which also covered the mud we waded through to get to dry land on the island. In an hour we were at the head of navigation, reduced several miles by the low water in the dam, and then debarking we counted ties for a fourth of an hour to the trolley end, and then in an hour and a half we were let off at Center Square.

And this ends my account of places and people around Lancaster county.



# A CONTINENTAL CROSSING.

## I. ACROSS THE MOJAVE DESERT.

It is some thirteen years since the journey I am commemorating was made, but for that the narration should not lack interest now. There are so many points worthy the travelers attention: the desert country; the attempts at its redemption; the Grand Canyon; the Indian pueblas; the Spanish and mixed element in the population along the way; all strike the observant tourist, and happy is he who can get those in sympathy with him in their telling.

It was my third return from California when I left San Bernardino on the 14th of August, 1901. Without disloyalty to home or section, I clung lingeringly to this outpost of the Golden State, forgetting my rough introduction thereto in the late fifties, when coming with a party of Mormons from Salt Lake, in the pleasant or thrilling memories my different visits to the Pacific coast had brought me, and when San Bernardino was the remnant of a town of the Saints; its adobe houses half in ruins, from their abandonment at the command of Brigham Young, who had called the faithful to the Mormon center to resist the troops of the United States, then on their way across the Plains

to put the rebellious Latter Day Saints on a better behavior; the troops I had a personal interest in as I was driving an ox wagon in their rear to supply the Commissary Department with the hard tack and bacon which the bravest soldiers must have. My last evening in this town, which since then had grown up under American influence, but had had its ups and downs, now again in the downs, was passed at its free library reading-room, up to the time limit of the place, perusing one of Bret Hartes characteristic sketches, so appropriate to the Pacific slope, and had barely finished the book when the uneasiness of the lady librarian showed that the simultaneousness of the shutting up of the volume and library had come. As I went thence through the streets to my hotel, and heard the voices of chattering Mexicans, and saw scenes so remindful of times long past, I felt more sentiment than belonged to a practical man of my age.

The passage of the Spaniard is slowly but surely the rule in California. Occasionally a Quixotic looking hidalgo is seen, but he is offset by so many mixed-bred, ill-bred, Sancho Panzas, moon-faced or high-featured, that he hardly counts, so that he is a pathetic looking object. I have seen the race at Santa Barbara, Camulos



and Capistrano, where the families of de la Guerras, del Valles and Forsters still held sway in patio centered homes, but it was a sway saddened by thoughts of a prosperous past, and when they were "door-keepers of the tents of Israel," instead of beggars for admission, and in place of being merely tolerated; when they were represented in the legislative and judiciary branches of the government, and leaders in society. Elbowed out of San Francisco, they still have a slight holding at Los Angeles, the Ceritos and Dominguez ranches and some other points named, including San Luis Rey. They have a feeble grasp on the professions, but practically they are dead influentially, and but objects for the gratification of the tourist's curiosity. Sixty years ago there were many of the class of General Vallejo, Governor Pico and the Senor Coronel, but they are now only memories, and there are none coming on to replace them. While in the country and city directories there are many Spanish names yet seen, as social and political factors, to use a slang phrase, "their names are Dennis."

The same is true of the Mormons who first made San Bernardino prominent. They are in numbers there to a church-supporting sufficiency, and they hold considerable property, but they are scape-goats for the Gentile" part of the community for the standstill of the place; urban rivals calling it a "Mormon town." They claim to belong to the monogamist branch of the church, being to that extent at variance with the Salt Lake head-center, and are self-Ghettoed in a section where are many of the adobe houses of sixty years ago. Sensitive to the name of Mormons, they style themselves "Josephites" after Joseph

Smith, who was not a polygamist.

If unrelative to my subject I will mention here a peculiarity of "local color" in the architecture of California, given by the redwood, particularly in buildings in course of erection and in lumber yards, a light red or "salmon brick" color. Nearly all frame houses are of this wood, and are similarly shingled; hence this noticeable hue. Carpenters I talked with seem to confirm a singularity, and they point to open joints to prove it, that red-wood shrinks endways, but though "seeing is believing," I hardly believed myself when I saw the gaps in house work shown me.

Our route was over a spur of the Santa Fe road which joins the main line from San Francisco at Barstow, eighty miles North, passing through the Sierra Nevadas by the Cajon Pass. This is pronounced "cahone," and means box. The country to the west of the road was as desert like as in 1858, although in the distance we could see groves of eucalyptus, showing borders of irrigated ranch land, and the beginning of the orchard paradise stretching towards Los Angeles. In the year named there were no settlements between the towns, particularly between that place and San Bernardino, a space of sixty miles, except two ranches, the San Gabriel Mission and the little village of El Monte, their surroundings being pasture ranges for half-wild cattle and horses. Amid these I took my lone tramp in the long ago, and now, as I sped in a rushing steam car, I could not help making comparisons.

The blossoming stalk of the century plant, dwarfed, on account of the poor soil, to insignificance, was in scattered evidence over the grass-wood covered foothills we slowly ascended.

We were soon in the heart of the pass, remembered by me so vividly as when forty-two years before, we crossed the Sierras with our desert-racked wagons and half-starved horses. I have wondered since how a railroad ever got through this pass, and wonder now how our wagons did. Up and down dangerous steep slopes along sandy trails, and in the beds of water courses, we were part of two days going down through the Cajon Pass in December 1855. But we accomplished it then, and the railroad has since, and that suffices. I tried to locate a sharp, descending ridge, called the "Hog's Back," a razor backed one it seemed then—we went down with wheels double-locked—at whose foot we tried to make our night's camp, but failed, simply stringing out our train. Neither saw I now any signs of the bears whose movements we heard then, keeping our animals in a tumult as they tried to satisfy their hunger on the scant grass of the canyon. I remember at this place we halted to clean ourselves up, and replace our desert-worn clothes with better, for we thought we would be before night, among civilized people where "clothes would make the man," and render the procuring of situations easier, but we learned in a few hours that we were not near out of the wilderness. In our verdancy we thought we were getting to where we could "accept situations."

With memories of our former journey continually before us we slowly ascended the Pass, through cuts and along precipices, in whose depths gleamed a rivulet which verdured its borders, and in twenty-five miles we were at the summit, 2800 miles above San Bernardino, and 1000 feet more above the sea. In eleven miles more we were on the sandy desert north of

the range, and at a place called Hesperia, saw more evidences of man's faith. Thinking this section of climate a place where consumption might be cured while its owner waited, a large brick Sanitarium was erected in this wilderness during the boom times of California in the late eighties. Water was piped from a distant mountain, and streets laid out for an incipient city for health seekers, but the enterprise was a failure. The metropolis is mainly composed of Avenues, the "Cure," a half dozen houses and expectations.

The desert around here is the home of the yucca, a distortion of vegetation most repellant. In some places this desert tree grows so thickly and in such regular formation as to resemble an orchard, and reach often, to the height of twelve feet or more, (I have seen them over twenty) with bodies eighteen inches in diameter, trunks and limbs without taper and disproportionally large, the limbs radiating at right angles, and tufted with long, slender spines. I saw them along the streets of Hesperia, where they were allowed to remain as street ornamentation.

The country traversed beyond was desert, and I little regretted that we passed over it at night. At intervals wells had been bored for watering the engines, and incidentally there was some overflow for irrigating the gardens of the few railroad men working here. But the air is hot and dispiriting, and in some sections rain does not fall the year round, so that much underground water is needed for the few plants and trees seen. Sand lies deep all around, and with nothing but greasewood and cactus plants in sight, the landscape is tiresome. When I looked at this waste, and thought of the four hundred miles we traveled be

tween settlements, where we did not see a habitation for humanity, and recalled the mile after mile our poor horses plodded through the yielding sands, the long waterless stretches, and the alkali drink we had at the end, I felt myself excusable for longing for our journey to end by our outing through the Sierra Nevadas, where there was to be plenty of good water and greenery and civilization.

About noon we reached the shores of the Mojave, (Mohavey), which was more like a river than any we had lately seen, as the bed had been fairly moistened by mountain showers the night before. It is a stream which wants turning over once in a while, there being water below. Seriously, from occasionally coming to the surface and from wells it feeds, the Mojave waters many miles of valley, making orchards and alfalfa fields to ribbon its shores with green, and to gladden desert-weary eyes.

But the river was finally lost and we were on the desert for certain. The thousands of trans-continental tourists who travel the railroads traversing these plains, arid and vast, reaching from the Sierra Nevadas hundreds of miles eastward, are at first interested, and then wearied with the monotony. But if weariness comes from a day or two's ride over the desert in a Pullman car, what of the weeks of travel over it by the early pioneers, but a generation or two gone by, with water holes thirty to sixty miles apart? The hardships, the pathos, the tragedies, which then invested these reaches of plain, "mesa" and mountain, can hardly now be realized. The writer has vivid memories of a four-hundred mile desert journey once traveled on which was not a human habitation. The long waterless journeys, whose bounds were some times

springs of alkali almost as bad as thirst; the sound of the wheels grinding through sand or falling over stones, the sight of the laden horses, and experiences of night marches, same contrastingly before me as our luxurious car rolled over the same desert. A ghastly memory was the skelton of a poor wretch we found by a spring, who in the flesh had been riddled by Indian arrows, just as he completed a fifty-mile journey from the last water.

A short poem lately written somewhat fits this scene; the fountain with its surrounding of cactus, and the bones of the wayfarer who had just reached water after his long journey.

### THE CACTUS

A desert plain, a burning sun,  
That seerches with its rays,  
A waste of sagebrush, gray and dead,  
Beneath the solar rays.  
A heap of bleaching bones beside,  
A water-bottle dry,  
And one red cactus flower aflame  
Above the alkali.

Within a far New England home,  
The sad eyed women wait,  
For one whose hand will nevermore  
Unlatch the garden gate.  
And in a little earthen pot,  
They nurse through sun and shower,  
A spiney cactus, that, alas!  
Will never bear a flower.

It seemed strange to see our train making curves on what seemed a level country, but it was only following the low shores of a river which at times is banked full of water. The track being unballasted, and the embankments made of loose sand, care must be taken to prepare for the numerous rain-storms happening between

July and September. On this journey washouts were continually happening east of us from cloud-bursts. To the south of the track we saw the incipency of one of these, and an impressive sight it was. The cloud of gray blackness was shaped like a mushroom, extending half way to the zenith, the crown of proportionate spread, while the trunk was made up of perpendicular strata of torrents. This, with varying intensity, held its shape for half an hour. We were rejoicing that this cloud-burst was on the flank, when a sudden stopping of the train showed there had been one in front. Gullies from it traversed the sandy plain, and where the waters had beaten against the railroad embankment the trouble came. From their insecure foundations the telegraph poles went down in long sections, tangling the wires so nothing could be heard of forward conditions. Track hands were on board for the expected emergencies, and these, with such materials as ties and sand furnished, made temporary repairs, all of which involved much delay. These washouts often happen under a clear sky; while one mountain peak in the distance will be black with the storm another will gleam with sunlight.

Our train was made up in sections corresponding to the society conditions of our passengers (I will not say designedly), so that possible head-on collisions would affect them proportionately; the upper class, in the nature of things, being most favored. The engine would, of course, take the brunt. Then, as buffers, followed the baggage, mail and express cars. Next in line with the thought came the smoker-not, I trust, as a punishment for its fumant occupants, in which, besides those it was especially designed for, were the railroad hands,

Chinese, Indians, and the like. Next came the chair car, and in succession the Tourist and Pullman sleepers, the last filled with the elite of our travelers, all in the suggested contingency to be injured according to their means. Throughout the night the engineer had to feel his way, and there were several abrupt putting on the brakes, so from our vantage ground of the "Tourist," to which we had changed from the foremost car, on finding that we could not stop off at Needles, we wondered how they were faring up front.

In two places we passed what are known as the "Lava Beds," sections of black scoriae in surroundings of sand and gravel, with here and there buttes of inky darkness rising above the plains.

The doom of coal as engine fuel was shown by oil tanks taking the place of coal chutes along the railroad, and for sprinkling the track crude petroleum was of common use. This is partly to keep down the dust, but mainly as an experiment to cement together the loose sand of the road-bed, and in this respect it seems to be a success. The Santa Fe is adopting this plan. One application a season, it is thought, will suffice after the first year, when two treatments are required. On country roads in California it is getting common also. Here, as on the steam roads, a double benefit is derived on loose soil. The cost for oil is fifty dollars a mile.

I was particularly impressed with two classes of persons on the Santa Fe route. The first of these were agents at isolated stations, where leagues of desert, glaringly bare or flecked with clumps of greasewood, spread around them. Sometimes this loneliness was relieved—or intensified—by a few homes of half-civilized

track hands, truckleless box cars or rude adobes; nevertheless, the hundred dollars a month the exile got was a poor requital for his isolated position. The other class was composed of "lungrs." This slang term, expressive, if negative, means impecunious consumptives, who, seeking localities favorable to their ailment, are willing to work cheaply. You see them as telegraphers, and helpers in stores and hotels, sometimes almost voiceless, and always pathetic objects, particularly when trying to smother their coughs from the ears of hotel guests, but content in the thought that their stay on earth is a little prolonged. It seems strange that Indians make good railroad hands, either on the track or as helpers in repair shops. There is a settlement of them at Needles, near the Colorado crossing, the men of whom are thus employed. Two of those who got on our train were picturesque looking fellows, tall, hatless, with red bands around their heads at the forehead, confining their jet-black hair, which fell in profusion around their shoulders. The Mexicans we saw were also impressive in their tall, conical hats and brigandish features, though amiable and easily managed for all, though so differing from the impressions we get of them in the present war. These two classes, with Japanese, short but sturdy, constitute the track hands, of the western section of the Santa Fe line.

As we came into the San Francisco mountains we saw the results of the rains in the greening of vegetation and the cooling of the air. We had not seen a shower since we left "the States," and to come upon this verdure and the sights of pools of water was richness indeed. The cedar trees ranged over the mountain foothills,

shaped as they were, looked like apple orchards, and our eyes felt relieved on seeing them after four hundred miles of desert travel. We passed through the town of Needles, so named from the punctured, wind-hewn, sand-stone columns near by, and whose eyes are of a size to comfort the rich man, from the possibility of a camel going through them. This is near the crossing of the Colorado, which is spanned by a bridge 1,600 feet long. By the time of our arrival here night had come upon us, but we had a good sight of the river, moving placidly along, after its two hundred miles of turbid tumult in the awful gorges above. A night of roar and rattle over unsighted scenery, a half day in view of plain and mountain, freshened by the recent rains, and we came to Williams, where we were to leave the train to visit the Grand Canyon of the Colorado.

Here at my first halting place on my homeward way, the station gateway to that immense "barranca," as the Spaniards call a rocky break in the earth's surface, sometimes wrongfully confounded with the canyon of the Arkansas in the state of Colorado, I take my stand back of a window sill in the depot, and while waiting the coming of the train on a branch road leading north towards the object of my journey, I elaborate my disjointed notes taken on the train. To add to the uncomfortableness of my writing place, I am disturbed by the uncouth noises of uncouth people—American cowboys, Mexicans, Indians, Japanese and other sorts of so called humanity. Uncouth also are my surroundings outside the station. Just back of me are the ruins of half a town of fifteen hundred people, of scores of houses and business places which a fire lately swept away, on

whose sites are "shacks," tents and other makeshifts, in which are homes, gambling dens, places of infamy and stores. To one side is a gloomy mountain, "Bill Williams" by name, on whose slope is a wind-carved column, tall and rude, in whose shadow is the grave of the Indian scout who unintentionally sponsored the range, for his Apache enemies made him fit this monument when they cornered him in a den, from where several of them were killed by the mountaineer before succumbed. Williams had a record in the days of the pioneers as hunter, trapper and scout. The writer stopped at his ranch over fifty years ago, on the trail from Salt Lake to Southern California, but he, nor any one of his gang were about. It was called "Williams Ranch" from temporary stops he made there after borrowing Mexican horses. He years after got in the neighborhood where his monument now is, and where, in his interview with the Indians, his pitcher went too often to the fountain, and being of but human clay, it was broken by the Piutes. The burial place was selected without any sentiment, but from convenience, as here was where the Indians made the break. Northward from William, for sixty miles, stretches a slow rising "mesa," gray with grease-wood and dotted with cedars, when it ceases from the abrupt channelling of the Colorado river.

## II. THE GRAND CANYON

Having further leisures after writing up my notes, for the west bound train our sideline was waiting for was much behind time, I took a walk around the fireswept town. Recently

incorporated, Williams had some 2000 people, and much of them living in tents, it had a pastoral look, not so much from tinkling bells as from shepherds and crooks. Still, there were green pastures and sheep, mostly shorn. Gambling was the rage, and to see one of the professional experts playing with himself, as I saw him, in one of the special tents extemporized for the purpose, showed an evidence of the coming night's working. Track-hands, workers on the new railroad running to the Canyon, lumber-jacks, as the loggers are called, from the neighboring woodlands, were all meat for the numerous gamblers around Williams. As soon as pay day comes they flock to this center, and the money they fail to get the drinking saloons and dance-halls do. They even have a theater here, which the fire had thoughtlessly spared. The date of the conflagration had long enough passed for an ordinary town to have been well built up, but this was not an ordinary town, from its risky people and buildings, so that fifteen per cent. was demanded for insurance of new buildings, and the fire companies were not jumping over one another for business at that, so there had been no progress in building up Williams save with canvas, and temporary wooden shacks.

The number of hobos around Williams showed it an attraction for this other of the criminal class. To get hands for the new line to the Canyon the contractors would give them a pass to the junction, when they would desert after working a day or two, and, then loafing awhile steal rides east or west. Williams is also a center for Mexican laborers, who come through from Albuquerque, and are then distributed among the railroad gangs. Twenty or more came there the day

of our arrival, and motley and picturesque they were, a few women and children among them, with a guitar as a characteristic part of their outfit. The Mexican's pride is in his steeple hat, which, when well silver-laced, costs from ten to twenty dollars, and is bought at the expense of the owners other clothing. The Indians mingled among the Japanese and Chinese, add to the medley; these first are Walapais and Supais, whose homes are thirty miles from the Grand Canyon. They are good workers, but non-dependable, coming and going continually. They are generally barheaded, their hair confined with a band around the forehead, and long enough to hang below the shoulder. They are handier than the other outlanders named, being employed around the machine shops and round-house.

The train on the branch road, composed of a combination passenger and freight and tank car, left once a day for its terminus ten miles from the Canyon. The road was commenced in 1895 by a company interested in a copper mine near the Canyon, and at the same time furnish transportation for tourists to that scenic resort. After being built sixty miles the company became bankrupt. It was when we arrived in new hands, and was to be finished in two months, though there was uncertainty from the nature of the laborers. This being a short line, and nearly finished, there was no inducements for building shifting towns, which in the past had led lengthy railroads, and having the attractions of more settled localities, hence the trouble of getting and keeping hands. With each train went one or more tank cars, as there is no water to be found between the mountains back of Williams and that un-

accessible under the first cliffs of the Canyon. For men and teams, as well for the "Bright Angel" Hotel and its stables, the water has to be carried and then hauled in tanks to the edge of the gorge and between points where needed, requiring five four- and six-horse loads daily, so that hotel keeping as well as railroad-ing, were carried on under difficulties.

The road from Williams is over easy grades; only three per cent. The country looked green from recent rains, and the shape of scattered cedars, looking like apple trees, made the scene seem pastoral, which, in the presence of flocks of sheep, sometimes pasturing here, would have been more pronounced. We were met at the terminus by coaches which carried us ten miles to the journey's end. The stage road lay part of the way by the grading of the railroad, and was through a fairly wooded country. The trees on the right of way had been cut off to a width of a hundred feet, and many were pines thirty inches in diameter. This was over a government reservation and was got by concession.

The appearance of a corral and stables showed that we were getting to our destination, and soon a group of wall tents, and then the original log built hotel and its framed annex came in view. At the last we landed, and directly before us and below us, with but a slight fence for protection, was a section of the Grand Canyon of Arizona—broad, abysmal, multi-colored, and startlingly and mightily outlined.

The reader will bear in mind that this visit was made thirteen years ago, when facilities for approach and accommodations on arrival were quite primitive to what they are now, and what they will be when the needed water is pumped up from the springs

in the Canyon, and when an elevator and cog-road will drop and hoist tourists down and up the walls of this abrupt depression in the mountain range. For my part, I would rather visit the Canyon as it was then than with the modern accommodations yet to come.

Whoever expects to find the Grand Canyon one of several in the great west only on an enlarged scale, will be mistaken. It is not even in a mountain country, for its surroundings are a vast, elevated plain. The most simple way to describe this gorge is to say that it is a depression in this plain 200 miles long, of an irregular width of from five to twelve miles, and 5000 feet deep to the river bed, above which is a rough, irregular plateau, 2000 feet high, which meets another forming the ultimate "mesa," as the table land is termed. Vast lateral canyons lead from the river, and immense coves dent the latter rise, while minor parts of the whole are irregularities in sandstone and granite, which help cause the wonder and admiration springing from the most prosaic tourist. One of the striking sights is a bit of greenery at the bottom of the second platform, and almost below the reach of the eye, called "The Indian Garden," its color being in pleasing contrast with the duller mineral hues of the surrounding cliffs.

To find a place to make a trail to the Colorado river was a fortunate coincidence, and this is in front of the "Bright Angel", and is named from a gorge on the opposite side of the Canyon, from which the Hotel took its name, also. The bright colors of the rocks around, and the fact that the party first shooting the Colorado rapids had just come from a gloomy and dangerous chasm into the light of day,

caused them to give the name to a trail which extends to the south side of the river and includes the Hotel, a trail remarkable in fronting each side of the river, and for want of such coincidence, emigration, small as it was, could never have crossed this section. To make the mainly traveled path, which is on the south side of the Canyon, and which is the only one now traveled, was costly and laborious. It commences as a horse path, just front of the Hotel, and zigzags until it reaches Indian Garden, 3000 feet below, then goes along an irregularly level course, until, at the end of four-and-a-half miles, it is brought to a halt under the shadow of a cliff 1000 feet above. Here animals are abandoned, and the rider makes a pedestrian descent of 1800 feet, over three fourths of a mile of back-and-forth trail. Then the gorge of the lateral canyon going to the river is reached. The pathway leading through this is two-and-half miles long; making the whole distance eight miles, although a bird would fly it in two. While one-fourth of the visitors go to the foot of the horse-trail, not over one-tenth go to the river, although on the day of our arrival, the whole party of ten who came from Williams saw the red water. There were but three went the next day, and on the third none, the balance contenting themselves with side hack-rides, where from certain points sections of the river winding far below were in view, but none of the sky silhouettes of nature's architecture seen by those who descend the abyss. They see dim outlines of the same on a similar hued background, but not the clear outlines of the canyon explorer. At the same time the tourist will be disappointed who has taken faith in the colored pictures of the canyon walls, in the most



vivid tints of yellow, red and purple, with several intermediate hues, for while pleasing they show an amount of color.

Of the three who went down in the gulf of granite and sandstone on the 16th of August, two were women: one from New York, the other from Phoenix, Arizona. One was the wife of a "Goosevelt Rough Rider," whose head went as a "bigger man than Old Grant" and to enhance his prominence he had been wounded at Guadalupe, just bad enough to do him honor, without crippling him. The other woman posed as a newspaper writer and scientist. Both were picturesque in attire, from their high Mexican hats to leggings. They were a composite of mineralogist, botanist, biologist and other fads, and carried "guns" as well as sheath knives, and they bragged that they lately used them on a rattler. They also used pistol and knife for other purposes, the first to arouse echoes in the canyon, and the last to cut off such strange plants they might see to stock the portable herbarium one of them toted on her back. They were quite chummy, one with another only, so that the guide and myself were somewhat as outsiders.

The starting of a cavalcade for the depths of the canyon is an event. As one of the trio I was fortunate in getting a good mount in the shape of a mule named Snyder, why this name when Old Faithful would have been so much more appropriate. For he was so patient, thoughtful and fearless of working too much. We of course had a guide, and following him, myself next and the women next, we hit the trail. A mule path this was broadly suggestive of the one mentioned in the Bible. We went down the turns of the zigzags ahead of us slowly, Snyder at times stopping to consider the situation when a step down of logs or stone came for a stairway. After which, feeling his way, he would go on down. The way was dark from the shade of spruce trees overhanging the path, but there was a coolness of the air which was very agreeable, and, where the travel showed smoothness, I managed to get in conversation with my somewhat exclusive companions. The guide was somewhat stoical, as who would not be, if cloyed with the sweetness swallowed with so grand

grand scenery: still he had a fund of pikeish wit, when the fountain was judiciously prodded; such quantities of it, in fact, that I was somewhat startled when it came forth. As indicated there was a lot of zigzagging ahead of us, but at last this came to an end, in the dual capacity of man and beast, for there now showed places so rocky and steep, that even a centaur would have to be at the point of dissolution to negotiate a descent. At one point we found the danger so impending that we all had to dismount, when following our guide we footed it down the slope. We came to sharp angles and steps of rocks, roughly hewn, as well as logs. And here we found experiences which suggested "Darwin's Descent of Man." Intermittent with the stairways carved a few lines back, were sandstone shutes of the to hoggan variety, where the horses slid down and we followed after like a set of Jacks and Jills. The descent in this shape came to an end finally, when we again mounted, and illustrated again the ultimate letter of the alphabet. Then, over a better road we came to the green spot we noticed from above, and known as the Indian Garden. Here was a piece of verdure which from the summit had looked like a grassy meadow, but which on closer inspection showed a growth of coarse material: willow, cat-tail and flag.

Through the Indian Garden runs a small stream of hard water, and from it we filled our bottles for the midday meal. This little stream the Indians once used for irrigating their gardens.

On our descent different colossal objects in sandstone met our gaze, all of which have been named by sentimental tourists from heathen temples and gods. The different strata, their varied colors, the changing of shapes of isolated rocks as the point of view changed, were of more interest to me than forcing misshapen isolations of rock into semblances imagined by tourists. I was particularly interested, however, in the rising and passing from view of castellated objects as they came and went against the sky.

We fastened the skin to under the overhanging cliff, and, with water from our bottles to wash it down, absorbed the lunch our guide had packed along with him—sandwiches, pickles, eggs, sardines and cakes, all divided, as all said, in section of three. They who had borne the burden and heat of the day, Snyder and his Equine companions, got nothing better than chewing the cud of bitter fancy, only that equines do not chew cud. They, however, had a rest to feed on and doubtless, from Snyder to Buck, and doubtless they had a horse and rule laugh, as we prepared to go where their owners would allow them to venture. I often think of Dickens' custodian, who, in his easy seat at the foot of London Tower, laughed to himself every time a visitor ascended the wearisome steps, and so would each of our mounts have felt had they have Dickens read.

Clambering down 1700 feet, we came to a little rill which we followed to the river. Frequently fording this stream, climbing its banks and stumbling among its boulders, the journey's end came, and, turning the point of a towering cliff, the Colorado came into view, turbid and swift flowing.

The river is but 800 feet wide; from rock to rock, 800. On the shore, two rites are the proper fad-foot washing and the placing of a stone on a cairn by the side of the river. The first was done quite unostentatiously; the last only, but as to the carnal rite, the cleansing properties of the Colorado river is relative, for the previous condition of the feet must be taken into account.

Coming we had a great incentive: the returning was a different proposition. We had drunken sentiment to the legs, and this was all that we had to climb back on. It was now two o'clock and we had a half-day's work ahead, and now it was beginning to rain, and a violent shocks of thunder followed. The rain came down in floods. At first we sought shelter under overhanging

needed, but we soon found we must hurry on, taking our chances. So, through the willows, wading the creek, when we could not jump across and making a trail further up the bank, we made our way, a sorry looking, if not a sorry party.

Our guide said it would not make much of a shower, but as that was what a doubting Thomas, as we hear, told Noah, we did not take much stock in what he said. And soon sight met us, which almost made our plight of secondary consideration here and there, 1000 feet above us, down the face of the rocks, came cascades equal to some seen in the Adirondicate. Think of Bridal Veil Falls repeated, and playing to thunder accompaniments & and you can form some idea as to what we experienced, but not forgetting a weight of soaking of clothing. But with exultant faith we went on up the flooded pathway to the foothills, and climbed painfully up to where we left our cavalcade. and here came more hard work, but mainly for our mounts, who had much trouble ascending the steep and rocky slopes.

We had a warm reception from our friends at the "Bright Angel" hotel, who had looked down in the misty canyon for a long time in vain to see our party; and soon, between dry clothing and a fire, which had been made for us, we were soon as good as new. But we were a hard looking party, as first seen, but, bad as the guide and I looked the women showed off worst, for their sex cannot appear well under such conditions.

Sixteen miles and there is another canyon; a poor second the Bright Angel, but a first before the railroad came to boost up its rival. It was called the "Grand View," But, despite the title, it was an unsatisfactory place, as there was no trail, save by climbing over the rocks. Stages from both points met the train, but the passengers who went with the one from "Grand View" and whose route was four miles longer, did so at a cost of regrets from their inability to reach the Colorado river, a lost advantage they did not

realize till they met the passengers who had received the advantages belonging to the Bright Angel.

The time may come when the descent to the river-foot of the Grand Canyon will be made like the ascent of Mount Lowe in California mainly by traction and trolley, perhaps aided by an elevator, and through power developed by the waters of the Colorado through electricity, but it must be when the amount of scenic travel is ten times what it is now, and then I would fear that the engineer down by the river would go daft with such surroundings and traditions as would be in his visual scope, and this, maybe, when the elevator cage would be near the top of its career or the trolley in the same situation, when his responsibilities would further unman him.

A singular fact concerning the land-lay around the Grand Canyon is that the water-shed slopes from it. The last day we were there, there came a rain storm and the extent of a mill stream ran down the trail toward Williams, and meeting a six-horse team which was hauling water from the station, and which had come seventy miles from that town. Why these people did not impound their rainfalls, which came here in a sufficiency to supply the place I could not find out. But now that the Santa Fe system has got hold of the branch line of railroad a large addition to the "Bright Angel" has been built and in all probability water will be pumped there from Indian Garden 2500 feet below.

### III. THE PUEBLANS OF ISLETA

We left the Grand Canyon on the 17th of August, and, as the dust was laid by recent rains, our four-horse team soon made the run of ten miles to the terminus of the railroad. This

point was peopled with the usual number of restless laborers, tired of the isolation, and wanting to get the excitement of Williams or other similar and more congenial points. The usual exaggeration of washouts on the line had reached us, the uneasiness increased from the lines being down, and we were dreading to have to stay at the wretched tent-city of Williams, but the East-bound train came in on time. We found the normal dark-skinned people around the junction, unwashed and with their surroundings of bags and bundles, as ill savored as themselves. Boarding the welcomed cars, we were soon leaving the fire-scarred, insurance-barred place, with its back-ground of black mountain in the distance and with its punctuation of the lonely Bill Williams grave.

Morning showed us coursing over a broad desert plain, level, and with the washings from the late heavy rains occasionally crossing it, greened here and there with vines and weeds to temporally live till the coming drouth, with black mountains in the distance. We soon saw large tracts of land in reach of irrigation, where alfalfa was growing and horses, donkeys and horned cattle were pasturing, and they looked fat and sleek, though as if suffering from the cold temperature of this elevated region, as they are not barned at night. At Laguna, a civilized Indian village, we had our first sight of Pueblan architecture--the square-topped mud-walled houses. Some of these were of several stories in recession, built in times when protection from marauding tribes was necessary, and the withdrawn ladders from the outer walls making further defence from attack. Women and children, picturesquely attired, flocked around the train to sell us pottery and

home woven belts; the pottery in small sizes for convenient transportation.

On my homeward journey, thirteen miles west of Albuquerque, New Mexico, we passed an Indian town whose architecture was so odd, and whose women were so picturesque in their attire, and the children we noticed at the station speaking such intelligible English (there is a government school there) as well as from a slight idea I had of the place and people, that I decided to retrace my steps after my arrival at the above named town and make Isleta, the name of the Pueblan village, a visit. The passenger trains do not all stop here, so I was obliged to return on a mixed train—if one caboose and eighty freight cars could be called such—whose running time was as variable as a “moveable feast;” the starting time running from 8 a. m. to 1 p. m. We left Albuquerque on the extreme limit, losing five hours of the time so precious to tourists.

While waiting passage I came across a man whom I thought was a waiter like my self, but he was what railroad men call blind-baggage, truck-tourist or a beat, although, to hear his story, one would think him different. He claimed to be a “hard lucker” whose home had been in the drought belt or Missouri, and was leaving a fifty-acre farm which he had clung to until the last moment, when his corn crop failed and his stock had so starved that he could not give it away. So a wife and child, a drought-burned farm, and a horse and cow, he had left for a promised job in Southern California, where he had a relative. He had threshed out fifty bushels of wheat for his family and stock to live on until he could remit some “earned increment.” He started west with seventeen dollars and had fifteen left,

and had just made twenty-five cents unloading ice. He had beaten his way for six days, having been fired from the train but once. Getting on the train at night, he would seek the tender, and giving the engineer and fireman each a quarter he got along fairly well. Three of his neighbors, young men, had started with him, but they had separated for safety. He intended, if his bad luck did not continue, to go back home the next spring and try his fortune over again. His story, ilke that of so many of these roadsters, did not fit as it should, and I believe the main part of his tale was a pervasion of truth, or what some people call a lie, but these beats do get up some pretty plausible stories. One trouble with them is they are shy on geography, and their route to their alleged destinations are often mystifying.

On the train was another man who entertained me with his conversation, as much as the roar and surge would allow. He was roughly dressed, was a self-claimed college graduate, but his love for the mechanical arts had put him in his present vocation, electric light installation, “gun” repairing, sewing-machine fixing, and the like. He was also an archaeologist, and interested in Indian history, and when he heard where I was going he launched into a dissertation on the desert Pueblans whose haunts he had visited in the preparation of a magazine article. One visit was to the celebrated El Quevira, fifty miles to the south, in whose silent homes he had seen hundreds of skeletons lying in groups, as if the victims of some sudden calamity. Anything pertaining to the past or present of the Pueblans, in every phase of their existence, their morals, religion, modes of living and dress; their points of view in the

commitments of acts we take them to tasks for doing—he could discourse on in the language of a professor on a college platform. And he did not stop at the Indians he told some stories about the intelligence of desert rats and gophers which made me wonder. He was sharp and bright, but I believe he was like the beat I met at the station somewhat of a fake, particularly from what I afterwards learned. On my arrival home I wrote him for a copy of the magazine he was favoring, but he did not answer till a second request, and then he sent such a blunt ill-mannered reply that I gave him up. But I have to thank him and the other fellow, the hard luck man, for some entertainment when the passing of time needed some boosting.

The road to Isleta—Little Island, in Spanish—from Albuquerque is down the Rio Grande valley; here broad and level, with mountains rising abruptly in the far distance. Recent rains had made water plenty for irrigation, but it is generally scarce in this region. The river water was very muddy, and consequently full of fertilizing matter. Our engine had 2800 tons of freight to draw, so the conductor, on account of a rise in the grade approaching the station, let us off a mile back, which we had to walk, and as it was a warm day, my experience of "counting ties" was not agreeable. All this freight was going towards El Paso, Mexico. Four passengers remained in the caboose; the "college graduate" mentioned, an alleged doctor from Toledo, Ohio and two Mexicans; the last demanding, in the way of sanitation roomier quarters, than those assigned them.

For the furtherance of my object I had a letter to the priest at Isleta, and my first visit was to his house.

He, as well as the government school teacher, had unfortunately gone away, so that I was with a traveling companion, stranded on a speechless desert, as the people, women and children, could not, or would not talk, the men being out in the fields, mainly, as the Pueblans are farmers. The villagers seemed to avoid us, and I have since learned they dislike the whites, save as they are made to know their visits among them are for their good. They were not disposed to hunt up those who might help us in the fulfillment of our mission, and would dismiss us with their repelling "No sabe" (Don't know), and turn indifferently away. The bright voluble children we had seen at the station had vanished with their baskets of pottery and curiosities, and were past finding; so, disheartened, we wandered around the waste of glaring streets and adobe, blank-walled buildings, and then left for the station; counting the day lost.

On our way we passed the pumping plant, whose engineer was idle, as his water tank—not, in slang, his personal one—was full. He kindly offered to go with me, my companion, not caring for uncertainties, returning to the railroad station. He had lived here for twelve years, had got acclimated to the country, could speak Spanish and knew many of the Pueblans. First, he took me to where women were fashioning pottery, but, from their shyness, I gathered but little information. I found, however, that the ware was not baked in ovens, but inside of a pile of fuel. The shapes and designs were artistic. The Indians we first saw were Lagunas, and lived near the station, and seemed of separate class from the pueblans the other side of an irrigating ditch which here came from the

Rio Grande.

Crossing a rude bridge, we were soon in the main village which we had disappointedly left a short time before, when I found that my guide, though not versed in the lore seemingly required, and void of sentiment, was intelligent enough for my purposes. He brushed aside all conventions relative to respect for the superstitions of the Indians, and did not hesitate to take me anywhere that the rites of these, half Catholic, half heathen were performed, for, though peaceably inclined, they were said to resent even to personal violence any intrusion beyond a certain line. On our late visit no one of my interlocutors would even let me into their quaint, clay-built church, they stolidly turning away, pretending to not understand me. But my pumper friend soon opened the way by the tender of "dos reales," or twenty-five cents to an Indian, which "open sesame" soon let me into the interior of the parish church.

This, of whom San Augustino is the patron saint, is an architectural curiosity. Until the railroad came it was a plain square structure with bastions at the corners for its support. Lately, detracting from its impressiveness, low, slatted towers have been placed at the angles. As the mud walls have shown signs of spreading, the bastions named were placed on each side of the towers, and towards the rear the church is braced with sloping buttresses of clay, in the rudest way. Above the eaves are battlements, and through these are spouts called "canales," whereby the rainfall caught on the roof passes below. These, in rows, are a feature of Mexican architecture. The remains of a stone enclosure was a pig-yard, showing a lack of sanitary knowledge as well as architectural re-

ligious sentiment but such as one might expect of these primitive people. The church is thirty by seventy feet in area and twenty-five high. It is known to be 250 years old, and is a curious relic of a people who, while far advanced techn, have learned nothing since.

By a rear entrance my pumper guide, who was doing something the priest, had he been home would have barred, took us into the church, and onto the sacred platform behind the chancel, where none but the ordained were allowed. In fact this guide was reckless in his nonobservance of such church conventions which grated on my nerves, fearing some rude janitor might come in and turn us all out, so that I might lose all I came after. The sights were all out of the general way. The floor of packed clay had been covered with loose boards, which rattled as we walked over them, but there were but two or three benches. In one corner was a catafalque, made of three boxes shaped like coffin-cases, of receding size to the height of eight feet and covered with spotted paper like the skin of a leopard. In times of funerals these are carried to the center of the floor to enhance the ceremonies in the minds of the Indians. On the altar were several images, besides those of the Mother and Son; one of San Augustino, another of San Augustino Chiquito, the Less, San Jose and, others. The one of Mary was dark faced; some times there is a black Christ, and all with much tinsel about their clothing. What struck me were the several figures of Christ on the Cross with the spreading skirts of a ballet-dancer from the waist to the knee. The ever-burning candles were seen, and there were some rude pictures representing "The Stations to



the Cross," besides two very old paintings. The roof beams were of round logs which had sagged low with the weight of clay originally placed there, added to what had been put there from time to time to repair leakages. In the archives of this old church there are documents highly interesting to historians, but rarely accessible. Several priests are buried under the floor, and I learned that common clay can be incorporated with that of the floor provided its late owner will pay the price. My Indian, bought with the two reales, told me that one of the dead priests under the boards was a martyr, having been killed by the heathen whose souls he was fain to save, and that twice in the past year the priest had got money from his parishioners for his re-burial, on the plea that the dead saint was rising to the floor. Taking it all in all, the result of the work of the far-back Indians in building and propping up the church, the inside arrangements, the boldness of the pumper-guide in tramping down conventions and his brother guide's credulity, I had an interesting time at old San Augustino's.

The next, and still more interesting place was the "Estufa," as showing the singular, dual, if I can be allowed the bull, beliefs of the Isletans. The Estufa is a circular building, forty feet in diameter, ten feet high, with a low battlement. Six feet of the structure is under ground. It is roofed with packed clay, rising towards the center, where there is a hatchway, through which a rude ladder descends to dark depths, for there are no windows. On the outside there is another ladder which we climbed. My guide, fearless of going where angels might hesitate, for I had heard of some queer doings towards outsiders curious to break on this

heathen sanctum, boldly pushed aside the red bribed assistant, and told me to follow to the subterranean chamber. Around the interior were antelope horns for hanging clothing on when the medicine men were going through their "au natural" orgies, and in the center was an altar three feet high, resembling a double horse block, the steps rising towards one another. There had been something in the sacrificial line going on here lately, for there was a hearth back of the altar where there were the remains of a fire. Overhead ran two round logs supported by columns, and on these ran unhewn cross-timbers, covered first by brush, then grass and next with the clay roofing. I had been told that this was at times used for a council room, but my man said different: its purposes were for the peculiar ceremonies of the Isletans, including preparation for their foot races.

Now here comes an interesting phase in the character of these Isletans, but similar to that of the rest of the Pueblans. They have a dual religion, one the heathenish inheritance of their Aztec ancestors; the other the Catholic, and there is no question but what the last is not an earnest one. The first is the worship of Montezuma, who is looked upon as a god. What the ceremonies are in the depth and gloom of the Estufa, their best friends cannot get any information from them, and on whom they dare not intrude at such times. To hold these Indians, the priest makes concessions to them when they claim an annual religious dance in the church; one of those "Ring-around-a-Rosey" circulars peculiar to wild Indians in their tribal ceremonies, with its hops, glides and grimaces. The priest, a Frenchman, resisted for awhile, but

finally agreed that for money in the parish till he would allow it; but they refused the payment, so, with the light hold he had over them, and their opposition place of worship in view, he let them have their own way, and took his chances of their church salvation. As it is the men are falling off in their chapel service, which comes mainly on the women, but they offset this by their heathen worship on the side of the town where stands and is imbedded their uncanny heathen temple, with its up and down ladders ever welcoming them, and where there is no demand of priestly money.

In the *Estufa* the Pueblans prepare for their fast races, when they strip, paint their bodies and go through other ceremonies. On the whole they are a singular people, and, while I regretted not finding the priest at home, I got a better insight into the character of the *Isletans* through my unsentimental guide. What I learned from railroad officials, who had passed years at the station, was also of value to me. Enthusiasts speak of the Pueblans as being symbols of pastoral perfection, in morals, religion and industry. As to the first, from their shyness of the whites, they have avoided the pitfalls which have elsewhere so decimated the aboriginal race. I have given the reader an idea of their religion. As to the last attribute named, they are certainly, men and women, industrious. One of our first sights was some women plastering a wall, using their hands for trowels, and a mussy time they were having of it, and our interruption was somewhat embarrassing to them, although much of this kind of work is done by the women, as well as the fashioning and burning of pottery. The men are generally at work in the fields, or ditching and cutting and hauling

wood.

Their farm land lies along either side of the Rio Grande, in a strip five miles long and a fourth of a mile wide, and is irrigated by that stream. The farming of these people is more like the work of children. They were hauling in hay while I was there, and their two-horse loads would not amount to more than 400 pounds. They raise wheat, alfalfa, vegetables and melons, and they have fruits of various kinds. Until recently they cut their grain with sickles, but now they have mowing-machines which seem as incongruous, passing through the mud-walled streets, as the barbed wire topping their adobe fences. They had about eighty acres of wheat in this year, and this they had been threshing. To do this they place the grain inside a circle enclosed by stakes and sapling poles bent around in a circle fifty feet across, and on it put ten to twenty horses, and then with shouts drive them around and around until the grain is trodden out. This is winnowed by throwing it up in the air while there is a wind.

I was told that this tribe were communists in the strictest sense, but such was not the case. What each Indian cares for is his own, and, while not much, it is thriftily hidden away. Some have considerable means, one of them having 800 sheep. They have the fault of pilfering, but they have a way of looking at this which makes it right to them. Should they see a blacksmith lay down a hammer, which they could steal unobserved, they would reason that he could make another in a short time, and the Indian could not do that in an age, so they take it on the first opportunity, and leaving something in its place in their line: a melon, a piece of pottery, and the like. In the side of

watch-houses in the suburbs overlooking their truck patches, and orchards, they have peep-holes through which they can watch their neighbors, knowing the Pueblan failing.

The women dress in a black sack of such quality as they can afford, it coming down to their knees. They wear mocassins, and around their legs wind strips of deer skins, which have the appearance of leggings. About the waist is a woven belt three inches wide, fringed at the ends, and in front is a red bandanna handkerchief for an apron. On the head is a gay riboza or shawl, which hangs picturesquely down the back. They are modest, as Indians go. The males, except some of the old men, dress like white folks, but all let their hair grow long, save above the forehead.

They govern themselves by tribal laws with which the government does not interfere, unless there should be a too serious case found out, although they are apt to keep such concealed. While I was there I learned there was a man injured in a stabbing affair who was hidden away. They have a head man called "Gobernador," and under him are two "tenientes" or Lieutenant-governors, one of whom takes the governor's place in his absence. After them comes the "Alguazil" or town constable. The first is the ruler of the community, the second is judge, and jury in all cases coming before them. They have a jail which is left unlocked while tenanted, but which the prisoner does not leave for fear of a beating from the injured one, otherwise it is locked, which was the case when I saw it. They are a funny set of folks around and in Isleta!

The burying ground is in front of the church, and in a space one hundred feet square are the bones of thousands of Indians, the grounds be-

ing dug over and over, as the bodies decay. They are buried uncoffined unless rich enough to afford decent interment. There were but three graves marked: those of neighboring Mexicans. Such is the cost of funeral ceremonies, masses, etc., that but little of the estate of the deceased is left for the heirs. Baptisms and marriages also cost beyond the means of the poor Isletans, so it is no wonder they resort to the Estufa for financial comfort, for there is no conventional passing of the plate there.

There are about 1000 people in the village, all housed in one-storied adobes, built without regard to regularity; blind alleys being common. The houses have the usual "canales" extending over the sidewalk, and the blank walls are leaning and generally windowless, some in semi-rubis; some just built. To see the jumble of glaring, cream-white buildings, unshaded by a single tree, is a striking sight to eastern eyes, and the tourist leaves the town with wonderment that such architecture and such a people can be found in this country.

The first impression one gets of such architecture is that the buildings are the development of mud hovels, and that the early Catholic missionaries taught their converts how to improve on them. But such is not the case. The homes of these Indians are much the same as the conquering Spaniards found them nearly four centuries ago. While the houses of the Lagunas 70 miles to the west of Isleta are of more than one story, the upper ones receding, and made accessible only by ladders, those of Isleta are of but one story, and all are floored with dried mud and roofed with a heavy coating of clay. They are battlemented like the Bible-mentioned ones in Palestine, and

the "canales" pointing across the streets look like the mountings of a fort ready for an enemy. These Indians were the most civilized and peaceful of any found by the invading Spaniards, and were farmers then as now, although, while they have horses at present to do their plowing, they then had to prepare the soil by hand. For this reason the Pueblan Indians sent to Carlisle take to farming naturally when sent out among the neighboring farmers during their vacations, and are the most tractable of any of the Indian Pupils.

This brings a matter before me of interest to those curious to know the after effects of government education on its young aboriginal wards. That the children of the more wild and nomadic tribes would go back to the extreme reversed conditions of their former life can be understood, but that those of civilized Indians would not hold fast to their advanced and naturally congenial training is unaccounted for. I was told of one of these Pueblans who, with an aptitude for our civilized ways, graduated at an eastern college and took up the study of law. Becoming proficient in this he opened an office and was successful. Rapidly acquiring white man's ways he became dissipated, and, with his downfall, came a disgust for his new life. Filled with this, he returned to his Pueblan home, did his best to unlearn all he acquired, and eventually obtained his desire. He is now a complete degenerate, for from being a well-dressed English scholar, he has turned into a "blanket Indian," and will not even act as an interpreter.

Indian pupils who return direct to their tribal homes, suppositiously with enough stamina to hold their acquirements, if they cannot influence

their home circles, are subject to causations the most insidious towards diverting them to their old ways of life. One of these is to undo their late education, and the first stroke is at the new language they have learned. Returned student girls, when talking together in English, are interrupted, when using certain words, with derision, and for explanation are made to understand these words have lewd meanings in their forgotten childhood language, and are gradually shamed from the acquired tongue. With this all goes. It is nothing uncommon for girls, who have not only been well-educated, but taught refined lady-like ways, and who have been particularly enjoined to act as missionaries for the redemption of their race and to be exemplars of what government schools can do towards making civilized beings out of savages, to completely recede and marry long-haired Indians. I got this from a teacher who in her western travels hunted up a former and favorite pupil, and found her in the condition indicated, but with enough of her English left to tell the cause of the lapse. The children around the railroad stations, pupils of schools where English has been taught them so they could speak it fluently, wore the Indian dress, from moccasin to head-shawl, and seemed to have no minds above the making and selling of pottery. A peep into the mud-floored homes of Isleta showed no signs that the returned Carlisle girls had influenced their parents towards filling them with modern comfort or adornments, and why should we look for this when the Carlisle graduating robes were replaced with squaw-clothes? Not but what the latter were more picturesque and becoming, for when a comely young

Indian woman gets on her sleeveless, overcoat-looking dress, apron made of a large red bandanna, crimson fringed belt, white buck-skin leggings, and moccasins, and a gay "rebosa" streaming from her head, she has a barbaric attractiveness about her that makes the recession from civilized attire excusable.

I noticed a lack of reverence for church belongings among the people of Isleta which shows how lightly their assumed religion sits upon them. The Mexicans I came across do not hesitate to indulge in cock-fighting and gambling on the Sabbath, but have reverence for the priest and the church interior, especially that back of the altar rail, but the Isleta sexton did not hesitate to take me into the chancel, and my guide iconoclastic to church usages, followed with his hat on, a rusty old straw one at that, unrebuked. This is not to be wondered at, for as I have said, the priest has a light hold on his half-heathen congregation, and that much only from certain superstitious fears he has engendered among them.

The grave-yard of Isleta is walled with sun-baked mud, and from the church in its rear slopes southward toward the plaza. The dead of centuries lie buried here, as before mentioned, and the earth to the depth of eight or ten feet is enriched with human bones, for the enclosure is at over fifty yards square, and the scant holy ground must be economized. It is a gruesome-looking place, without a spear of grass showing from its parched soil, and only three of its graves indicated, and these with wooden crosses. All had thus been marked once, but the symbols had rotted and had never been replaced.

Annually here is a singular festival called "*La Fiesta de los Muertos*," or

the Feast of the Dead. This occurs in the early autumn, when corn and fruits are ripening, and, not being in a position to witness it, I must describe the ceremony at second hand. Unlike the Chinese, who feed the dead as they bury them, these Indians dine the ghosts of the departed in a wholesale way. For days previous to the feast the Indian women frequent the stores at the station, exchanging such things as grain, sheep-skins, and pottery for funeral rations, like sugar and flour for cakes, candles to burn around the graves, and bright calicoes to further enliven their raiment; the rest of the needed food, corn, meat, and fruit, they gather from their gardens. Such of the provender as needs cooking is prepared in the odd-looking ovens you see scattered around the town as if for mutual use, and shaped like the hut of a Hottentot, or an old-fashioned beehive, and used for baking and roasting. This is made ready the day before the Fiesta. At sunrise of the momentous morning the clapperless bells in the sawed-off wooden church towers are hammered to announce the Feast of the Dead. This is the land of *Poco Tiempo*, so it is nine o'clock before the women, who are the actors in the ceremony, come slowly marching from all quarters of the village clad in their striking garb, gay head-shawl and all, with baskets on their heads filled to running over with the edibles named, selected to suit the known earthly tastes of the departed, who must have been lovers of earth's choicest things from the provision now made for them.

Thus laden, the mourner-waiters file through the rude gates of the cemetery, and each selecting the uncertain spot where she thinks lies her special dead, deposits her food there-

on, and planting candles in the sand around the basket, kneels down, lights them, and then begins her funeral wail. In the meantime others in better worldly circumstances, who could afford to coffin their dead and bury them in the church, enter it, and, selecting probable locations, go through similar ceremonies, although over these the priest must be watchful, lest in the mourner's desire to get all the good out of the candles, she burn the wood-work of the holy edifice. When the scene, inside and out, becomes one of general and audible sorrow, the priest with his assistant, who bears a vessel of holy water goes from one woman to another and performs his yearly office for the repose of the souls of their special dead, by saying a prayer and sprinkling each grave. This done, the mourner waits until the candles burn to their sockets, then rises, places her provender on her head again, and makes exit from the rear of the church, satisfied that, though the food is not outwardly depleted, its spiritual essence has gone to the departed. Then the holy man goes to the next and the next mourner and her graves, including those outside in the cemetery, till all are cared for, when each woman arises, takes the loaded basket, as has done her predecessor, and departs in the same direction. Then comes the sexton, who gathers up the candle ends, makes sure there is no sign of fire, and follows the rest, while church and grave-yard become as silent as before.

There is a semblance of the far East in a view from the church tower at Isleta. The valley of the Rio Grande, with its meadows green from irrigation, and its outlying desert land, is suggestive of the Nile. The irregular conglomeration of glaring,

one storied mud-walled dwellings around, strike you as one of the Mohammedan towns, and it requires but slight stimulus to the imagination for heightening the clumsy, squat towers of the church to graceful minarets, and to hear the Muezzin crying out, "There is no God, but God and Mohammed is his prophet." After this it is easy to people the plaza with the turban-wearing faithful, to see camels laden with rich stuffs shambling through the streets, and mayhap the Sultan, incognito, wandering among the mentally created bazaars; for, with its ancient civilization little changed, and out of sympathy with the modern, its odd government, the singular ways and picturesque attire of the people, with their Bible-time modes of agriculture, and its style of architecture Isleta, with its surroundings, can easily conjure up all these.

The town itself, on our arrival, seemed deserted, for the men were at work in the fields, gathering their hay and grain, and it was only by roaming about the streets, if blind alleys could be so called, that we could find women and children. The latter, who when of school age can mostly speak English, are bold and voluble enough when selling pottery at the stations during train halts, but the few I saw in the Puebla limits seemed under changed influences, and indisposed to give us any information concerning this odd place; so, but for my second visit, I would have left knowing as little as when I came. The women, when not hidden from view in their windowless adobes, were timid and unwilling to tell or show us anything about their pottery work or weaving, in which they exhibit much skill, until they thought we were in the market, when they would hustle out a

child who could talk to us, for they were natural traders, and the two little stores of the town are kept by women. From our view of the square and the streets of Isleta from the church steps at our coming, it seemed as dead as its cemetery, but on rambling around we saw some oddities in human nature to enliven it. Under sheltering porticos, on gay blankets, were groups of mothers and children, some of the latter cherubs as to absence of raiment, while in the windowless rooms we caught fleeting glimpses of female potters, so shy that they would not let us see them at work. A young girl brushing out her heated oven preparatory to doing her week's baking, and a picturesque Rebecca drawing water from a well, and making off with her filled jar balanced on her head, were added sights of interest. When the men come home from the fields at sundown the town livens up from its hitherto sleepy appearance.

Besides their pottery making, the women do rougher work in clay, for they make adobe brick, lay them, and plaster walls. Their working at such a trade was striking, their performance of it in full dress was jarring; for the Puebla women's habiliments are picturesque and decent, and have been described; and yet, while they were mixing the adhesive clay mortar and applying it in a way most primitive, their garments, from moc-casins to the gay strip of shawl hanging from their heads, got but a modicum of what belonged to the wall. (How would our women toggled in modern drapery look, plastering?) But if they do some of the rough work of the men, they also assume others of their duties of a different nature. They manage the financial affairs of the family, relieve the men

of most of their religious work, as our own women have been known to do, and market their wares. They go on the cars to Albuquerque with their fragile pottery done up in one bundle and a lot of melons in another, and live on the last until the first is sold, which sometimes takes two days. The financial success is, of course, comparative, for one of them showed us a check she had got for her stock of pottery which was not even signed by the white scamp who gave it.

The "Imperium in Imperio" government of the Isletans, for practically they are independent of both Territory and Nation, is a model, which in its simplicity might well be copied after by cities of larger growth and more civilized pretensions. While their detractors accuse them of petty thieving—which from their standpoint is not theft—in a personal way, municipally they are honest, and should one corporation ask the town council for a free franchise to introduce flails for threshing grain in place of treading it out with goats and horses, and a rival corporation guarantee to give them 2,500,000 pesos for the same privilege, they would, for appearance sake at least, favor the last, and the Gobernador, with the approval of his Tenientes, as soon as he found out the motives of the visiting promoter of the first, would send for the "aguazil" or town constable, and with a wooden neck-yoke on him clap him in the "caliboz" till morning. I fear the white promoter, however, would not have the honor held by the native prisoners, who serve their sentence in an unbolted jail, which in this odd country is locked when empty. The guide could not say why, except hinting that watching constables would so belabor them with their staves that they would be glad the jail doors

were open for protection. I am hinting at a transaction in the "civilized East then happening.

In this topsy-turvy country, where everything is so different from what it is in "civilization," the mind of the tourist becomes dazed, and from what he gathers—much of it contradictory save the little he extracts from the natives—he is embarrassed to make a correct statement. He is yearning for information, and easily imposed upon, and Westerners, in their generous ways, are ready to load him up with an assortment of marvels. One of these, a collegebred man and an expert on Indian ethics, in explaining and excusing Pueblan pilfering, told me of a singular rodent, called a wood-rat, who takes after, or leads them, in rendering a "quid pro quo," when indulging their inclinations, thus: did the rat steal an ear of corn, he returned the husk, if a walnut, the empty shell, anything to show he had a conscience. The Indians, when they pilfer, leave something of more comparative value, as is required by their higher rank in the animal kingdom, but with the same motive. The related peculiarities of Indian and wood-rat were told me by the same person, the alleged college graduate and magazine writer, and may or may not be true, how much better are they than our municipalities, who return neither husk, shell, nor the least equivalent.

While I was in Isleta a detective was hunting up the priest to prevent theft of the railroad ties by his parishioners, and their child-like plea was that wood was scarce with them, and the railroad had plenty more ties, so that it was not wrong to take them. Realizing the standpoint of the Isletan reasoning, the company would make no arrests, but give wholesome

warning, for the tie that binds is precious to railroads in this unwooded land.

The Isletan municipality is not always harmonious. Heads of the Indian schools, realizing the superiority of the material among the Pueblan children for development in the finer lines of artistic work, are glad to have them as pupils. An agent I was acquainted with made arrangements with the Gobernador of Isleta for four of their children for a school at Santa Fe. The Pueblans are tenacious of their rights in such matters; their ancient Aztec religious influences and later Catholic affiliations, together with the jealousy of their priest toward the Protestant school they were designed for caused a tumult and the under officials, who had been consulted, enticed the Gobernador into the council room, and so beat him that he died. So with their many virtues, for in their way they are moral and religious, as well as industrious, the Pueblans need tactful treatment from their alleged superiors.

There are no Isletans of mixed blood, and except the priest and school teacher, no whites among them. Those of our race are not shown the glad hand, unless the motives for their being there are known to spring from friendship and interest, when they are made welcome. Charles F. Lummis, California's leading writer, and one who has made the Indians of the southwest a study, spent four years in Isleta, in his investigation, and speaks in the most glowing terms of its simple minded people, their trustfulness, affection, and industrious habits.

There are two stores in this town where natives, in a primitive business way, deal in a few of life's necessities, and fewer luxuries but the main



trading places are at the station, where there are two. Here, grain, wool, and hides are bought or taken in trade. One of these is the post-office, the other is in charge of a man whose ill-temper was unbearable, in my effort to make a purchase of some Indian souvenirs, until I found him a "lunger," one of those pulmonic victims who fly to desert dwelling-places hoping to find them combinations of sanitariums and business places. Clerks, hotel-porters, and telegraph operators; we find them settled over Colorado, New Mexico, and Arizona, and their hollow cheeks, hacking coughs, and husky voices are pathetic memories of the tourist on the Santa Fe line.

This much for Isleta and its interesting people, my visit to which was unpremeditated and brought about by business contact with the bright-faced, picturesquely-clad little pottery-venders at the station, and the sight of the quaint Moresque pueblo in the near distance. Of the two such villages on the line of the Santa Fe, Laguna is the more striking, from its high dwellings of receding stories, but Isleta is of the more interest from its larger population, and intense Pueblan peculiarities. But few tourists visit them, their interest being confined to the purchase of ceramic souvenirs from the dealers who flock around the halting trains. That so little is known of these available places of interest is chargeable to personally conducted excursions, with whose clientage I sympathize, for I have heard their belated complaints of intangible guides and wasted shekels. Give me two or three gathered together in congenial and unhampered travel, rather than gregarious tourists, who, in tow of an unseen, unheard official bell-wether, travel to the Gold-

en Gate and back on stereotyped lines to conventional points, missing out-of-the-way places of interest accessible to those traveling independently.

While I have perhaps over-elaborated on the lines laid out, I might have added much on those of personal contact, for travel, like poverty, brings us in strange company, wherein selfishness and conceit contend for the mastery with courtesy and generous friendship; but I have done, except to say that my different overland travels, by ox-train or Pullman, have emphasized in me more and more how broad is our country, and how varied and cosmopolitan; and my marvel is how Americans can visit the Old World for scenic sights and humanity study before exploring the wonders of the New.

#### IV. ALBUQUERQUE

We got to this ancient-modern town at 8 o'clock in the evening. It is interesting from its early settlement and its two distinct towns—the Old and New. It has a street-car line, a \$100,000 court house; a \$50,000 library, as well as a second one of humbler pretension and style; the first being of the Carnegie formation, where a community is burdened by a gift it cannot keep up with. Of its many rooms but two were occupied, and its several stories, in my search for the book collection, which should have been prominent everywhere, echoed my footsteps noisily. As at San Bernardino, neither library nor newspaper office furnished a history of the place. There was an advertising edition of one of the newspapers full of pictures of modern dwellings and stores, and there was no dearth of portraits of "prominent men," and as

"for editorials," as the puffs of such people and their business are termed, there was no lack of push in this alleged 10,000 populated town; a figure which I found needed much trimming down.

The Spanish call the Seventh day of the week "Sabado," the Sabbath, which may be satisfactory to the many Jews of the place, as well as to the Adventists who observe that day, but First-day they call "Domingo," or Lord's Day, which nullifies this satisfaction. It was on that day we came to Albuquerque, which please pronounce as if spelled "Al-boo-kirk-ey," and we concluded to patronize the Catholic church in Old Town, out Rio Grande way, that we might see the Mexican people and their ways collectively. We went out on the street car line, on which one-horse cars are used. The fare is ten cents to the driver, or five cents if the ticket is bought at the office. The company think this margin advisable, as it does not trust the driver's honesty, as the "knocking down" process has penetrated the heads of the simple minded dwellers of the southwest. How the corporation can expect an abundance of honesty for one dollar a day of eighteen hours, is past finding out. The tickets bought are supposed to be put in a box, by the passenger, as per directions in both English and Spanish. Three of our passengers did not comply with these, which reminds me of a personal incident. While considering it no merit, I never take advantage of the carelessness of a car conductor. Once on a time I called one's attention to his neglect, and, on his next trip I had occasion to do the same, thinking, as human nature went the ticket-puncher would be overwhelmed with admiration for me and so express himself. Instead, he was

provoked and said "Never do that again!" I found the reason was, that should a "spotter" witness the transaction, the honesty of the passenger would be lost in the carelessness of the employe, and a probable discharge follow. Now here is a matter of ethics: Should the passenger hold to the saved nickel, and save the man; also, or call his attention to his neglect publicly at the risk of his dismissal? But this has nothing to do with my visit to the church services at Old Town, but the little personal episode makes a break on my travel-narration, which sort of breaks heats, on another line, for the benefit of the reader.

As our little dinkey car rolled along, lack of Sunday observance in this region was manifested. Stores and saloons were open, and, the center of an admiring, multicolored crowd, a brass band was doing its best to puncture the air with its notes. This was in the modern town, but when we arrived at the ancient burg, all was quiet. In the midst of a collection of one-storied clay houses, and in front of the plaza centered by a band stand, stood a quaint old church; and thither we wended our ways—a group of five persons, and all outside the Holy Faith. As we entered we saw a proof of Catholic candor over that of the average Protestant in the way of a line of men on their knees on the open, benchless floor, and, nearer the wall another. These, as well as the whole congregation, were either Mexican or half-Indian, four-fifths of them the latter. Seeing us vacantly standing in the vestibule, a priest came to us and asked if we were "Catholic," and, on a negative answer, shook his head and departed. He soon came back and took us to seats on backless benches. The ser-

mon, after the usual rituals, was in Spanish, and of course, the preaching, as is sometimes the case in our home churches was shot over our heads. I was placed amid a line of half-washed, half-Indian men, and was the victim of odors most unsavory, which would have spoiled the effects of the sermon could I have understood it. These were in their working clothes. Some could read, and used devotional books. The one on my left was without a book, and showed a lack of devotion by giving vent to loud yawns. The older women were cleanly robed in black, and with head shawls, sometimes leading daughters dressed in the extreme of juvenile fashion. The younger, grown-up women were clad in modern style, so there was a great contrast in habiliments. The congregation was poor, as showed by the small donations when the basket came around. Taking the rudely painted "Stations of the Cross," on the otherwise bare walls, and the general interior, human and architectural, the scene, before us and around us, was decidedly interesting. When the services were over I went to the top of one of the bell-towers, the view from which took in both towns and much of the surrounding country. As we left the church a huge omnibus drove up in front of the plaza. In it was a band playing, the rest of the load of passengers taking in the sights. The musicians took their places on the band stand, and began their orgies, and as the worshippers filed away a sort of a holiday American crowd gathered about the music, which now days would be classed as "ragtime" rather than sacred. But in the "wild and wooly" west the superior race make few pretensions.

The present church dates back to

the year 1775, and replaces an older one built 150 years earlier, which may be true or not, for there are no records back of 1715, though the missionaries were here before the date named. The two libraries and the newspaper offices have nothing bearing on the history of the town, but an advertising notice mentions casually that the locality was visited by Coronado in 1540, and that 260 years ago what is called Old Town was founded, and which now has 2000 people. It is on the south shore of the Rio Grande, and is a typical, adobe-built town. The houses are long, broad and low, with almost blank walls next the street, and sometimes centered with a patio, or court. The tops of the walls are level all around, but the roof has a gentle slope, the rain leading through the "canales" I have alluded to before, and several in number, and projecting two or more feet. These are not only distinctive, but give a passerby a chance for a douche bath during a shower. Why these reach over to the street instead of to the rear, I don't know. The houses are built without regularity—sometimes so close to the street, that mud holes and pools are formed close to the very doors, so that the traveler is fain to follow the donkeys and pack-horses in the middle of the highway for foot comfort, as well as the avoidance of a shower-bath, occasionally. The clay of the streets is of the best kind for sun-dried bricks, and whoever gets his feet in its mud has a chance of losing a shoe. The houses are built of this and from the rains and poor roofs, also shingled with clay, many of them are in ruins. Some new ones are building, it being about as cheap, the price labor is here, to build a new home as to repair an old one. One

of the trades a Mexican is skilled in is brick making and laying the products in walls, and at this he is employed by whites in fashioning modern homes, bungalows now called, as adobes make a cool house in summer and a warm one in winter. We were invited into one of these by a storekeeper of the town, and it being a warm day, we were surprised at the coolness of the interior, and there was taste shown in the interior arrangements, which you would not look for from the plainness of the exterior. The owner's father was a storekeeper, and married a Mexican's daughter, as did his son. I suspected both to be Hebrews, as that race seeks business wherever a chance offers. Gardens, rich with irrigated vegetation, and fruit trees are often found enclosed behind walls of adobe mud. I saw occasional ovens outside the homes built of clay. In them, after being heated, bread, meat, vegetables and other edibles are baked, cooked and roasted, portions of some together, furnishing a blend which suits the taste of these odd people. These ovens, on their stands, look like bee-hives.

Albuquerque is a central point for the distribution of the noted Navajo blankets, whose price varies from \$5 for a common 13-pound blanket, to from \$100 to \$200 for an extra large one of fanciful, antique design. Those made before aniline dyes came up are the highest priced, as well as the homeliest. The old dyes were from plants, and confined to three colors, and this combination with a certain "weave," are criterions of age and value. While Gallup is the nearest railroad station to the Navajo Reservation, some of the Indians will come to Albuquerque, a hundred miles further away to trade, driving

the whole distance. I am sorry to say that many of the Navajo blankets come to Albuquerque by way of Portland, Oregon and Boston, Massachusetts, where the woolen mills can make them cheaper than the Indian women can. But this does not keep the merchants from giving the most solemn assurance that every shred of them comes through the looms of the Indians. Wanting one of these, I made every effort to get a real Navajo, and paid the price, but I believe it was of foreign build. One might as well shut his eyes and be done with it. However, my merchant threw in a letter of recommendation to the priest at Isleta, who was not at home, but I will let that pass.

The railroad station at Albuquerque for size and peculiar architecture, is worthy of mention. It is of mission style, from corridor to tower, is roofed with tiles, and has the conventional "canales" projecting in rows under the cornices. The building is 600 feet long, and where there are wings, it is 300 feet wide.

I will give an abstract of an obituary I copied from one of the local papers: "Henry Carperter, 'the old sage of Tijeras Canyon,' died yesterday; where 76 of his 86 years were passed. Undertaker Strong has sent out a fine casket, and the remains will be buried this morning. He had amassed a fortune, and his will is to be read on Monday in the presence of his heirs." A wild and wooly west sample of combined local and death notice.

On our way from Albuquerque to Santa Fe we noticed how the recent rains had brightened up the otherwise desert country. The grazing in favorable locations was fine, and many flocks of sheep and goats were seen under charge of Mexican herdsmen,

quaint in their high hats and blanket shawls. They are peculiarly adapted to their business, their loneliness not affecting them as it would white men. One Eastern man has 10,000 goats on a tract he owns near Lamy Junction where the Santa Fe branch leads from the main line. They are all Angoras, and their wool is worth three times that of sheep, although that is generally sold with the skin.

We saw the circular threshing floors and mode of releasing the grain from the straw peculiar to the sections where there are Puebla Indians—a drove of horses being driven around and around on the grain, which, when threshed, is winnowed by throwing it up in the air while the wind is blowing. We also saw where sheep and goats were employed in the business, but from their lightness of foot it must be a slow operation. But it is fun for these grown up children, who send these animals around the ring with loud shouts. We passed two Indian villages, each with its quaint church and lines of one-story, square, flat-roofed houses, and so of the color of the soil that we did not see them till we came on to them. The land from Lamy to Santa Fe, eighteen miles to the north, is much like that from Williams to the Grand Canyon, similarly wooded and grassed, though more rolling.

### V. SANTE FE

It is difficult to realize, that here, in the center of North America, and reached by a railroad, is a town, the oldest but one, in the United States, and the oldest department capital, and yet it is at a stand still. There are buildings here one and two hundred year old, some gradually going

to the ground, without effort being made to keep them in repair, seemingly because it is easier, as I stated in another instance, to build anew. Others are being kept in order as examples of the architecture of the past. The post office, the Historical Society room and other offices are in the Adobe Palace, where the Spanish, Mexican and United States Territorial and State governors held sway since three hundred years ago, or until better quarters were built for the last. The city has the oldest house in the United States, and one of its churches—San Miguel—was built in 1540.

This church is visted by all tourists of an enquiring mind, and who have an interest in ancient land marks. It is in charge of an old gentleman who, for twenty-five cents, will show you through the interior, and, in broken language, discourse on the objects in view; tell you of pictures four and five hundred years old, and of a bell made in 1350, and enlighten you on the painted statues in the niches around. The church was about ready to fall, being but of common clay, like its builders, when interested ones buttressed them up with stone supports. It is a great curiosity from its shape, mode of building, interior attempts at embellishment and great age for America.

While Santo Fe has some fine Territorial, and later State buildings, as well as a beautiful plaza, in the center of which is a monument to the soldiers killed in the Civil war, what strikes the visitor are the narrow streets and ruined buildings and the foreign looking people he sees around and in them; and he goes away with these impressed upon his mind, to the exclusion of the State Capital and Cathedral, as well as the Catholic college and public school building. Its

enterprising citizens, but they are sadly few, mourn the day they did not bond the city to raise stock to induce the Sante Fe railroad company to run its line through it, instead of side tracking it eighteen miles to the south.

The hotels in Santa Fe are not so bad, and I cannot say they are so good. In a land where "*chile con carne*," hot tamales, frijoles and tortillas, literally meat scorched with red pepper, ground corn meal and mince (alleged) chicken, and unleavened cakes made from corn, softened and ground under a stone rolling pin, you cannot expect Delmonico cookery; even if the rates soar towards that hostelry's charges.

There are two "curio" stores in Santa Fe, where Navajo blankets, or weaves so called, images in pottery and stone relics, dug from ruined churches and cliff dweller's homes, and other articles of an archeological nature, are sold. It is wonderful what a collection they have in stock, and yet whoever buys runs a great risk of getting blankets and pottery made on the Atlantic or Pacific coasts. The old time tests of a Navajo blanket now fail, as machinery is now constructed to neutralize such, and it is notorious that some "Navajo" blankets and belts of Germantown wool are machine made and placed on the market in the Indian country. Here in Santa Fe, a dealer, reckless in his candor, said he would soon be, with machinery he was perfecting, making the above goods so that they could not be told from the genuine. At the same time he showed me a lot of rude idols of stone he had made himself, and then was furnishing museums with them. He certainly was the limit in honest representation. The strange part of it all he was a Hebrew. I felt

like taking off my hat and making him an honoring bow.

New Mexico is certainly incongruous—socially, politically, religiously and architecturally. Even the name of the railroad, the only one running through there from Chicago all the way to San Francisco, is a misnomer, for it is named for a town that it does not touch by eighteen miles. The towns of the country are halved into Old and New, and into elements which might collide were it not that the first is so subordinate to the last. Sections from two centuries old meet others which only date from the construction of railroads of forty to fifty years ago. The low, adobe flat-roofed houses, such as the Spaniards found, are shadowed by the several storied buildings of a few years since erection. The picturesque, dull gray mission church, hundreds of years old, is in sight of the New Light Tabernacle, glaring in bright paint. Heavy loaded trailers from the foot-hills, a hundred or more miles away, teamsters and horses, tired and dust-brown from days of travel unload their burdens of farm and grazing lands while steam trains roll noisily by. And, as for the people, the Mexican merchant in his end of the town listlessly shows or hands over his wares, while his bustling white competitor, if we can call one such who ignores him, in the other section is pushing his goods on the market. Even the Indian has to differentiate, for the Pueblan, as at Isleta, while ostensibly Catholic, and worshipping the Christians' God, when the service is over hies to his hearthen Estufa, lights the sacred fire, and bows and genuflects to his Montezuma—that mysterious symbol moulded in clay and robed in buckskin—a weak but significant echo of the terrible ceremonies which Cortez found

prevailing among the ancient Aztecs three hundred and fifty years ago.

To localize my Territorial comparisons, I may specify the capital of New Mexico, and its church of San Miguel, built in 1540, in sight of a cathedral in course of construction, and whose bell cast five hundred and fifty years ago, and hung with raw-hide thongs echoes modern chimes in the former's campanile, and its pictures, four and five centuries old, can in a short walk, be compared to new and costly paintings in the chapel of its unintentional rival, its Adobe Palace, which for over three hundred years has housed various dynastical officials—Spanish, rebelling Pueblans, Mexicans, and, finally, Americans—wide in area and one-storied, is in sight of the new Territorial capitol, and which is reached by six-yard-wide streets, alternating with broad avenues: the idle Mexicans saunter around the store where Solomon Isaacs exchanges goods for shekels, and the wood-laden donkey comes in at one end of the town while the steam-drawn coal car enters at the other. Could comparisons be more odious?

Financially, Santa Fe is bankrupt. Away back in the sixties, when the Atchison and Topeka Railroad was reaching for a route across the mountains to California, and in advance of the Union Pacific, it asked financial aid from Santa Fe, whose name was added to the title. The sum named was \$75,000. The Jews of the city, say the leading Mexicans; the latter, say the resident Americans, said: "The road will come anyhow; if it don't, we will make more as it is," so, spiting themselves, the railway officials ran the line through Glorietta Pass where, this year alone, the floods did \$1,500,000 damage, besides injuring the prestige of the road. Seeing their

mistake, the Santa Feans bonded the city to \$200,000 to build a spur to the main line, which, in the end, they have virtually given to the Santa Fe company, which now controls it. Since the summer floods of 1901 the citizens have thought it an opportune time to make inducements to the railroad company to change the line to the first survey, but so far without avail.

The two buildings which most impress the tourists are the old Church and the Adobe Palace. The first, a plain built, mud-brick structure, recently buttressed with stone piers to save it, was erected in 1540, burned by the rebellious Indians in 1680 to the wall tops, retimbered and roofed after the suppression of the insurrection, and is still used as a chapel by the nearby College of San Miguel, whose children fill it on days of worship. It is surrounded by half-ruined and dilapidated houses whose roofs seem ready to fall in on the owner's heads. The Adobe Palace is a remarkable building, being but one story, and some 300 feet long and 60 feet wide, with level roof lines, which continue over the 15 foot pavement where the supporting posts are met. After 300 years of use it is still a public building, as the Governor and Territorial Secretary have offices there, and the post-office and historical society occupy the east and west ends. General Wallace, while Secretary of the Territory, wrote part of "Ben Hur" in the rear office, a fact of much annoyance to the present incumbents, from the curious who invade the privacy of their home. While the named officials have well-appointed quarters at the new capitol, its distance from the center of the city makes them cling to the old palace. Its antiquity, its ups and downs as conqueror and con-

quered rose and fell, its interesting history in connection with various exploring expeditions from 1599 to 1662—the last one as far as to the Missouri—its long line of narrow streets and singular homes; all make the City of the Holy Faith of Saint Francis attractive and interesting.

A walk through the suburbs of Santa Fe will take one back centuries, till he can hardly believe he is in a city of the United States with railroad connections, newspapers, schools and colleges. The Mexican is child-like in his aptitude for work or business. The writer has worked with him as ox-driver on the plains and in ranch life in California, and knows of what he speaks. He naturally tends to pastoral ways. As herdsman he goes afield with his flock of a thousand sheep and a few goats, taking his blanket, water-bottle and a quantity of cornmeal, with some tobacco and cigarette material for comfort and sustenance. They move from place to place as pastures fail. The animals can do without water for days, save what the morning dews bring, so they seldom have to seek the scant streams from the foot-hills. For himself, when morning and evening come, and his flock is quiet, he mixes his corn meal and water from his bottle, makes his "tortillas," bakes them on heated stones, milks a nearby goat, and his meal is ready. Threshing time with the Mexican is pleasurable work. He has not even come to the flail stage in grain separation, but treads it out with goats. He first prepares a threshing floor by enclosing a circular area of sixty or eighty feet across, and, when the ground is wet puts on his goats, be there fifty or a hundred of them, and with cries and gestures drives them around and around till the earth is sufficiently

packed. Then, when his wheat, his barley or his beans are ready, he places a pile in the center of his "area," turns in his goats again and circles them over the outer edge, drawing the straw towards the circumference as the grain is loosened from that first placed. Then he lets out his threshers for rest, while he throws the chaff and grain to the breezes ever playing around Santa Fe during the threshing season, and the solids are ready for home use or market. Another arrangement of the straw, another placing of the frisky goats around the circle, another casting up to the breath of boreas and a second batch is finished. Twenty to thirty, and even forty bushels of grain can be threshed and cleaned in this sportive way in one day by five men and a hundred goats. It seems play for all concerned. Several of these "areas," encircled with straw and chaff could be seen around Santa Fe.

The Mexican is content with small savings, which he shows in his dealings in wood. He will cut two hundred pounds of this for each of two or four burros, drive them fifteen miles from the mountains into Santa Fe, and sell each load at from twenty-five to thirty cents. They are certainly a picturesque sight, donkeys half hidden with wood, followed by swarthy "arrieros" as they file along the narrow streets. The Mexican is not merciful to his beast, which I have seen standing in the sun by the hour with his pack on, while he idles around the town, or passes in and out of the saloons. But he is not troubled with the high cost of living. His meat is that of the sheep or goat, fresh, or cut in strips and dried in lines on the sun, fly-blown and dust-covered, but that does not matter to him. Cornmeal is his flour, for he sells the little



wheat he raises, and beans are his staple vegetable, and the more hot stuff he can work in in the way of red pepper the better he likes his meals. His cheese is from the curd of goats' milk, and the older and stronger its odor, he likes it the more. Our Mexican has easy times in the matter of religion, for his wife **does** his worshipping, except once a month, when he goes to church in person, and so keeps up his religious corner. No wonder the powers that were hesitated so long to give such people the right of Statehood to New Mexico. In their local elections these peons are easily bought—the unit of purchase being a gallon of coal oil, unless it is substituted with a stronger fluid!

I know these traits of our fellow citizens of New Mexico do not at all tally with the blood-thirsty high-hats who are deluging the land of the republic to our southwest just now in their uncivil war, but they are as I saw them; whether or not from the class of Indians the Spanish mixed with, matrimonially, or otherwise, I cannot say; but the Pueblans are certainly a milder sort of aborigine than the Indians to the west and south.

We left Santa Fe on the morning of August 25th. Coming from the railroad to the junction we saw several flocks of sheep in charge of lonely herders, or "pastors" as they are called in Spanish. On the train was one of this class—a Mexican—who could talk fair English. He interested me with his accounts of sheep-driving over the sandy wastes leading to Old Mexico. Sheep can go nine days without water if the dew is heavy enough on their pasturage, but the burros which pack the herders' outfits can only go four.

Where the railroad goes through the Glorietta mountains east of Santa

Fe we saw the effects of late floods which had so torn up the tracks as greatly to delay travel. Great girders from the washed out bridges were strewn along the bottom of the canyon, and in one section a long string of track.

We stopped at Las Vegas over night. The clerk at the hotel was what are slangingly called "lungers," a class not admired by tourists from fear of infection, and are required to be on their best behavior by the landlord, and to hold their coughs in abeyance, that they may seem in health. The efforts of the man behind the desk to hide his ever ready hack were pitiful in the extreme. This climate is considered suitable for those afflicted with tuberculosis; hence the desire of the lunger to get here and when he is poor, and can get an easy job as clerk, even on a nominal wage, he is suited; likewise is the landlord pleased in getting a cheap employee. But sanitary laws are doing away with mutual thriftiness, and the poor consumptives will have to resort to shacks in the wilderness, as I saw them at other points along the route. Up the Gallinas creek are hot springs, and along its banks is a railroad leading there, where is a hotel called the Montezuma, a summer resort for consumptives, built, with its surroundings, by the Santa Fe Railroad at a cost of \$1,000,000, but it is very little patronized. It accommodates 150 guests, but there is seldom more than 100, and on our visit there were not over a dozen, and all seemed to be consumptives instead of pleasure seekers. They were a sad looking party, as they sat on the open veranda, even in their efforts to make the best of a bad condition. The Montezuma is a magnificent hotel; its situation is

high above the valley of the Gallinas, and there are elegant drives in the neighborhood. There are several springs at the foot of the hill of varying grades, from pure water to strong sulphur, and from cold to so hot that one can hardly drink it. This would be an ideal place for one in health, but with those ghostly invalids around, it is different. Despite all they talk hopefully, and this is the blessing going with their disease.

Las Vegas is a great shipping and distributing point. For a hundred miles north is a grazing country, and much wool is sent east, and I should not wonder if much of it went into "Navajo" blankets. I saw one load of 5,000 pounds on two trailers drawn by six horses which had come over the distance above mentioned. The first name on the mess box was characteristic of the race of the driver—Jesus Chavis. One masculine name, first and middle, is Jesus Mary (Jesu Maria). The journey meant days of travel and nights of camping out. Another wagon was drawn by a pair of donkeys. About one-third of the population of Las Vegas (The Meadows) is Mexican, and, as usual they have a separate town, with their church and stores.

We left the town the second morning. Good pasturage was seen on either side of the railroad, extending for many miles and bounded barren mountains. The land was, at the time the Americans acquired it in large holdings—70,000 acres being not uncommon. Much of this is only fit for pasture land. The distant mountains contain valuable mineral deposits, while the cultivable area is governed by the water supply, and is very limited. So poor is the grazing that seventy-five acres is allotted to one steer, yet thousands of cattle are

shipped from this country. The homes of the people, cattle and railroad men, are rude adobe for the first, and abandoned box-cars for the last; and of such are the small station towns.

The precocity of the children of the American employees, station agents, pump-men, and the like is wonderful. Listening to their grown up companions has filled even the younger with slang and pertness, and as for language acquirements the little fellows have a sufficiency of Spanish, acquired from their Mexican companions to do some translating for tourists at their halts; unless they start off with some impudence which makes the traveler drop their aid.

We stopped overnight at Trinidad in Colorado, the last halting place allowed by our tickets, this being on the north and south line which barred stop-offs, so henceforth we must stick to the cars, or forfeit our homeward tickets. This mining town has been the center of labor disturbances of the worst kind during the last few years, and there is a likelihood of more, from the human and mineral environments. It is particularly a coal and coke town, but enterprising and rough, and from a break in the water-works from floods, the place was unbearably dusty from the non-use of the sprinkler. There was also a repellant about the people, and this added to the dust, heat and closeness of the air, and the uncleanness of the hotel we put up at make our remembrances of Trinidad not the most agreeable.

## VI. LAS VEGAS & HOMEWARD

While waiting next morning for an overdue train we found ourselves in company with a young Mormon evangelist, who made the time seem shorter from his entertaining if not

elevating discourse. He was an enthusiastic defender of his religion, the polygamous past of which he claimed was now dropped. He, however, unabashed, owned to a father with three wives, and seemed proud of the distinction awarded him from the three months he got in the penitentiary; a month for each wife. The first of these had ten children; the second, nine, among whom was the narrator; the third, five. He called the first and second helpmates "aunts." The coming of the third wife was not welcomed by her matrimonial predecessors, perhaps from her being younger and better looking—hence more of an old man's darling than were they. The father lived with the first wife, but supported the third and her children, who were very young. The second venture and her younger children were taken care of by their elders. He said his father was poor; and no wonder. This information was given freely, and in a way suggesting, that while the present status of Mormonism might be borne, the old way was preferable. He spoke of a neighbor in Grover, Utah, who had five wives and fifty children, and yet who found no fault with Fate. My interlocutor was twenty-two years old; was married—in the Great Temple, he was proud to say—and had one child; yet, in his enthusiasm, and his face lit up with an intense fervor, worthy of the most advanced Christian faith, when he said it, that he would gladly be called, as he expected to be, to go on foreign Missionary work; leaving family, friends and home behind him for years. He belonged to a family of shepherds, and, in his lonely night watches, with his flock of three thousand and sheep, he identified himself with the old time Biblical patriarchs, who had led his life, and he kept to the

ways of his fathers without fear of Congressional interference.

What can you do with the rank and file of Mormons, when a young man like this, in the hey-day of life, will talk this way, and when the young women of the church will boldly stand up for the faith of their fathers and mothers, which sanctioned their matrimonial ways? I have heard intelligent women, who would, you would suppose, naturally condemn plural marriages, talk flipantly of such; one of these, a married woman of much intelligence, speaking of their having, at their annual family gatherings, to rent a public hall to hold the one hundred and fifty children and grandchildren of her father and mother!

From Trinidad we passed through Colorado and Kansas, a country so dreary and bare of pasture, that I wondered how the cattle lived upon it. Then down the head waters of the Purgatoria, Canadian and Cimmaron, when we finally struck the river where lived the violinist who fiddled whether sunbeams or rain sifted through his leaky roof; or rather what there was left of the Arkansas Steamers would, during the spring rise, go inside the Kansas line on that river, but now there was not enough water in its bed to float a skiff. Legal questions were pending between Kansas and its down-stream neighbor, from the water it is using in alleged unfair quantities for irrigation.

On the train were two sets of men—and very distinct sets—who interested me. One was composed of two soldiers from the Philippines on their homeward way. They were continuously boozy from too frequent passages of the bottle, and maliciously laid their fondness to the contents to the abolishment of the canteen. The

logic of this was hard to see. A chance lady from Chicago, a sample of what in church missionary work would be called an "Outlooker," showed much solicitude for their welfare and when they got off at the Garden City, she cordially led the way with a "Come on, boys," they in a rum-dumb fashion following. Whether War Department rulings were responsible for the later moral lapse of these soldiers of the legion I will leave for others to determine.

The other was a group of Orthodox Jews whose features were of the striking kind the merciless cartoonist loves to draw for the comic papers. Two of them wore peaked skull caps, and their dark skins and jetblack whiskers were of the Hindu blend. Their faces were the saddest I ever saw, unless I except the sphinxes Mrs. Leland Stanford had placed on guard at the four corners of the family mausoleum at Palo Alto, California. The time of this twain was mainly spent in gulping down a sort of pink lemonade from large private tumblers, smoking, eating and dozing; but this did not mitigate their sadness, with which I think the sourness of the lemonade had something to do. They said their prayers three times a day, and with an openness to put to shame the average Christian. The devotion of the morning seemed like a Fire Worshipper's greeting of the sun. With their faces towards Jerusalem these Hebrews went through their orisons. Their accessories were prayer-books and leather coffers strapped around their foreheads, with others similar on the bared left forearm. In each of these boxes were scrolls on which were written the Ten Commandments. With movable lips, but with voices inaudible from the rush and roar of the respectless cars

each Jew went through his devotions, mindless of the stare of Gentile eyes. A Jew drummer in our car afterwards unwillingly and in a shamefaced way, gave me the particulars of this ceremony and as if he had no sympathy with it, and also the mission of these aliens in race and religion. They were three Polanders on their way home from San Francisco where they had gone to take legal steps to secure the estate of a lately deceased cousin who had died childless, leaving a widow and a property worth \$125,000. The widow, heedless of "his folks", had made haste to replevin the whole estate, but the cousins had got on in time to attach their share, amounting to \$75,000. In view of this, why this sadness, unless from the law's delays, I cannot understand.

On the morning of August 25th we arrived at Kansas City, made memorable to me as my place of landing in the spring of 1858 to hire as an ox-teamster for Santa Fe, and glad was I when I had a chance to "accept the situation," as they say now after begging hard for a job, although the heartless wagon-master mercilessly turned me down, just as I was getting ready to enter into the joys of my work. I had set my heart on going to the City of the Holy Faith, for as a school boy on seeing the picture of "Santa Fe Traders crossing the Desert" and their attacks by marauding Indians in another cut, I hoped that I would some day have a chance to get there and have some of the wayside fun, and I was just that near, and missed the bourne of my schoolboy hopes merely from the whim of a wagon-master who claimed I was too literary a man to successfully drive bulls! But that's all over now.

For miles our train passed down the Missouri, now a quiet river, without

is with a stiff on it. Then, with the excitement of all the travel and in which I spent several days of strenuous work, and under discomforts now hardly to be understood. In the afternoon we crossed the Missouri at a point so much broader than the river, into which it flows, that I thought the former should have held the name. At nine o'clock we arrived at Chicago, the point I had left fifty-one days before.

### AROUND EATON'S CREEK.

The first halting place on my initial journey to the west, and the last on my present eastern going, was Eaton's Creek, further noted for its great salt river and manufactories of breakfast foods. The two incidents to morning meal appetites for leading the system after that is satisfied are Mrs. Elliot and Test. Test at the time of my present coming was reputed to be worth a large estate of \$1,000,000, but four years afterwards more than could be from reports. This was at his time of which was, as obituaries state "sudden," which means a violent death; in Test's case suicide, for he had ignored Shakespeare's moralizing in reference to rather bear the ill we have, as flying to that we know not of is risky. From this one should learn to not charge so much for what people at their breakfasts can well do without, and thereby load ourselves with such increments we cannot afford to carry for fear of inability to not go through the needle's eye.

And now something about my start west in the spring of 1878, an initiative connected with my hunting up now this old landmark of my trip to the Pacific. My father was opposed to my going, as with six of his eight children still living, and with his intense interest in the Society of Friends he had made provision for them all for settling around him, and thereby, for the future, keep him in his resting at Colebury; but, as for myself, reading too much of western adventure, and breeding

over. I am kept from mixing up with Indians and buffaloes, while we the more anxious to leave the quiet surroundings of my home, which was to the paternal sorrow, for I did not withhold from my father my longings, but rather pestered him with them. However, just as I had finished going to school, and my blood was boiling over with a desire to go west, my father met a professed adherent to Friends at my aunts in Philadelphia. He was a Michigander, was a fatalistic prognosticator, and when father broached what he considered the inevitable, concerning myself, 'tether party said he had a presentment as to what was coming, and that he had a place for me that would just fill the bill required, and that was in a business he was about to start in Battle Creek. When father came home from the city, and made known the proposition to me I gladly assented: anything but to remain at home.

\* \* \* \* \*

I was not in the best of spirits when I started West, for this trip was the first of my going out into the world to any extent, my farthest outing having been to New York. My car ride to Cleveland, as well as the steamboat voyage on Lake Erie, on my way to Detroit was lonesome enough, and when I got to Battle Creek, and was met at the station by a son of my new employer, who proved foolish in his unsociability, I felt further in the dumps, as he hardly spoke to me on the homeward journey. The party whom I was billed to was supposed to be an earnest Friend, so when the next day first-day came I thought that we would of course be off to meeting at Battle Creek, But nothing of the kind came, and neither did such a thing occur while I was at the home of Henry Willis, my bosses name. Henry turned out to be visionary, perhaps, as an ambitious man, he had failed in his ambitious undertakings, one of which was the digging of a ship canal across the state of Michigan, but despite his efforts, including several visits to Lansing and Washington, he could get neither the State nor Nation-

all authorities to rest his enthusiasm. The other enterprise was the building of a water works system for Battle Creek, and, on a hill overlooking the city he built a reservoir, and left it to be filled by the rain, for the "Twin Lakes" which named the company, and which was to furnish the water, never had connection.

I came near omitting one third of my employers public responsibilities; the stocking up of St. Mary's Lake with eels. This fish, or reptile, and whose propensities towards slipperiness have been proverbial since the eels were known, cannot mount Niagara Falls, so, out of a kindness toward this fish family, and to those like such eels, my boss undertook to populate the lake with eels, assuring that they were oviparous. The success of the enterprise was important, as it was asserted that from the inability of eels to fly, none of the fry were in the waters above the Falls. "But I fear Friend!" Illis' scheme was a failure, like the other schemes he undertook. This fad took in share after I left him, and not knowing of it on my last visit, I failed to make enquiries as to the success of the enterprise.

On my arrival at Battle Creek in the early morning, I made preparations for a four mile walk; I luckily found, however, a man willing to convey me "for a price," over what would have been a hard road to travel on account of its sand. In about two miles we passed by the "Twin Lakes" failure which, though Biblically "placed upon a hill," was not a success. In four miles we came to the Lake of St. Mary's, a picturesque sheet of water, once fringed with woods, but the hungry sawmill which I had once worked on had finished its work after I left, and only a scant second growth had taken its place, except where a verdured shore was facing the water. There are perch, and other fish in the lake which bring many an Izaak Walton to their seeking. St. Mary's Improvement Company, as it is called, has a holding here, it has rude fishing huts along the shore.

Instead of going to meeting the first-day following my coming to the Illis', with the son of my boss, his daughter, Lydia, and a girl friend of

the daughter and myself. They were not a very jolly trip, and I was not sorry when the sailing was over, for the ride with me was nothing but a time killing affair. A rather odd circumstance happened over fifty years after this at my own meeting, some 800 miles away from Battle Creek, I was seated in front of a strange aged woman, and after meeting enquiries showed this was the Lydia Willis mentioned, one of the "Ladies of the Lake," but by no means the ideal of Sir Walter Scott's heroine. She had grown a half century older and proportionally stout or since our sail, and I guess that I had done some putting on in the same line. When we criticize the ideals which age has shattered, let us remember we are living in glass houses, and a stone may come crashing in at any time. She did not of course know who I was, and as there was no sentiment connected with the affair, the incident is only worth noting to show what a small world this is. As to the rest of those on the sailing expedition, the Willis son has been dead these years, and as to the friend of Lydia, if living, she is an old woman; if not she is dead.

The morning after the cruise on Lake St. Mary was when I was introduced to a potato knife and a large pile of "spuds" for slicing up to a size for planting.

My charioteer on my present expedition was an engineer on the road which I came in on and whose time was limited, but he was good on localities, the horses he kept being for pleasure jaunts between trains. There were none of the Willises living at the old home, all scattered in the lapse of years, except a son and daughter, the one living in Battle Creek, the other to the north of the old homestead, so I did not go up to the house. This was quite a stylish residence for the time and country, when generally the people were in primitive condition, especially and in residential way; so taking it all in all at a glance at a newly built house garish in its fresh paint and gabled front, I



was rather set up with my future place of abode, in connection with my business prospects in the bustling little city down on the railroad. The house stood on a commanding knoll, was newly built and painted up, and overlooked the lake. As we drove along my attention was divided between the body of water on my left and my old home on the right. My sleeping quarters were in the gable end of the house, whence there was a fine view to the west including the waters of St. Mary. So if landscape and good sleeping accommodations were all I wanted I need not have kicked at my lot. The fine view, however, included the western sun, and as my occidental fever was still over the one hundred temperature, the view was tantalizing as well as fine.

The son mentioned lived a mile beyond the old homestead, and for an additional tip my driver took me there, although I was fearful from his nervousness that he might lose his job, did he not get back in time for his train, by getting fired from his fireman's position. The Willis son was named Isaac and he lived in a humble home on a large farm of a richness which seemed of low grade, as is much of the land in this section of Michigan. The barn was a tumbling affair, connections and all one hundred and fifty feet long. On both buildings the suns of summer had beaten, the winds of autumn had whistled through the cracks, and rain and snow had dribbled and sifted through the holes in the roof, and there was a forlornness about the premises which impressed me sadly, but the lord and lady of the manor, Isaac and Margaret Willis, with their cordial greetings, soon changed my feelings, and I could have spent the rest of the day in their company. I

had never seen them before. Isaac was away when I lived with his father, but he was as friendly as if he had always known me, mainly, I think, from my short connection with the old homestead, and his desire to know conditions when I was there. He was eighty-four years old, and his life had been venturesome. A flatboat man on the Mississippi when he was but seventeen years old, he ran a bad chance for character spoilation, but he came out unharmed. One hundred barrels each of flour and whiskey made a load, and with these, and a half dozen toughs, the flatboat started for the gulf of Mexico. His companions tried hard to get Isaac to go with them on their jamborees on tying up at night, as they could only run in the daytime, but he was proof to their blandishments, and shunned their whiskey. Then they put his temperance ways to use by making him go along with them out along the river when drunkenness tumbled them in. This he did as an unselfish humanitarian, and to their salvation, and for so young a boy, this was to his credit. His first voyage was to Baton Rouge, and as Isaac pronounced the last part of the name "rogue" he hit it well, for that bad town, although as the flatboatmen generally "painted it red" on their stops, "rouge" was not inappropriate.

But flatboating gradually went out with the coming and perfection of steamboating, and Isaac was soon on one of a line of steamers plowing the waters of the lakes extending from Buffalo to Chicago as a fireman on the pay of \$16 per month. The engine was a low pressure affair, whose cylinder was five feet by ten, with a walking-beam attachment driving side wheels. At this he worked till after

1858, when he came back to his father's house, though not as a prodigal, and run his saw-mill, which was just after I left it, until the forests around St. Mary's Lake were laid low. On the table in the old-fashioned sitting room were books and papers, among the last a "Friends' Intelligencer," from whose contents the aged couple knew me. Two little grandchildren of two and four years living with them, emphasized the gap between the spring of infancy and the winter of old age.

This old couple and another Friend, George C. Case were the last of a once prosperous Quaker settlement at Battle Creek, and which was in fair standing when I was there, and Isaac was the last of the family to cling to the faith, the rest of a quite numerous family having wandered after strange gods, or entered into religious indifference. Margaret was a German and of another faith, but when Isaac settled down at his old home after his Ulysses-like wanderings and resumed his meeting attendance, Margaret, as she said, "became a Quaker like Isaac, for I could go to no other meeting but his." They had to drive five miles and Friend Case twelve to get to Battle Creek, and this they did weekly until the ones sitting with them died away. Then a wider space of time, covering first a month and then twice that, as when I was there. When bad weather came along George could not go the whole distance, then they would be as the "two or three gathered together" and meet in the old Willis farm house and have as good a meeting as would have the 3000 Adventists in their tabernacle down at the city. I would have liked to have seen the third of

the trio who had so bravely kept their meeting, even as had Horatius his storied bridge "in the brave days of old," but he was miles to the north and my combination of charioteer and engineer must not lose his place to gratify the sentimentality of his fare. The aged couple wished me to make a longer stay Isaac suggesting that I let my Jehu go off to his train and he would see that I got to the station in time, but much as I would have enjoyed their further company, I declined and left the homestead, with its aged humanity in such similitude, and in an hour was at Battle Creek.

Since then the aged pair have gone their way, as we all must go and to no longer worry about the decline of their meeting. As I saw that aged couple, so far down the hill of life, I thought much of what has been said of abandoned farms, and the little in this advanced age said about abandoned old folks fading away uncomplainingly. The children of these people were doubtless kind enough to them, but they were away.

The first place I visited on my return to Battle Creek was the old Friends' meeting house. The embodied spirit of improvement has marched that way, and the wagon-sheds have gone before it, while the humble place of worship has been shoved to the verge of the side-walk. Even the dead, some of whom have laid there for generations, have had to undergo an untimely resurrection. The city wanted a Park; the unmarked mounds and humble grave-stones were unsightly; the fence was forlorn, so, as there were few members left to interfere, the city council made a deal resulting in the acquisition of the meeting house grounds;

the terms being a money consideration, the removal of the dead in new coffins to another cemetery, and the allowance of the retention of the meeting house by Friends for their own use, if it was placed close to the pavement; all of which has been done. Winding walks, bordered with flowers and filled in with green verdure, with the lone gray meeting-house forced as far from its old position as could be, and called Fremont Park, mark the place where for more than sixty years the followers of George Fox worshipped. To show its abandonment from its Quaker uses, I see on the south end of the building a tin sign, gilt lettered, whereon is blazoned, "The Church of God; Divine services at 10 o'clock; Sunday School at 11." So the "High Roller," "Holiness," "Burning Bush" people, or some other "break off", for some such the advertised sect seems to be, will, for a time be the occupants of a building, wherein an "appointed meeting" may meet in an apologetic way. So there the weather beaten once home of a prosperous congregation sits by the wayside, "a ragged beggar sunning," robbed of its grounds, that they may make a visual holiday for the ethical of the Battle Creekers and, worse, robbed of its dead to be hidden away in a modern cemetery in modern coffins. This transfer of meeting house tenure from staid Friends to a sect of "New Lights;" of their dead from a humble field to the glamour of an up-to-date cemetery, seems of the irony of fate, further emphasized by the fact, that, while our Society is dead there, a Society which had in the first half-century of its existence martyrs to the number of from three to four hundred to the

death, and thousands to between thirteen and fourteen, punished by physical mistreatments, imprisonment and fines, and who suffered for the maintenance of the highest principles, a Society yet standing in its reduced numbers for Peace, Temperance and all the other high Philanthropies, another sect without a martyr since it started, a sect without any of the lofty Quaker ideals, but based on a mythical Second-Coming, has a church in the same city, which boastfully claims that its 3000 pews are weekly filled "Tis true, 'tis pity; pity 'tis 'tis' true."

It may be further said for the information of those who consider the Quakers, as a body, lacking physical courage from their peace principles, that when the test came, as it did in the time of the Civil War to defend their protest against human slavery, they did not fall behind other sects in their personal devotion to their humanitarian principles; rather the contrary, for, from ex-Speaker Cannon's assertion, and that of one who was of Southern Quaker descent, more enlisted from his society in proportion than from any other religious sect.

From the pathetic, abandoned meeting house, a shutter hanging loose, its immediate surroundings uncared for, so contrasting with the appearance of the adjoining Park usurping its grounds, I went to the Battle Creek Sanitarium, and what a change in sight and personel! The city is the center of Second Adventism, and that sect controls the health resort named. It was at the start built exclusively for the use of the invalids of that people, but there came a division of the sect; the more liberal being willing to concede that Seventh-day and the Sabbath did not mean the same,

and accepted the First-day of the week as a day of rest and worship, and the Sanitarium people go with the last, while the Orthodox moved to Indiana and there set up their tabernacle. Now any one, Christian, Jew or Gentile, can come here for treatment, and many of the officials are of other sects than Adventists. The head of the Hospital is Dr. Kellogg. Dr. Fletcher, the head of the "thirty-second chew movement" was there on my visit, but not "for keeps."

The hospital is an immense affair, and with a special guide, who for advertising purposes should have been less like a walking ghost than he looked, I saw it pretty well through. Huge, high wings start from a common point near the street entrance, and their apartments will accommodate one thousand patients, and the dining room will seat that many guests. This, with the cooking apparatus, is in the sixth, or upper story, where I started my sight-seeing. The neatly set tables, their silver, china and glass equipments for this is a high-priced place, the appliances for cookery, from pans, pots and kettles to bake ovens, and the absolute cleanliness pervading all, arrest the attention of the visitor, and impress him with the idea that this Sanitarium is a good place to be sick at, to eat in, if you have an appetite, and, I trust, no place to die in. But, taking it all in all, I do not want to get sick enough to have to go there, as, if you have the funds, it will cost you a pretty penny per week, and then the "extrys!"

The eating section has new features. The old quatrain refers to one's ability to live without books, but not without cooks and dining.

Now, here the guest must not only have an appetite, but a knowledge of chemistry and arithmetic. I have the menu for the day I was there.

First, be you a patient, one in a double sense, you must have a consultation with your special doctor, who will assign you your gastronomical wants. This is one of the formulas: You must check off your requirements, adding the amount of protein, fats and carbohydrates for the dishes selected, so as to bring the total to the amount prescribed. Don't eat too much nor too little. Find out from your doctor how many "calories" you should eat, and how much of proteins and fats. There should be ten per cent of protein. More than 2400 "calories" daily may be too much; 1000 may be too small, and your physician must be consulted at once. Compute each meal and make daily report to your medical advisor." Just think of putting your knees under the hospital mahogany with all this in your mind, when a glance at what elsewhere might be called your menu looks as if you might be an electrician going to dine on ohms watts, and kilowatts. You would need a barn door and a piece of chalk to cypher this out.

The diet here is strictly vegetarian, not that this is a part of the Adventists' religion, but it is because it is thought to be the best for the patient. Then, perhaps because the town got its name from bloodshed, and perhaps from reading these lines from Goldsmith's "Hermit":

"No flocks which range the valley  
free

To slaughter I condemn;  
Taught by the Power that pities me,  
I learn to pity them."  
nothing of animal life is eaten,

from the most placid of little neck clams to the meat of the bellowing monarch of the herd which roams the valley free." Even among the vegetables I did not notice salsify, or the oyster plant, or the beef-steak tomato on the menu, so the jewel, consistency, scintillates unchallenged here from criticism. The Christmas dinner, at the Sanitarium, with the lordly turkey absent, must seem as bare as the play of Hamlet with the Great Dane left out, but it is made up with extra cranberry sauce, while the soup loved by the portly alderman can be safely substituted with mock turtle. These good people are care free as to what would happen if the world were overrun with the increase of slaughterable animals beast, bird and mollusk, who might gnaw, peck or apply the action of the leech to the humanity which with a fine sense of kindness spared them, until in time the ancient food supply law prevailed. I doubt if Jack Johnson, colored pugilist and world's champion, late of Reno, Nevada, would have won his fight on such a diet as I found prevailing at the Battle Creek Sanitarium, but it would have saved some racial feelings and actions had he partaken of something less strenuous than he used. No meat, no fish, no fowl, no clams nor oysters. Even coffee and tea are barred. However cocoa, to the "sanitas" brand, "caramel cereals," milk, buttermilk, water and the like, are allowed with variations. There are thirty-four articles of diet, and opposite each are five figures, representing protein, fats, carbo, followed by "ounces" and "portions" representing the constituents of each to each owner and "portion." The last term is that quantity of any food containing

100 "calories" of food units. To find out the numbers of "calories," add the figures in the 1st, 2nd and 3d columns opposite articles to be eaten and foot up the extensions; mark each article eaten, sign bill of fare, and hand it to your doctor. The menu looks like the table of Logarithms I used to sweat over in my old time "Gummers' Surveying." Just think of having to "do" such sums before you eat. And if you be "like dumb driven cattle," and cannot calculate, what will you do, unless you have some one at your elbow like an "assisted" voter in his election booth. Really, if a person's mind was anything like as weak as his body would necessarily be, before having to go into this Sanitarium, he would be ready for the asylum.

We went from the dining room to the operating room, which showed that the establishment did not lack variety in its uses. While not likely to create an appetite in an incipient diner, and was suggestive, I could not help but note the cleanliness of everything around, from the operating table to the instruments, so, being properly etherized the patient could have a comfortable taking off or staying on. Then to the human aquarium. Here, with some stripped off to nature's habillements, and some just to its verge, we saw the patients under shower baths, or with the hose playing on them as if on fire; swimming and diving in a large pool, or stalking like sheeted ghosts, to and fro, as if hunting their earthly forms, till their exercises are begun and ended. There are rows of plate glass cages, called electric baths, where intense heat is turned on, until the victim sweats to the limit, though under the eye of an attendant, who

must watch him closely. I would not want to be on exhibition like these hospital inmates, but the show is a part of the curriculum of the health seekers, and they seem to take to it kindly, or because they have to. I will not name all the appliances I saw for the restoration of ailing humanity to health but every effort is made and methods used, and with effect to that end. This description is no advertising scheme, being all gratis work, but the Battle Creek Sanitarium is a wonderful place of its kind, and suffering humanity should thank its founders.

No contagious cases are admitted, not from selfish motives, but for the fear of spreading further disease among other patients. The principal ailments cared for are nervous troubles, disease of the stomach, and the like. The reduction and taking off of flesh is also a part of the treatment here. The sensitives in the latter cases can be seen going from their exercises or manipulations to the weighing scales to see what improvements or discouragements are in store for them. One man having his avoirdupois tested was the very likeness of a living skeleton. And then the "fatties!" They look worse in dishabille. The sight of both is enough to warn you to not get in either condition. The victim of lack of flesh from his sad face on leaving the scales, had gained nothing. That the fat may shrink lean, and the lean grow fat; the sick in body get well and the nervous wrecks get salvaged can only be the earnest wish of visitor to this Sanitarium as he looks at the hundred of health derelicts waiting their fates. But this is certainly an Ideal hospital.

While not now exclusively sectarian, the Adventist rules are observed in this Sanitarium, at least as far as keeping the Seventh day of the week for the Sabbath is concerned. About one-third of the residential area of the city is of this belief, so, while the other two-thirds go on in the way of other Christians, the Adventists, in their section cease to work in store, shop, farm or garden, and attend church. I do not think they go as far as to play base ball in the afternoon, and I am certain that their five-cent shows, if they have any, are not open at all as in other Christian cities. I learned that their 3000-seating church is well filled on their day of worship.

There is another Sanitarium in Battle Creek, differentiated verbally from the liberal Adventist one by having an "o" after "t" in place of "a." But it was never populated as a health resort, and, before starting in as a rival it was bought by Dr. Post, the great breakfast food man, who was expected to donate it to the city for a hospital, but why Battle Creek will need a permanently established hospital, with its one great healing institutions and health-food factories, I do not know.

And this brings me to the pure food works of Dr. C. W. Post, more than once, the multi-millionaire, but not now of this world. Here he began business in 1885 in a barn, and on a capital of \$500, and died in 1914 worth \$18,000,000 as a personal part of his estate. The company spent \$1,000,000 per year advertising two brands of their goods. The packing box factory is 80 by 350, and the other buildings in proportion; one each for the Post specialties. Eight towering stacks,

monuments of a thousand horse power, belch smoke above the works, but, as you pass through them it gives no sign, and as you go into the main office, a drawing room, instead of engine house and boiler house, is indicated.

As you enter the literary department, the office and advertising section, you go through an art gallery, where are a series of fine paintings. Then come the rooms official, special and general, which are also fitted up liking drawing rooms, also hung with pictures; the windows lace-curtained. From here visitors are taken through mill after mill, where thousands of bushels of wheat, corn and barley are boiled, pressed, baked, ground and baked into loaves. Then sliced and rebaked; ground again and granulated; then automatically boxed, loaded on the cars, and shipped all over the world. A train of cars is in front of the main shipping building all the time, loading and unloading. It is a wonderful plant, seething with business, and yet, whenever possible, the aesthetic is let in, and green, unshorn grass, on which artificial rain falls when needed, is spread between the buildings and ribboned with paths bordered with flowers. The small farm house the Doctor and his family first lived in, is kept intact, and is in the midst of the large buildings. And this is not all, for there is the "Post Addition," a suburb where the workmen live, a theater and a fine hotel, besides the Sanitorium, with an "o." This last, walls and chimney, is built with boulders and cement, a unique and grand affair, but tenantless. The Doctor had a castle in Connecticut and another in Mexico, but if he ever

had any "Castles in Spain" they were in the visions of his youth, to be replaced by the magnificent realities in Battle Creek in the years of his maturity. It is hard to speak in the past tense of this great business man, who so full of practicalities, should make such an unpractical exit from the world which had done so much for him. May he rest in peace!

In reference to Labor-Unionism, Dr. Post was to Battle Creek what General Otis is to Los Angeles—only more so. Otis, in his newspaper publishing house employs both classes of labor, Union and non-Union. The Post company will not hire a Union man. They pay good wages, treat their employees well and have no strikes. In the Doctor's time there was no threatened shut-down if he got his horse shod or automobile repaired by a non-Union mechanic. Before he would sacrifice principle to expediency, he would let the world go back to mush-and-milk or minute pudding and he was right. The tyranny which refuses to put on a non-Union horse shoe, or to repair an automobile made in a non-Union shop, is tyranny unadulterated, and from which the poor must eventually suffer with the rich.

I have spoken of Battle Creek being a city of feuds as well as foods. This contention is in somewhat of a triangular way, religiously through the prominent sect of the place; alimentary, in the way of its breakfast food factories, and therapeutically through its medical institutions. The first was the split among the Second-Adventists; the second was in the Sanatoriums, one of which "died a burning," and was bought out by Dr. Post. The third contention was in

the making of breakfast foods, and this was between Dr. Kellog, with "Corn-flakes" as a leader, and Dr. Post with his "Post-toasties," with which was mixed the Sanatarium strife. Dr. Kellog had a combination of two of his specialities—his hospital and breakfast food factory. Dr. Post had but one, the latter, but in 1910 he bought the opposition hospital, as if to make his contention dual, but he did not carry this out, and never will now. But the business he so successfully inaugurated will keep on as militant as of old; so in a sort of a Montague and Capulet way, there will still be some "biting of thumbs at one another" to the end of time, and Battle Creek will continue to live up to its name, and if health resorts and Breakfast food factories do not make the city as famous as beer has made Milwaukee, it will not be from lack of contention between Kellog and Post.

Before I left the city, hearing that one of the Ladies of the Lake, with whom I sailed around St. Mary's wooded waters, was still in the land

of the living, I sought and found her, but to meet with disappointment. She was not as young and comely as when we first met; did not know me and pretended to have "never known sich a person," as Mrs. Gamp would say, were she living. When she was logically cornered, she did not wish to renew the acquaintance, and I was somewhat easy about it, myself. Probably in the fifty-two years intervening I had changed as much as she had, and not for the better, and there was justification in her indifference.

So it would seem that while I found Battle Creek a very interesting place, I was disappointed in not finding some of the human landmarks I wished to see. The place was of note as the first step on a western journey which carried me back to the Pacific, and which I had built some hopes on, but was glad to leave, as it left me free to travel across plains and mountains to California.

And this ends my Continental Crossing.



## HOLMES' "HUNT AFTER THE CAPTAIN."

the land within the bounds of Philadelphia, Baltimore, Harrisburg and Hagerstown, and finally found him at the latter place and just starting for home, having sufficiently recovered from his wound. This was from a ball through the neck, and his escape from death was miraculous. He had been previously wounded at the battle of Ball's Bluff, on which occasion his father had less difficulty in locating him. Young Holmes served through the war with distinction, being advanced as the strife went on, and is now a member of the United States Supreme Court.

While interested in the article, stress of circumstances took it from my mind after reading it. The news of the disastrous battle of Fredericksburg about that time and preparations for our regiment going further south accounted for this. In fact the reading of "The Hunt after the Captain" has always been associated with the reception of the news of the battle of Fredericksburg, which fell like an affliction over all our camp, except for the chronic growlers and disloyalists, for there were some of these among the substitutes in the regiment. I well remember the night when the news of the reverse to our arms came, when, huddled on a platform car for transportation, we heard from a wayside camp the words of "My Maryland" or "The Bonnie Blue Flag," I forget which, coming through the darkness from some disaffected soldiers. The better part and the loyal were so disheartened at what they had just heard concerning the late disaster that the outrage was not resented as it would have been at any other time. The sad news and the traitorous song went to my heart, while the lack of resentment showed a condition of affairs the most discouraging,

He is more than a half century older, he is stouter, his hair is gray, so is the mustache, which is larger, then black and not much more than shading the lip, and in place of the blue uniform, shoulder-straped with a captain's insignia of rank, and "gleaming with buttons of brass," showing the worse for us from the two days' strenuities of South Mountain and Antietam, he now wears the sober dress of the civilian, save when on professional duty, when comes the conventional and conventional judicial gown of office.

This represents the externals of Oliver Wendell Holmes, Junior, whom, though I saw him but for a brief season, I feel justified in calling to mind, once noted as the son of the "Autocrat of the Breakfast Table," but now not needing the reflection from that luminary from having his own individual personality as soldier and jurist to popularize him.

It is more than fifty-one years ago, during a short interval of camp life, that I picked up a copy of an *Atlantic Monthly* and with the greediness coming from restricted opportunities, fell to reading an article with the above heading. Finding that, though in a minor degree, I was personally interested in the subject matter, my interest increased the further I read, for I found that I was in touch with one of the mentioned situations. The article was written by Oliver Wendell Holmes, and the Captain mentioned was his son of the same name. The hunt, which lasted a week, was to find the location of the young man, an officer in the 20th Massachusetts Regiment of infantry, who was badly wounded, or thought to be so, on the field of Antietam. Dr. Holmes, hearing of the object of his search being at different places, went to and fro over

although not to be wondered at, considering the disloyal mouthings of the disaffected of the North and the weak utterances of many of the loyal.

I did not expect to see this article of the elder Holmes again, except by looking over the files of the *Atlantic*. But it had been gathered into his works, where I lately came across it, and where I found it occupying a considerable part of a volume. An additional interest had been occasioned since my first perusal, for, after the battle of Gettysburg, my father had a similar experience in the way of misdirections, causing fatal delays in his case, for his son was dying when found. Holmes, as will be seen, brought his home alive and ready in time for fresh adventure.

Dr. Holmes showed his nature in various ways in the three-score pages of the "Hunt for His Captain." There is a little of the necessary and traditional hard-heartedness of the physician made apparent, and somewhat of the pedagogue in the airing of Latin words and sentences so that the average layman must consult a classical dictionary of quotations or lose their points; also a suggestion of "shop-talk," and between the lines evidence that, if he had ever belonged to the Sons of Temperance, he did not show bigotry now. But throughout this sample of the "Autocrat's" prose writings there is a fund of wit, sentiment and information which disarms criticism, and shows the elder Holmes all the man of letters he is credited with being.

The start of the article is a despatch received at midnight after the awful battle of Antietam, the sound of whose thunders and the scent of whose spent powder it was my lot to experience, without more than standing in a distant battle line wherein there was more danger of being shot by an inexperienced file-closer than by the retreating rebels on our flanks. It is my recollection that some of us felt somewhat shaky, or, to put it mildly, nervous, as our officers told us to "keep

cool and fire low." We were nothing more than State militia out of bounds, for our assigned place was north of the State line, though we willingly went beyond. For this waiving of rights, the National Government never recognized these ununiformed sons of Pennsylvania.

The despatch which went from Hagerstown, Maryland, to Dr. Holmes read: "Captain H. wounded, shot through neck, thought not mortal."

Then came the doctor's comments, shoppily professional. "Shot through neck? No bullet left in wound! Through a formidable array of bloodvessels and nerves, each as big as a lamp wick, and the spinal cord; ought to kill at once, if at all. *Thought not mortal*, or *not thought mortal*, which? The first? That is better than the second!" And so on in a similar vein. Then hurried preparations and an at once start for the front, and as yet unknowing where to go. It is Holmesy all through.

In the car there were friends of the Doctor, and these would fain divert his attention from a dreaded possibility. But with him "there was society where none intruded," and there are times when well meant sympathy jars on the nerves. "We are but human," is but a tautological platitude, but it is an excuse for claiming a right for the lowly to make comparisons with the most exalted, living or dead, and wherein no harm is done, for, if in the former condition, they are as much beyond caring for as in the latter. Thus, if I see any sameness in the experiences of myself and Holmes, it is while acknowledging myself in the comparison of a candle with an arc light!

It was in the second week of July, 1863. Although there was no connection with the North from where we were picketing the sluggish inland waters of South Carolina, we had, from the admission of Southern newspapers assurances that great Union victories had been won at Gettysburg and Vicksburg, and I, with the rest in the camp, was rejoicingly hailing the news;

but soon there came a letter from home which gave a shock to my feelings. This letter announced to me the sad fact that a brother had been killed in the first-named battle. Seeing the result of this news, Captain Hager, commanding our post, came to me and sympathizingly said: "Lieutenant, I know how badly you feel, let's have a game of cards, and you'll soon feel better." To say nothing of the ill-timedness of the suggestion of my friend, I was unlearned in the proffered palliation and kindly motioned my friend away. And it is for this that I could sympathize with Dr. Holmes in his avoidance of his Job's comforters. And, incidentally, I will mention that Captain Hager is long since dead, and that I know of but one of our commissioned officers living.

But the Breakfast Table Autocrat was not blinded to what passed before his eyes as he looked through the car windows, nor his thought as to their suggestions. He saw New Jersey as a suburb in mutuality with the great cities of Philadelphia and New York. Its apple orchards were their champagne vineyards in view of what their cider went to make, and the slow-moving mule-drawn canal boats were as blind men led by dogs. These thoughts must have been when he had made the more optimistic diagnosis of his telegraphic despatch.

In Philadelphia, towards which he felt the kindest and most patronizing feelings a dweller in America's Athens could vouchsafe, Holmes made his first search, but there he failed to find his son, for it was at the home of a friend in that city where the young man was traced after his former wounding. The Doctor had got his medical education at a Philadelphia college, and he leniently tolerated Boston fashion, the square angularity of the street corners, the red brick houses with their green blinds and white marble steps and window sills, as he did in his student days. The water works had a professional interest from the similarity of the action of their pumps

with those of the human heart, their *systole* and *diastole*—he might as easily have used the terms *expansion* and *contraction*, as applied to the throbbing seat of life—so impressing him. But the new-fangled suspension bridge at the Callowhill crossing of the Schuylkill was not to his liking. The staunch old Wernwag bridge which it had replaced, and which stood solidly on its feet instead of being hung in the air, like a pirate, was his kind of a river crossing. It was the palladium of the plain Philadelphia men of the olden time, and, unless like the Colossus of Rhodes, it again strides the river, those ancients will mourn its loss as did the Jews of old their fallen Jerusalem.

I am transcribing Holmes' thoughts and feelings at the different times he was in Philadelphia while passing through it in hunting for his soldier boy; in the stress of failing and the joy of finding, and during the short time of resting at the homes of friends on his homeward way. In those days the crowning glory in the way of hostelries was the Continental Hotel, which had usurped the pre-eminence the Girard house had before held, both of which, in filling the needs of an advanced age, have been relegated as back numbers by the upstarts on Broad street, even as they had eclipsed, and as unconcernedly, the down-town hotels, the "Merchants" and the "St. Charles," which in their day were the acmes of Philadelphia caravansaries. The Girard and the St. Charles got so low that "there were none so poor to do them reverence," and the first has been razed, and partly rebuilt into something foreign to its original design, while the last is a lodging house and restaurant, though of the better class.

In a happy mood, while leisurely on his homeward way from a successful find, Holmes, senior, attended an evening sitting at "Carnecross & Dixey's Opera House," on South 11th street, as he had in his long before student days. It was a place of amusement, rather rural, from its

market men's patronage, then midway in its popularity, and before "moving picture shows" and "nickelodeons," with their risqué attractions, had displaced its peculiar amusements, and made it almost unheard of men—and to absorb its *melange* of song and negro minstrelsy, with their local hits, as in his youth. The night was warm, and through an open window the bovine king of the constellation Aldebaran, from his sky-high perch looked him in the eye so pointedly and impressively that "Brudder Bones" and his black-faced drolleries were forgotten. Thinking a friend who sat at his elbow might be equally awed at the sight, he called his attention to the gleaming object, but, alas! the end man's drolleries so eclipsed "The Bull" that the starry Taurian passed unheeded down the sky, save to the Autocrat's eyes and feelings, alone, for the friend "couldn't see it."

In Holmes' goings to and fro he twice went through Frederick, Maryland, immortalized by Whittier in his somewhat weak-founded "Barbara Frietchie." The "clustered spires" introduced in the poem so conspicuously would make it seem that the Poet of Amesbury had previously read "The Hunt after the Captain," for Holmes uses the same phrase, and, at another time, "the group of the steeples," so they seemed to the Autocrat a feature of the place. In the lines:

"The clustered spires of Frederick stand,  
Green-walled by the hills of Maryland,"

those words first noted occur in "Barbara Frietchie," though speaking from personal observation, a visit I made to Frederick recently does not justify this prominence, as the churches there are not by any means bunched. Through my admiration for the Quaker poet, I wish he had used quotation marks in connection with the "clustered spires" phrase in question, and that Dame Frietchie's house had been located on the same street up which the "rebel horde" marched "with Stonewall Jackson riding ahead," which it was not: but she did hold a flag out of her window (not the

attic, for she was too weak from her coming fatal sickness to climb so high), which she waved, but it was on the next day for welcoming the Union troops who followed the Confederates to Antietam and who marched up the street beyond the creek from her house; but I doubt not, had "Stonewall" come her way, she would have shaken her "silken scarf" at him good and hard. It is a pity that we are so inclined to "beat the drum iconoclastic," to paraphrase, whenever occasions come, and, so seemingly, enjoy doing it.

Getting the "warmest welcome at an inn," so often quoted in a quatrain originated by the poet Shenstone and to show the conventional modern time lack of hospitality, is a saying which did not appeal to Holmes. A "toddy-mixer" at one of the hotels he put up at, pleased the Autocrat's fancy by patronizing himself, in that it cost nothing, "as it came out of the store," as the storekeeper's wife said, while drinking one of his own decoctions, and at the same time giving scant courtesy to a questioning "guest" by making him a pantomimic answer with a wave of one hand, while with the other he steered a glass of hot stuff to his mouth, in which act was a combination of surliness and inebriation. The "bar-keep's" Falstaffian form; the Bardolphian redness of his face, and his supreme indifference, as he crooked the "pregnant elbow," appealed to the author's artistic feelings. Holmes so naturally hated a hypocrite, that a non-professor, though brutally inclined, suited his style of ethics.

You have heard of the orthographical failure, who, during one of his bad spells "begged to differ with Webster." On the same lines, and at the risk of being thought comparatively egotistic, I go on another tack from the person mentioned and agree with Holmes about the temperature of the welcome given in a tavern. In 1902 I patronized a Manassas Junction hotel, run by a Shenstone landlord, so full was he of official warmth. "All things to all

men," he kotowed in a lingual way to each visiting "Yank" and "Johnnie." After some conversation with me before supper, in which the bloody chasm was neatly bridged, he told me he had a memento from the Bull Run battlefield, which I had just gone over, that he wished to show me. Unwrapping this with knowing winks, he exhibited a section of a human jaw bone for my amusement. He did not know if it was Federal or "Confed," but he called it a "trophy." He then, following Shenstonial lines, asked me to partake of what he called a "dram," as an appetizer for the approaching meal, which he then invited me out to, with a wonderment on his face as to why I declined a free drink. I may mention that the "feed" was greased up, Southern fashion, and it is needless to say there was, between the jawbone exhibit and the table *menu*, in which boiled cabbage sounded in trumpet tones, a condition that enabled the traditional "mine host" to make up a good profit from what his "guest" did not eat.

There were few towns on the way but what offered our doctor-author a chance to look for his wounded son in the extemporized hospitals, where, despite his anxiety, he could not help but show a professional interest. In one case lock-jaw had developed from a wound. In addition to the opiates which had been administered to the victim the Doctor suggested chloroform. It was met by the remark from the hospital surgeon that it might shorten life. "What then," said Holmes, "are a dozen additional spasms worth living for?" Here was opened up the question whether legalized homicide was justifiable in desperate cases, where death was simply a matter of time, which the Doctor, from what he thought a practical standpoint, could affirmatively answer. This to show that while Holmes was on what might be a grewsome pilgrimage, he could take up quite a lot of side issues. But the idea of a soldier, who had left home, friends and maybe a life of comfort

and ease, as so many of the country's defenders did, being officially killed to relieve pain from a wound from which there was a possibility of recovering! It would seem by this that the person who answered the remark of an employee, whose wages were disputed, of "Why, I must live" with "I don't see why," might have been a physician! Your "operator," who does the cutting, while the other fellow does the suffering, can be mighty cool!

As prisoners, or sick, or in hospitals, Holmes came across what were then known as plain "rebels," now euphoniously termed "Confederates," as a step-up from "our misguided Southern brethren." These were as much at his mercy as were his clinical or dissective subjects in his student days at the "Jefferson," though I doubt much but what he showed as much reverence or feeling as the average embryo doctor does, whether that is showing much or little, any more than that the victim on the table could not "talk back" from death or its etherized semblance. To a young rebel who was speaking disparagingly of the Northerners, the question was asked: "Did you ever see a real Yank?" "Yes, and shot 'em too!" Asked why they were in the rebel army, the answer came from well and wounded, such as "To fight for our homes," or "for the excitement of it." The Doctor had the poor "rebs" at his mercy.

An old recitation in our schoolboy days was:

"New England's dead, New England's dead,  
On every field they lie,  
On every field of strife made red  
By bloody victory,"

and reading the death-roll of Antietam, its sectional losses coming out from Holmes' story show it. But New England was not alone in great Union losses. And I can substantiate this from my own home county, two companies of which were in the 128th Pennsylvania volunteers. The one from my own neighborhood lost, in killed and wounded, twenty-five out of seventy-

five, five of whom were killed outright, while some of the wounded suffered amputations and the death of others was hastened from their wounds. One pathetic case was that of Manoah Geary, a young school teacher when he enlisted, talented and patriotic. After he was home from the hospital and his time of enlistment out he was made a Republican candidate for a county office and was defeated by the party in majority, thankless for his unselfish devotion to his country. There was a draft approaching, and it was well for the disloyal to have someone to vent their spite on. Geary has long been with the silent ones beyond the river. I could have some sympathy with him as I ran for a legislative office the same year and went down also, though I was less deserving. In canvassing the upper end of my county, which was shaky in reference to loyalty, I was tactless enough to wear enough of my uniform to show where I came from, and the "blue and brass" were as deterrent towards getting Democratic help for me as was poor Geary's leg left at Antietam for him when he was gunning for votes in the same section. The casualties in our local company came from the enemy hidden in the cornfield, the victims having been in service but six weeks, and that in camp.

Our "emergency" militia got on the field too late, or was it too late? to participate in the glories of the Antietam battle, but we saw enough.

As the Doctor went on his errand, by his side, and on similar bent, was a Massachusetts man. At a halting station a telegram was handed the latter saying that the dead body of his son was awaiting him at Hagerstown. The wounded and dead from the awful casualty list at Antietam, running up to 12,000, outside of those lost at South Mountain two days before, showed college professors, and the sons of college professors, doctors, lawyers, men well up in the political world, or their sons, or others high in life, a class,

who in other sections showed their patriotism vicariously, by eloquently urging the common herd to go and fight their country's battles, or by hiring substitutes, were they unhappily caught in the draft. There were many of these first aids to their wounded country from New England, despite the talk that the Abolitionists would do their fighting with their tongues, and their heroism in death, or in the bearing up from their suffering from their wounds, was impressive to our Doctor.

"As ships that pass in the night," the captain and professor came within eight miles of each other. There being a mislead, the latter went three or four hundred miles to get to the same point, passing through Frederick, Baltimore, Philadelphia and Harrisburg, at the latter place to hear that his son was at Hagerstown where he had been for a week. Thither he started at once, and, entering an east-bound car, "the first one, fourth seat to the right," the Doctor found his captain:

"How are you, Boy?"

"How are you, Dad?"

And this is the end of the sixty-paged story, and with such an antithesis! Really, were it not for the standing of the characters, and the sentiment back of it all, I might use the hackneyed phrase, "What a jump from the sublime to the ridiculous!"

The cleavage of the loyal from the disloyal in Maryland seemed to have its climax in Hagerstown. Neighbors, and even families, were separated. A patriotic and undivided family was that of Mrs. H. Kennedy, a widow of means, with two grown-up girls in the household, who lived in the residential part of the town. Holmes well describes a battle as a vortex which draws in the combatants from different directions, swirls them around, holds their dead, and sends the living, maimed or sound, centrifugally, from the bloody maelstrom. Among these last, Mrs. Kennedy saw a young man, pale of face, with halting steps, and a neck bound around

with a thick bandage, whom she at once went out to, and invited to the hospitality of her home; and here the captain of our story was for the week named, and thence went the telegram which brought his father to the home bringing.

It was on the afternoon succeeding the Antietam battle that three Pennsylvania boys of the "emergency" militia, who had not hesitated to "cross the line," enjoyed for a while the hospitality which a seat on the front porch of Mrs. Kennedy granted. The lady's kindness was soon well known to Union soldiers—too well known to some, for many were thankless ones, and who doubtless were among the nervous when the test of battle came, left this haven when they found that pie, cake and ice cream were not included in the widow's handout, for I saw them leaving the house grumbling. I was one of the trio named as seated on the Kennedy porch, the two others being young journalists, and full of discussion. While there the front door opened and a somewhat tall and slender young man with a small, dark moustache, and with his neck swathed up as if being treated for diphtheria entered. He wore the shoulder straps of a captain, his home-name was Oliver Wendell Holmes, Jr., and he was the wounded soldier whom the "Autocrat of the Breakfast Table" was so long finding. He was nonchalantly smoking one of the cigars of the country, but how he performed that function according to the laws of pneumatics, with a hole through his neck was past finding out. I only know that the leaden perforation came near depriving, eventually, the United States Supreme Court of a valued member, besides the Union army of two more years' service of a soldier who further distinguished himself before his time had expired.

Those were the days of pro-McClellanism and conservatism among army officers and the rank and file themselves, given to indisposition to "fight for the nigger." Young Holmes was by no manner of means

disposed to be of this class, and it was a pleasure to hear his untrammelled talk, which justified the immediate abolition of slavery, the arming of the negroes as Union soldiers, the punishment of the leading rebels, and, if I remember rightly, the "damning with faint praise" the military hero of the hour, General McClellan, words just then almost meaning military ostracism in a Union officer. It was our thought that he went too far in his radicalism at a time when the Border States were so hard to keep in line for the Union, and when the Democrats were fast getting in the political saddle in hitherto strong, Republican States, as confirmed in the later elections. We were not in touch with young Holmes throughout, I am sorry now to say, but were glad to see his independence in outspoken words, so different from the time serving then prevailing. This, and his living up to his convictions by risking his life for his country, together with his advancement to his present position, makes me read with added interest "My Hunt after my Captain."

It may cause wonderment that this soldier, even though able to smoke a cigar when wounded in so vital a part and who could perform the vocal service necessary to argue against the prevailing sentiment of the time, voiced generally by Union officers and which even dominated the actions of the administration, would yet remain a week in Hagerstown, instead of hurrying home. But, as Holmes, Senior, says, a strenuous year in the service, wherein Ball's Bluff, the "On to Richmond" campaign, the Second Bull Run and the windup of South Mountain and Antietam, justified young Holmes in "playing soldier," in the general use of the term and of taking things easy, even if but for a week, after so long working the part and lingering in the genial hospitality of the Kennedy household, where the female portion were by no means mature. I am presumptuous enough to have a fellow-sympathy with him myself, though on

different lines. I well remember, after nine months' hardships in crossing the plains and tramping around California, my two weeks of culminating ease in San Francisco before "steamer day," when, instead of being filled with homesickness, I dallied away the time, matterless of its prolongation; in fact, wishing that the steamer might be delayed. The overstrung bow loses its tension. Let it rest awhile and it will send the next arrow further and stronger. Young Holmes had a needed, if wondered at, rest in Hagerstown. Going home he finished getting mended up, when to the front again he went, again "to fight for the nigger," and win promotion. He was hardly twenty-one when I saw him as a captain. He is now well on in years and I trust happily married; if so, in the fitness of things, his wife should have been one of the Kennedy girls, who so kindly cared for him in stress.

Of a difference, because the end of one was tragic, and the other not, but sufficiently similar to bring into mention, was the culmination not far from the Maryland town, of an occurrence I have alluded to, and not ten months later, besides, there was a personal contact therewith. This was when my father, on lines similar, and nearly as circuitous, was striving to learn the fate of a son whom he had reason to think had fallen at Gettysburg. Arriving in a rude conveyance in the darkness of an early morning, accompanied by a strange, mysteriously appearing dog, which partly followed, partly led, to the end of his mission, and which left him as mysteriously as he came when the mission seemed to be over, my father at last reached the Third Corps field hospital. Going from ward to ward, from which, silently but openly, were being carried out one by one those who, "after life's fitful fever, slept well," a voice came across the cot-lined aisles where lay the sick and wounded relics of the battle towards the travel-stained seeker of his son, "Here I am father."

There was then a further recognition,

next a wandering of the mind towards home scenes of the wounded soldier, then a repetition of the words of command and advance which preceded his mortal wounding, and then a merciful death. There was a coincidence in the two meetings, but what a difference in the feelings bringing the salutations!

I conclude this article with some transient remembrances brought back from our nearby presence on the 17th of September 1862, to the battlefield of Antietam, and whose clamor was so manifest, and whose human flotsam and jetsam was so before our eyes the next day, and how the sounds came to our ears, and the smoke to our nostrils. The cannonading and the underlying volleys of musketry sounded distinctly, the odor of sulphur came, though faintly, through the heavy summer air, the smoke of battle was plainly seen, while in the early morning came the sight of the hundreds of wounded who would bear transportation to their homes or distant hospitals. In ambulances, in rude vehicles (Holmes' conveyance was a milk wagon), or on foot, where there were no wounds in their legs to prevent, they came into Hagerstown, to lie along the suburban roads and lanes near the depot. Many were little more than boys, but when the nature of their wounds allowed of it, they showed a cheerfulness which was remarkable, perhaps from the fact that the most of them were furloughed for home. The humble dead were being buried where they fell; those of rank were lying in a sort of state in public buildings in readiness for an early sending back whence they started a year, or maybe but a few weeks, before, so full of hope, and unselfishness in their devotion to their country. Among these was Col. Samuel Croasdale, from our county and of the 128th regiment mentioned, whose body lay in the Court House. The more fortunate of the wounded found temporary refuge in the private homes of loyal citizens among whom was the captain of our local



company. By night the dead on the field were buried, the Union soldiers with all possible care and their graves marked, while the Confederates, in many cases, received interment discreditable to the burial squads. One marker read, "In this hole lie the rebel General Anderson and eighty other rebels."

Army wagon after army wagon, loaded with muskets and accoutrements, thrown away by the wounded or dropped by the dead, were coming into town on the 18th and 19th for further transportation to distant Government depots. Numbers of muskets had two or more charges in them, rammed down through the excitement of the moment, or the inability of the men behind them to know under the din whether or not they had been discharged. A rifle I brought home with me had three cartridges rammed down its throat. Through the splintering of the stocks and the bending of the barrels, from being run over by the artillery in changing position, thousands of the muskets were useless.

Down on the battlefield was a ghoulis feast for the abnormal among the "emergency men," who had got as far as Hagerstown and for the less patriotic followers, who at first came as far as the State line, and then halted till they found that Lee with his army was in retreat, when they boldly came forward. Many partook of the feast in a visual way, then to come back and vent their shocking experience on those who did not relish such scenes. But I am getting away from the subject matter of this paper, and conclude by saying that the ununiformed volunteers from Pennsylvania got more than they expected to get when they left home.

The day after the battle I saw one of

the most impressive sights of my life. It was the remnant of Colonel Kenly's Second Maryland regiment marching through Hagerstown along the Williamsport pike and in the wake of Lee's retreating army whose crossing of the Potomac had created much excitement in the North, particularly in Pennsylvania, and to such an extent, and to meet which, such thousands of undrilled militia had been rushed to and across the southern boundary of the State. This was the scant portion of a border state regiment, and, coming from a slave holding section, which was tenderly dealt with by the national government, its passing was loudly cheered by the loyalists along the roadway, among whom were many of the slightly wounded from the preceding day's battle, in which they had mutually participated. But the shattered battalion put a good face on the matter as it jauntily marched along, with its saved, though tattered flag, and singing as they went the hymn with its chorus of, "Hallelujah! Hallelujah! We're a happy little band, Hallelujah!" then prevalent. It sounded pitiful, and seemingly forced, and in conformity with the thinned ranks of the marchers.

But what have this and other interjections of this article got to do with "My Hunt after the Captain"—this reverse title to "Japhet in search of a Father." Certainly more than a prosaic license in connecting them with Holmes' story, for these sidelines were incident to a Union victory, which was in turn incidental to the Emancipation Proclamation of President Lincoln, who was holding this for issuance as soon as a national success, such as the Antietam victory, would put the North in a mood for its reception T. S. K. 1



# AN ECHO FROM THE FAR PAST

I initiate this article with a paragraph from "The Deserted Village," published in the first volume of my "Personal Recollections and Travels":

"Each time I visit my old home among the laureled hills of the Cuttalloosa, I look up at a corner of the house facing the northwest and just above the level of the second floor, for there is imbedded some boxed up writings and newspapers, walled in by the masons at the time of its erection at the behest of brother Robert and myself in 1856. The writings were in prose and verse, the nature of which was concerning present conditions and predictions for the future, no doubt, but in the long lapse of years I cannot distinctly remember; besides some contemporaneous matters of future interest (newspapers as it turned out), so I would give a great deal if some seismic shock would deliver this "corner stone," made of wood, to the light of day, without serious injury to the real estate it is connected with, or to the life or limb of those interested, that I might read the contents of the papers. I may say that there is no egotism in this announcement, as the immuring of the box was without the public display of such occasions, wherein speech making and brass bands have their innings."

This house, the "Laurelton," had somewhat of a pathetic history. Erected to save a debt owed my father by a lumber firm, and in a locality where a resale

could not realize the original cost, our family moved into it in the fall of 1856. One by one the children left their home, never to return, till in 1868 the death of my father caused a resale of the family holding. Then, on the settlement of the estate, the writer bought the "Laurelton House," so named from the forest of rhododendrons growing on the slopes back of the premises, my brother Robert doing the naming. To show the depression of residential property in this neighborhood depending on public business, this house costing \$3000 on the start, in ten years sold for \$2200, and ten years after for \$1600, and a few years later, after much expense from fitting up by a subsequent purchaser, for \$2000. After another transfer there came a fire destroying the woodwork, leaving not even all the walls, when the whole property, including a good barn and two acres of land, sold for \$300. This also included two noble shade trees of the forest primeval, back of which the house was built, and which were disposed of for saw timber, while the barn was sold from its foundations to recoup the purchaser for his venture. Then, with everything portable removed, the next sale was for \$40, at which value it remained for years, a neighboring artist being the last buyer with the idea of decorating it with ivy and other sentimental hangings, deeming it worth that much as a semblance of an Old World ruin. This idea not holding,

there came a resale the present year to another Bohemian, but one less sentimental, who decided that he would razee and raise the old fire- and time-thrown walls till a bungalow was created. And now, instead of the noble house of six gables and three stories, there is a squat parody on the original structure.

Not looking for this I was surprised one morning to get word that the long-buried box alluded to in the inception of this article had come to light. In tearing down the front wall, just above the second floor, as I had placed it, the long hidden coffer was found intact after its fifty-eight years immurance.

On the erection of the building, and when the walls had got two feet above the second floor, my brother Robert and I conceived the notion of building in this box after placing therein some newspapers and a written article from each of us. It eventuated that the newspapers were the *New York Tribune* and the *Bucks County Intelligencer*, both teeming with interest from the current Kansas troubles and the then recent assault on Charles Sumner by Preston S. Brooks of South Carolina, with comments on the affair by journals North and South; events intensely interesting then, and still so, as precursors of the Civil War, for the vile justifications of the attack by newspapers of the South and the indignant protests from their compeers of the North, backed up by their constituents, could have but one ending in the coming few years. Of course there was little idea of the box and its contents ever coming to light in the life time of those interested, the corner stone laying being merely a matter of sentiment, and done without ceremony. Since the fire, some twelve years ago, and the probable tearing down or falling of the walls, from the neglect of the house rebuilding, and the poor protection given the papers from not being encased in a copper box, tightly sealed, in the usual way of corner stone laying, but enclosed in an ordinary wooden box, I thought the enclosures would be but a mass of mouldy pulp from the entering dampness. The owner of the

walls on their dismantling was surprised on coming across this box, but enquiry of a previous owner who knew the circumstances of its placing, brought me in touch with him, and, after some delay the box and contents came into my possession; the first in good condition, but not all the last, for time and dampness had been too much for them.

The box was of white pine, 12x6x3 inches dimensions outside, with inside measurements of two inches less each way, so that the careless removal of the decaying papers caused much deterioration. My paper was in such crumbling sections, and so discolored by mould, that the few words are so disconnected that a continuous article is impossible, but there is enough to show a combination of sentiment and prediction composed in rather grandiloquent style, wherein is shown an overstock of confidence in whatever stranger discovers the contents in the far future, in the way of appreciation. The handling of these papers through an inch aperture was the cause of so little of my paper being intelligible, which is regrettable to me, if to no one else. But I can give a more favorable report of the paper of my brother, its writing being preserved by it being folded in the *Tribune*, while mine was uncovered. While the writing was pale, every word, or so nearly so that good connection could be made, was legible, so the poem, for such it was, can be given in its entirety. As can be seen, it is in Hiawathan style of rhythm and absence of rhyme, Longfellow's poem of "Hiawatha" which was very popular, having just come out. For a lad so young, the poem is remarkable in the cutting off of the "A" in America to make the word suit the meter, and the instances in which the last word of one line is repeated in the beginning of the next. Carrying out the thought expressed in the poem is a sketch of the building as it might appear in two centuries drawn on the margin of the writing, representing an ivy-grown ruin, and showing a dual talent, that of pen drawing and written description. Underneath are the words: "Remains of Kenderdine Cas-

tle," the name "Laurelton House" with which he afterwards sponsored it, not having then been suggested to him.

There is a poem called "The Builders," which suggests my naming the mason portion of those who erected this home. There were the three Moods, Levi, Amos and Monroe, in a way suggesting the Imperative, Indicative and Potential Moods, only Levi, the boss, was too "mild a mannered gentleman" to be imperial in his commands, and then there were, playing minor parts, Henry Berger and George Connor. The latter met his death during the work from falling off a scaffold, which, like Right, according to the poem, he should forever have stuck to, instead of deserting it from over-indulgence in strong waters. Besides these there was a tramp mason, "Jim," last name forgotten, whose company I much enjoyed during noon spells. At that time I was filled with *wanderlust*, and this masonic tramp having been a roving Ulysses much of his time, even acting the role of Iago, so far as enjoying "moving incidents by flood and field," for he was on a man of war part of the time and in which service he chased pirate on the Spanish Main, so as listener and narrator we made an appropriate conjunction. His mounting the side of a sea-rover, with its sign of the skull and crossbones, with his boarding-pike alternately clutching the sides of the ship, and armed with cutlass and pistol, made me think this job fit for a Briarius or an octopus rather than for a mere two-handed Jackie. And then his fight with the pirates after mounting the deck of the "Jolly Roger," who, of course, outnumbered them, but were overpowered! These incidents are "only matters of detail," except that I will add, what in these days of trades unions and consequent strikes is a thing which is hardly believable; these masons worked from sun till sun for one dollar and five "levies" a day and "found themselves."

And well I remember the wonderment of the section of workmen on the northwest corner of the house as we asked them to wall in the box of documents, as there

was nothing practical about the matter in their minds, but they did their part well, and if the contents of the box came out the worse for wear the fault was not with the builders.

In connection with this I will say that but six weeks before my brother in his wanderings up the Cuttalossa cut his name and date of carving in the bark of a beech tree with the words "For Futurity" underneath the text, though this was not known by others until years after his death. Like him the tree is gone.

As we saw the box built in the walls of the Laurelton House little did we think that in a few years a war would come to our then peaceful land which would carry us both from home, and that when he came back to the house he named it would be as a soldier dead from the field of Gettysburg, to pass in and out of the door of his old-time home to his burial in the graveyard of his meeting.

Since I wrote my account of this Quaker soldier in a previous volume, I learned of a captain in his regiment who, from his known education, wanted him for a clerk in his company, but that the answer of the young zouave was: "I enlisted to fight and not to write, and my wish is to remain with my regimental color guard!" The captain also remarked the use of the "plain language" in the soldier's conversation among his comrades.

The following is the poem alluded to, and written when the author was but fourteen years and a half old. The date of the writing is June 9, 1856.

"When young 'Merica has vanished  
From the face of earth forever;  
When a set of sturdy masons  
This great castle will demolish,  
They will find this ancient relic,  
Relic of the ancient ages,  
Ages which have passed and faded.

"But, however, if the masons  
Don't improve from what they are now  
When two centuries have gone by  
They will cast, perhaps, this relic  
In among the stones and mortar;  
But I hope some kindred genius  
Will be working o'er the masons  
When they tear down this old castle  
And pick up this ancient casket,

Think not there is gold within it,  
But which is far better, Knowledge,  
Knowledge fills this old-time casket.

"When they find this good old 'Tribune,'  
And 'Intelligencer' with it,  
They can see just how old papers  
Centuries ago were printed.

"When they know that we are ashes,  
Of our failings they will think not,  
But on what is *vice versa*.

"If you want to know this author;  
Author of this famous poem:  
Here his name is:

ROBERT KENDERDINE.

This being the first poem that my brother had written it is proper that I should give his last, written the year of his death, and just after the disastrous battle of Chancellorsville. With the graves of its victims around him, and with the feeling that poor leadership had caused the needless sacrifice of life, there was nothing to inspire a cheerful poem, but a brave, trusting heart is shown throughout the lines. A born school teacher, how his vocation came into his thoughts—a vocation so at variance with the dread trade he assumed when he became a soldier. In less than two months he lay dead at Gettysburg.

#### AFTER THE BATTLE.

A breeze is playing across the sky;  
It flaps the tent that covers my head;  
It seems to laugh; now it seems to sigh—  
A cheer for the living, a sob for the dead:

It is not sweet, for it scents of death,  
Yet it cools the heat of the burning cheeks;

It chases the hospital's feverish breath,  
And the dens of pale disease it seeks.

A star looks in at the parted door;  
Its yellow lashes are quivering too;  
'Tis watching to find who comes no more—

'Tis weeping over the living few.  
The moon looked down on that beautiful night,

'Mid the cannon's roar and the rifle's trill;

She wept as he passed from the dreadful sight—  
And tearful she hides beneath the hill.

We hear no more the plowman's voice;  
The pleasant murmur of household toil;  
Do the strains we hear make us rejoice?

Is the life we witness but turmoil?  
Here and there is a patch of green,  
Girdled by wheel ruts all around;  
A lone tree, startled, peers over the scene,  
For its brothers gone from the barren ground.

Dead, dead, is the trampled, blackened earth:

Ah, no! Beneath this sheltering clod  
A flower has sprung to a beautiful birth:  
It opens its eyes bent straight towards God.

Come to me, lone one; a thousand dreams  
At thy sweet bidding are springing up;  
I glide o'er the waves of life's fountain streams

At thy glances, my buttercup!

The sun scarce moves through the burning arch,

Slow falls the trampling of many feet,  
I feel the sweat of the toilsome march,  
The lips are parched with the dust and heat.

A troublous thought is coming this way,  
A sigh is tapping for entrance, too,  
The steel of my rifle seems lead to-day,  
These straps are cutting the shoulder through.

There's something lying upon the ground,  
A tiny scrap of a ruined book;  
A thousand to-day I've passed around—  
But this! it has a familiar look.  
I glance it over, and ere aware  
My face is wreathing itself a smile;  
How easy my knapsack now I bear,  
How kindly shortened is many a mile!

'Tis naught but a part of a primer's leaf,  
With a little cut in the corner still,  
The great plain type, the sentence brief—  
The first light step up learning's hill:  
'A Trot-ting Horse, A Lit-tle Boy,  
The Horse can run, The Boy can ride;  
T-o-y, toy, J-o-y, joy,"  
And maybe a little else beside.

No matter: I'm living a life again  
Among a little and earnest crowd.  
Oh, sweet is the childish treble when  
The chorus is opened quick and loud!  
The echo is playing about my ear,  
It chimes with the tap of the rattling drum,  
The foot falls firmer, the heart gains cheer,  
As gentle thoughts of those children come.

'Twas but a scrap, but a world of wealth  
To find in this universe of war,  
Where happy dreams come but by stealth,  
Where souls are tried as ne'er before.  
It breathed of halcyon days and peace,  
Ere traitors cursed our beautiful land;

It whispered of time when strife should  
cease,  
And Right crush down the traitorous  
band.

For God will give us victory,  
We join our hands and we join our  
hearts,  
We'll fight again as valorously;  
Again the hot blood determined starts,  
A sword shall flame out against the sky,  
A leader to lead us will soon be born;  
Our banner—for thee is our battle cry  
No star nor stripe from thee shall be  
torn!

Near Potomac Creek, May 14, 1863.

I will make a brief allusion to the contents of the two newspapers walled in with the manuscripts, the *Tribune* being in fair condition for the time it had been hidden in the damp walls, while the *Intelligencer* barely held together. The first was a strong Republican and anti-administration paper and had a large circulation all over the Northern States, the weekly having 165,000 subscribers, then a large number. At first, Horace Greeley, the editor, was for letting "our deluded Southern brethren depart in peace," but after the firing on of Fort Sumter he was for a vigorous prosecution of the war, and, among other editors of his class shouted the "On to Richmond!" cry, till, unprepared, there was a premature advance, resulting in the Bull Run disaster. This over-urging he publicly regretted, and was prudently loyal to President Lincoln until before his second nomination when he caused much embarrassment to the administration by his super-interference by urging a conference of rebel commissioners and a similar body appointed by the national Congress for settling the impending differences and putting an end to the war. He next stultified himself by going on Jeff. Davis' bail bond, after his arrest, and finally Greeley left the Republican party, and in 1868 ran for President on the Democratic ticket; was overwhelmingly defeated, and soon after died shorn of his mental and physical strength, a condition further brought on by the lingering death of his wife, who had previously gone insane.

The leading articles are concerning the Kansas outrages and the attack on Sen-

ator Charles Sumner by Preston S. Brooks, a Congressman of South Carolina for words spoken in debate derogatory to Senator Butler, of the latter State, and an uncle to Brooks, his fellow "fire-eaters," as well as towards the latter class generally in the far South. Butler, however, was particularly singled out, and after him his State. Sumner compared Butler to Don Quixote, with the institution of slavery as his Dulcinea del Tobosa, thus: "He has chosen a mistress to whom he has made his vows, who, though ugly to others, was beautiful to him; who, though polluted in the eyes of the world, was chaste in his sight; I mean the harlot, slavery." The frenzy of Don Quixote in behalf of his "wench, Dulcinea del Tobosa", is elaborated in a long, sarcastic speech. Senator Butler being a man in years, his nephew took up his cause, and after the adjournment of the Senate sneaked up behind Sumner while he was leaning over his desk and mercilessly beat him into unconsciousness with a cane. It was a long time before his victim recovered from his injuries so that he could again take his seat in the Senate. Strange to say, like Greeley, Sumner renounced his allegiance to his party, and, carrying his forgiveness to the extreme of pleading the cause of the South as to the repatriation of the leaders of the Rebellion, died respected by neither former friend nor by foe. The *Tribune* of May 31st, 1856, is filled with denunciations of the slave power which was back of "Bully" Brooks in the assault on Sumner, who never recovered therefrom; in fact it was thought that the beating on his head, which resulted in unconsciousness, was the occasion of the partial dementia which caused him to bow to the power which smote him down.

Much of the paper is taken up with a review of "The Works of John C. Calhoun," so apropos to the condition of the country at the time of the issue of the book. Calhoun's specious arguments against the Federation of the States, and his justification of the economical value of slavery, are forcefully replied to by the *Tribune's* reviewing critic. To add force

to it all, are scare-heads over accounts of the Kansas outrages, which might have well capped the war news of five years later, such as "The War is Now On," "The City of Lawrence Destroyed," "Many Killed."

And now I come to the other paper, the *Bucks County Intelligencer*, in worse condition than the other, but both of which I was obliged to cut into small sections at the seams to make the pages hold together till I had deciphered them. Beginning at the advertisements, despite the thought of their lacking interest, the headings attract attention now as they were intended to do then. "Sebastopol Taken, and the Country Safe," heads a Doylestown merchant's advertisement, and is doubly significant, from the late success of the allies over Russia, these allies being England, France, Turkey and Italy, and that our nation, then threatened with disunion from the talk and threats in Congress and the fighting in Kansas, would get salvation from the cheapness of Vail & Garron's store goods. "Tremendous Excitement" heads another ad. and still another, "Don't Read This," and some others. Then follows, "Good Morning, Neighbor Jones, Which way so Early? Why I am going to Aaron Kratz's to get a carriage I bespoke some time ago," and after fifty-six years, Aaron, gray in beard and hair, but as of old genial in face, is still doing business at the old stand, and making his annual trips to Atlantic City, as he has done on his birthday for the last fifty-five years.

It was the day when the "divine afflatus" was commercialized and did duty in the way of advertising one's business. So under the heading of "Don't Read This" Uncle Nathan Good "drops into poetry" in the way of Silas Wegg. He was not a literary man, and could not have read Dickens' "Our Mutual Friend," wherein the immortal Wegg was exploited and, more to the point, had not read Bayard Taylor's "The Arab to his Horse," though Nathan's poem is of a similar tenor, and every bit as refined to the mind of the average reader. It refers to his great Saladin, and the adulatory rhymes have a

scope of ten lines, of which I feel free to give but two:

"He has the purest blood  
That is in the Land of Nod,"

and Taylor could not have said more than that of his pet Arabian.

Good old great uncle! Good by name and good by nature; a type of primitive times. As honest as the day was long, even as the 21st day of June, he laid up little of what moths could corrupt or thieves break in and steal, but, as good friend and neighbor, he had the love and respect of his fellow men. For two generations, as sexton of the house and grounds of Buckingham meeting, he dug many a grave and patted the arching sods over as many of his fellow mortals, and as an undertaker he made the coffins enclosing their forms. Doubtless, as the trade kept such in stock, he had made his own casket, even as my grandfather, a sawyer, sawed the walnut boards which made his.

Moses Hall, of Spring Valley, was another follower of Silas Wegg as a dropper into poetry, and sang the praises of his store goods:

"Moses P. Hall,  
Ladies and gents, all,  
Give me a call,  
I'm bound to satisfy all."

While the meter is limpy it is practical poetry, and doubtless brought customers who dwelt less on that than on the quality of Friend Hall's goods.

Sixty years ago seems pretty well back for the extensive use of fertilizers, but I find some fifteen dealers in that line of goods, mainly in Peruvian guano and poudrette, although I see an advertisement of "Mapes' Super Phosphate." From the cut of a barrel heading some of the ads. I suppose many of the "containers" were of that class.

A call appears for a county meeting to name delegates from this congressional district to the National Republican Convention to nominate candidates for President and Vice President to be held in Philadelphia, the first to be named from that party, but recently organized. There



were 360 names to the call, not one of whom is living to my knowledge. I was too young to be a voter, but I find the names of my father and brother Watson in the list.

Like the *Tribune*, the *Intelligencer* is full of matter relating to the Kansas outrages and the assault on Charles Sumner.

In the "Humorous Department" there is a parody on the familiar nursery poem beginning,

"Who ran to help me when I fell,  
And kissed the place to make it well,  
And then did pleasant stories tell?  
My Mother."

and written by Tom. Hood, who after bringing in a dozen of his relatives, from stepmother to the nearest relative, winds

up with:

"Through all this weary world, in brief,  
Who sympathizes with my grief,  
Or shares my joy—my sole relief?  
Myself!"

Those were the days when the "nibs" of jokes had to be underscored to make an unsensitive reading public catch on to them.

And now, through with the deciphering and describing the written and printed contents of the box walled in for near six decades, I gather up the torn, mouldy fragments and lay them away, thankful that I got my young brother's poem in its entirety, even if my own efforts for post-mortem exploitation have resulted in but crumbling pieces of paper.

Who of us who have approached the danger line of four score years have not heard our parents talk of the "Hard Cider and Log Cabin Campaign" and the watchwords of "Tippecanoe and Tyler too?" Short in memory or lacking in political interest are they who do not recall the narration of scenes and incidents, particularly the song-sings of the great political campaign ending with General Harrison's election in the fall of 1840. Even though less than four years old at the time, I sometimes imagine I hear the din of the encounters between the Whigs and Democrats as the followers of Harrison and VanBuren, so uproarious were they, but it was only the echoes of the strife which resounded for a year or so afterwards.

Had it not been for the wave of temperance which was sweeping over the land at that time, so strong that in cases it uprooted orchards as the promoters of cider, which, made into stronger drink, caused man's ruin from drunkenness, I doubt much but under the excitement of the campaign, the watchword of that remarkable episode would have been "Tippecanoe and Whiskey too." As it was, the cider was so strong that it went under the name of "stone fence" from its hardness, and it was fain to befuddle its absorber, so that the Democrats, who made no profession of abstinence from strong waters, twitted the Whigs, who did make such pretenses, with inconsis-

tency and hypocrisy. The two county papers of the time furnish rare reading from their pros and cons of moral ethics in the line of the drink which "stingeth like an adder." The fact that the Society of Friends at that time was the only religious body making any kind of anti-bibulous pretenses, and they being generally Whigs, gave the Democrats, safe from a non-professional standpoint, an opportunity to heap coals of fire on the Friends' heads by reproaching them with the inconsistency of belonging to a party which had for its watchword so demoralizing a phrase as "hard cider." Seized with a sudden spasm of virtue, the Democrats got to expatiating on the evils of strong drink, even to including hard cider, which they claimed made the worst kind of a drunk, "unfitting people who indulged in it for business." Reading over those old time papers shows us some of the funny ideas of the times.

Writhing under this lash, the more professing Whigs, or those who had any conscience about the strong drink matter, could only say "you're another," and accuse the Democratic leaders with being too aristocratic to drink cider, which was the poor man's drink, while champagne was only fit for them. In one of the Whig songs "Old Tip" was represented as a plain farmer calling on VanBuren, then in the White House, and running for a second term, asking for a drink of hard cider, and the President, who was having a fashion-

able drinking bout with some of his aristocratic cronies on patrician wine, being unable to accommodate him. Harrison was sneered at for his poverty and inability to get a fashionable drunk by some of his kid glove enemies, who asserted "give Old Tip a barrel of hard cider and a log cabin to live in, and he could be bought off from his presidential aspirations;" at least it was claimed they said so. The fact that VanBuren was rich, and could afford silver spoons, and that Harrison was poor, was played for all it was worth, both in songs and stump speeches. Besides VanBuren was accused of being so close that he had his four years' presidential salary untouched, and that he would leave the White House with \$100,000. The extremes of hard cider and champagne, a log cabin, and a palace, poverty and wealth, either and all were made into political capital by the Whigs.

And here let me repeat what I will say in one of my later articles relative to the presidential campaigns of 1844 and 1848, and make some extensions. In the first named year party designations were in the formative stage, with a disposition to cling to old titles and hyphenate them to new ones. The Democratic party had once been called the Republican, and the Whig the Federal, and about 1840 each was disposed to call itself the Democratic party, the title which eventually settled on the party now known by it. In 1840 I see a call for a Democratic county convention signed by prominent Harrison men, who at other times called themselves Whigs, and in the same year an announcement of a Democratic-Whig meeting, while the *Doylestown Democrat*, for years after had the sub-title of *Bucks County Republican*. Both parties in the north favored the abolition of slavery, but in the Harrison campaign there was a disposition to truckle to the South by each, but more particularly by the Democrats. So the last accused the Whigs of wanting the negroes to vote, and in reply the accusers were reminded that VanBuren voted for colored suffrage in New York, and then the fact that Harrison fought the British was con-

strued to mean that "British gold" was being used to beat him in the pending election. All of which goes to show that there was plenty of demagoguery in those times, but it is pleasant to think that there was an absence of what is now known as "graft."

In May, 1840, there was a Harrison meeting held in Newtown, although this was sometime before the assembling of the nominating convention at Baltimore, but things were done differently then from now showing how confident the Whigs were of Harrison's nomination. The delegation from Attleboro brought a miniature log cabin in which there was admittedly a keg of hard cider, but it was really a barrel. The "plant" was located at the corner of the Brick Hotel yard, and was sentimentally unified by the addition of a coon chained to the cabin. There was also a gourd from which the Democrats accused the Whigs of allowing the negroes to drink, and not sterilizing the vessel before the white brother took his swig. We fear the accusation was too true, as when the cider was in, nice distinctions of color would necessarily be out. There was quite a lot of crimination and recrimination between the *Democrat* and the *Intelligencer* concerning this little incident, the latter paper in its denial of the charge counter-accusing the Democrats of using the tin cup in the court house yard (that and the buildings back of it being in the hands of Locofocos) after negroes had drunk from it without a previous rinsing. The politicians of that day seemed but "children of a larger growth."

Both the nominating conventions were held in Baltimore and for that of the Whigs it is a matter of interest that Bucks County is mentioned in the published report as displaying a banner inscribed with "Huzza for old Tippecanoe."

The first mass meeting in our county was held at Danboro; the second one was convened at Newtown on July 28. From some cause it was not held within the borough limits but in front of the Presbyterian Church, the stand being on the line of the yard wall. The meeting must have

occupied considerable room as it was claimed there were 2500 people present, 150 of whom were women. This last was an item of mention as woman's place then was considered to be at home. Large delegations centered at Newtown on that day, a big one coming down the Durham road. Log cabins and barrels of hard cider, natural size, and now and then a coon were conspicuous on the wagons. These were responded to by nail or paint kegs on the line of the road and they met with cheers from the occupants of the wagons. The chairman of the meeting was Charles Lombaert, now almost forgotten, but who at that time had quite a local standing, being justice of the peace. He lived on North State street and after the election appears to have gotten a governmental office in Philadelphia, but still kept up his residence in Newtown for some years. The vice presidents were Eli Gilkyson, Jonathan Wynkoop, Judge Brown, Joseph Fell, Stacy Brown, Michael H. Jenks, Robert D. Cary, John Swartley, Joseph Burton and Francis Coeh. Some of these were evidently from New Jersey, as the mass meetings along the river were generally inter-state affairs. The speakers were John W. Baer, Charles Naylor and a Mr. Gummere, from New Jersey, and a Mr. Mitchell from Erie, this State. The only one of these now known of is the first named, called "The Buckeye Blacksmith," a combination of stump speaker and singer.

It may be truly said of General Harrison that he was sung into the presidential chair. Political songs had their start in the hard cider campaign and, as an electioneering factor, practically ended in that of Clay four years after. They were tried in subsequent campaigns, but they fell flat after that of Clay, even with the aid of "The Buckeye Blacksmith." After Clay the personal magnetism was lacking which held the people to him and Harrison. The Taylor canvass was dull for lack of exciting motive, while Scott's was on a dead level. Fremont's campaign had an element of personal popularity and a few songs came to the surface, but they

were tame to those inside the "Book with a Yaller Kiver." A paper, then published in Philadelphia, called the *Times*, but not the later one of that title, offered a prize for the best Fremont and Dayton campaign song, and, although not old enough for a voter, I entered the contest, but I never got the five-dollar premium offered, I suppose through favoritism, or the lack of it. I did not even get a regret that "it was not available." It was written to the tune of "Auld Lang Syne," but, so far as the outcome was, the "Tune that the Old Cow died on" would have been more appropriate. In the campaign resulting in the election of Lincoln there was a portentous cloud overhanging the country which checked anything frivolous, so that the canvass was unenlivened with songs from glee clubs, and since then the different presidential elections have been preceded by "campaigns of education."

In the Harrison campaign song after song was composed, mostly doggerel, and fitted to "song book" tunes, such as "Old Rosin the Bow," "Old Dan Tucker," "The Bold Soldier Boy," "When this old Hat was New," "Lord Lovell and Nancy Bell" and no end of others. Each club had its own male band of singers called a "glee club," which, if the members did not know a musical note, could sing, and, if not, could "holler" out musical verses which took with the encompassing crowds. Good solo singers were in demand, but these had to be imported, and when one could be got who could speak from the platform as well as sing, the local committee of arrangements was just delighted and paid him his price.

"The Buckeye Blacksmith" filled that bill and was therefore in demand. He sang himself into the hearts of the people to the making of Harrison votes, and then the Democrats began to abuse him. They seized on something they heard to his disadvantage from his Ohio home. This was that he had been convicted of swindling, and then the Whigs got an affidavit from the man he shod horses for, stating that it was a campaign lie and that Baer was every way right. In taking up the

cudgels for himself "The Buckeye" said the *Doylestown Democrat*, which was full of virulence towards him, might as well call him a horse thief and be done with it. And then the *Democrat* said he *had* admitted he was a horse thief—in the West the acme of villainy; so did his enemies twist things he said to clear himself. But Baer kept on singing and making friends and votes. He is best known by his song, "Come all ye Log Cabin Boys," which he sang in the mass meetings at Newtown and Danboro. Many still living heard him on this stunt, and more know a few lines of it from hearing Baer's hearers sing it, but for the benefit of all I have hunted it out and give it "in extenso," and here it is:

# COME ALL YE LOG CABIN BOYS.

(Tune—"The Good Old Days of Adam and Eve.")

Come all ye Log Cabin Boys, we're going  
to have a raisin',  
We've got a job on hand we think will be  
pleasin',  
We'll turn out and build Old Tip a new  
cabin,  
And finish it off with chinkin' and with  
daubin'.

And we want all the Log Cabin Boys in  
the nation  
To be on the ground when we lay the  
foundation,  
And we'll make all the officeholders think  
it amazin'  
To see how we work at Old Tippecanoe's  
raisin'.

On the thirtieth day of next October  
We'll take some hard cider, but we'll all  
keep sober.  
We'll shoulder our axes and cut down the  
timber,  
And have our cabin done by the second of  
December  
We'll have it all chinked and we'll have  
on the cover  
Of good sound clapboards and the weight-  
poles over,  
And a good broad chimney for the fire to  
blaze in;  
So come along boys to Old Tippecanoe's  
raisin'.

Ohio will find the house-log timber,  
And old Virginny, as you will remember,  
Will find the wood for the clapboard and  
chinkin',

'Twill all be the first-class stuff I'm  
thinkin'.

And when we want to daub it, it happens  
very lucky,  
We've got the best clay in old Kentucky,  
For there's no other State has got such  
good Clays in  
To make the mortar for Old Tip's raisin'.

For the haulin' of the logs we'll call on  
Pennsylvania,  
For her Conestoga teams will pull as good  
as any,  
And the Yankee States and York State  
and all of the others  
Will come and help and lift like so many  
brothers.

The Hoosiers, the Suckers and the Wolver-  
ine farmers,  
They all know the right way to carry up  
the corners,  
And every one is good enough a carpenter  
and mason  
To do a little work at Old Tippecanoe's  
raisin'.

We'll cut out a window and have a wide  
door in,  
And lay a good loft with a first-rate floor  
in.  
We'll fix it all complete for Old Tip to see  
his friends in,  
And we know that the latch string will  
never have its end in.

On the Fourth day of March Old Tip will  
move in it,  
And then little Matty will have for to  
shin it.  
Then, Hurrah Boys! Hurrah Boys! there's  
no two ways in  
The fun we will have at Old Tippecanoe's  
raisin'.

And so endeth the song with its bad  
rhyme, poor meter and not the best of  
sense, but it took so that it was sung and  
hummed for years after the campaign, so  
that I remembered snatches of it for a  
long time. The finding of it in an old  
copy of the *Intelligencer* was therefore a  
pleasure. But if this song was of interest  
in the East where the log cabin days were  
over, how it must have excited the boys  
of the West who were still living in the  
log cabins described. It will explain to  
say that the "chinkin" was the wood fill-  
ing between the logs, the "daubin" the  
clay used to plaster the openings which  
the "chinkin" did not close; the clap-

boards, the roofing, a name later applied to weather-boards, and the "weight-poles," saplings placed across the roof half way down from the comb and roped together at the ends to keep the clapboards from blowing away, for nails were scarce and costly. The latchstring, tied to the latch inside and running outside through a hole to lift it, is in the memory of some in the East, but explains itself to all, and the phrase of the string never being found with the end in, as a token of hospitality, was an appealing one, which is quoted to this day. One date mentioned I cannot explain, "The Second of December."

To the tune of "Old Rosin the Bow," some local poet started a string of verses, evidently to be sung at a pole raising. The first ran—

"We welcome you all to the raisin',  
For Whigs, they're the best, kind and true.  
At Newtown 'tis really amazin'  
How we shout for old Tippecanoe.

Another song, to the favorite tune of "Old Rosin the Bow," began—

"Oh, come ye, the Whigs hale and hearty,  
And all ye sick Democrats, too;  
Come out from the ranks of your party  
And vote for 'Old Tippecanoe.'"

the last two lines repeated.

At Taylorsville a mass meeting was held in August. (The preliminary gathering, under the call heading of "A Democratic-Whig Meeting" was held at Centreville, August 8th.) It was a combined turnout of the Whigs on both sides of the river, and the fact that the locality was where Washington crossed the Delaware to drive out the Hessians from Trenton was worked on to draw a crowd. Mahlon K. Taylor was chairman of the meeting, which, in the language of the day, was called an "immense" one, although a severe storm came up to mar the pleasure of the day. I would incidentally say that at that time there was a bank in the village whose circulation was based on the bridge there crossing the Delaware. At that time various issues of notes, called by their opponents "shinplasters," were made by corporations and individuals, and opposition to

these, as well as to paper money in general was the specialty of the Democratic party up to the time of the Civil War. As the Whigs defended paper currency, of course with proper backing, the *Intelligencer* took pains to say in its issue noting the above incident, that the notes put out by the Taylorsville Bridge Company were being redeemed, and that those of the Bristol bank passed current in Philadelphia. This was evidently done to meet the Democratic cry against "shinplasters," a term that party made applicable to all paper money. So worthless was so much of this money that the Democrats had good cause to oppose its issue, whereby they called themselves the "hard money party."

The "Third Party," a disagreeable factor with the regular parties, and which first appeared in 1805, when it was ridiculed under the Latin title of "Quid Tertium," or "Third Something," and once elected a president, has caused trouble at various times since, under the name of "Liberty," or "Abolition," "Native American," "Free Soil," "Constitutional Union," "Prohibition" and various other titles. It has harmed, with but little show of success as a party, in placing in power the lesser of the two evils, in its estimation, represented by the Democrat or Whig parties, by withdrawing votes from the organization it wished to be the loser in the coming election. In the Clay campaign there was a "Fourth" as well as a "Third party," the last active as the "Native American," the other non-resistant, but effective, in that it represented those favoring the abolition of slavery, and who were mainly drawn from the Whig party, and while having no presidential leader, did all it could against Clay, and which would have preferred to have seen Polk elected. The Native Americans were organized in Bucks county to the extent of holding political meetings, but these amounted to but little. There was one held in Pineville, in a woods then opposite the hall. It was mainly remembered for its banner delineating an eagle perched upon a rock, and overlooking a rooster and a coon in either of the lower corners

of the canvas—the trio representing respectively the Native American, Democratic and Whig parties, and as such accepted by each as its zoological representation. Underneath the picture ran the legend—

"The Native Eagle, from his Rock,  
Will swoop and kill both Coon and Cock."

All of which did not come to pass. The *Doylestown Democrat* kept its rooster cut for a long time to trot out whenever there was a victory for the cause it favored, but we have not seen much of it in late years.

Among the political amenities prevailing in those good old times, and as a sample of the personal rancor prevailing when we knew who edited a newspaper, it is on printed record that the editor of the *Doylestown Democrat* told the Whig editor of the *Dutch Morgenstern*, who had a very swarthy skin, that "if he would dig up his grandfather he would find wool," while "Nigger Men" and "Amalgamationists" were the pet names applied to Whigs in general by their political opponents. A cannon owned by up-county Democrats and used by them at their mass meetings and for firing salutes when they had won a political victory since the days of Jackson was called the "Nockamixon Nigger Skinner," and when a Democrat wanted to silence an opponent of slavery he would put the clinching question, "Would you want your daughter to marry a nigger?"

The *Intelligencer* had accused the leading Bucks county politician, General W. T. Rogers, who had won military renown (!) by commanding the county troops at the hanging of Mina, of being a common idler. When the General resented this the *Intelligencer* apologized by admitting its mistake, as "Rogers was last week seen superintending his man digging a mess of potatoes."

A Democrat said "Whenever I am at a Whig meeting I instinctively put my hand on my pocket." The reply was "Who wants to steal your whiskey?"

"Boys, do you hear that?" was a great catchword used over the announcement of

State victories for the Whigs during the Harrison campaign, and the phrase was used for a scarehead over advertisements. These, and others, are incidents and expressions gathered from cotemporaneous *Intelligencers*.

Mahlon K. Taylor was nominated the year of Harrison's election for State Senator, but he was not present at the county meeting, being from home at the time; but, on notification, he declined the honor on account of stress of business. He was then deeply involved in the interests of the "Pine Forest Company," an organization doing business in the Lehigh region and one in which several persons around Taylorsville and Newtown had money invested. Although his chances were good, he might not have been elected, as Samuel A. Smith, a Democrat running independently, won the prize.

General Harrison was elected by a large majority, a fact which caused great rejoicing among the Whigs. Their exultation, however, was short lived, for his death occurred only a month after his inauguration. Then his party was in the deepest sorrow, and its papers went into all the mourning that black lines between columns could signify, but the *Intelligencer* did not give the cause of his death. His friends had worked so hard, sung so loud and been so enthusiastic from start to finish, that his early demise was a stunning blow to the new Whig party, further heightened by the treachery of John Tyler, his vice presidential successor, who went over to the Democrats. So unreasonable were the Whigs in their sorrow, that hints were given out that Harrison's physicians were accused of being careless, if not worse than careless. Harrison was the oldest President inaugurated before or since his death, he having been sixty-eight years old at the time he took the oath of office. The next oldest was Buchanan, who was sixty-six, while Roosevelt was the youngest at forty-three. Washington is looked upon as an old man when made President, though he was but fifty-three when first inaugurated.

# AN OLD-TIME POLITICAL MEETING

The 24th of August, 1844, was a time for Newtowners to look forward to and to date from, for it was the day of the big Clay meeting we have heard our fathers tell about. Not but what there were other Clay meetings, for Doylestown, New Hope, "The Buck" and "The Bear" and other places had them, but even Doylestown, lots bigger, and the town which took the courthouse, the jail, the county business and much else from Newtown, could not get such a meeting as was coming. Perhaps Newtown's chagrin that it had lost its place as shire town spunked it up to this acme of local political meetings; at any rate, the assemblage, by way of spectacular display, of oratory, of enthusiasm and of numbers, beat anything of the kind that ever happened in Bucks county.

Newtown was not much of a place then. It had lost its prestige as the county capital, and had but 600 people scattered along State and Court streets, and the Yardleyville road from Congress street to Newtown creek. The Friends' meeting-house and the Episcopal church were the only places of worship in the borough, although the Presbyterian, outside, long antedated either. I have a picture in Day's "Historical Collections of Pennsylvania," published in 1843, showing the town as it was that long ago, taken from a painting made by Gilbert Hicks, of Long Island, and it certainly had a scattered look, but that gave the more room for the fifteen to twenty thousand, as they were gathered there in the long ago.

The day before there was great preparation made for the coming assemblage. The designed site was the Phillips orchard, now the borough school grounds. In this the speakers' stand was erected, and nearby a hole was dug for a tall pop-

lar pole, just in from the woods. About 4 o'clock it was raised; when a cheer was called for and while being given the supports gave way and down came pole, flag and streamer, to the great risk of the lives and limbs of the enthusiastic Whigs at the raising. In its fall the pole broke, and to lose no time, as the shades of night were approaching, Dr. Phineas Jenks, the father of our late genial 'Squire, directed the committee in charge to his woods to select the straightest and tallest tree, fell it and bring it in. With axes and team the boys started out, and by working until 12 o'clock, midnight, the second pole was in place, with its flag of thirteen stripes and twice as many stars flying to whatever breeze the summer air might yield, when the interrupted cheers were again let out for the then familiar slogan of "Clay, Frelinghuysen and the Tariff of '42." Other preparations were also made for the entertainment of the several speakers (the more important of whom were to go to Dr. Jenks', who lived in the Cyrus Hillborn mansion), and for food and drink for not only the thousands of coming men and women, but for the horses and oxen drawing their conveyances, the beasts numbering one thousand and more, if we can take the generous figures of the reporter.

For there were reporters in those elder days who could throw a pen and guild a phrase, even as those of modern times, particularly when describing the events of this day of days. The one I follow speaks of the farmer leaving his plow in the furrow, even as the storied one of the Revolutionary War, the mechanic his tools, the merchant his desk, the lawyer his client, the doctor his patient, to come to this political jamboree. There were the seekers



for nomination for the county offices to be handed out at the coming convention at Doylestown, and who naturally thought more of their interests than of those of Harry Clay, although this is saying much, for the Whigs were certainly wild over the "Mill Boy of the Slashes," "The Farmer of Ashland," or "Gallant Harry," as he was severally called, the man who was noted as saying he "would rather be right than be President." But I think if he had given his thoughts honest expression, he would have said that he would rather be President than be left.

In crowds the people came up the Buck road, from the "Bear," down the Swamp and Durham roads, from the direction of the "Eagle" and Brownsburg, where lived Stacy Brown, the Whig wheel-horse of that section; up the Yardleyville road, from the Falls and Attleboro, through the clouds of dust kicked up by the heels of horses, mules and oxen, and of men and boys who could gain access to none of these four-footed aids to locomotion, for on that day all roads led to Newtown. From beyond "Shaminy" came ninety wagons, one-half of them drawn by four and six horses and bringing 1200 people. As one delegation came through Springville, beyond the "Bear," a band of stalwart "Locofocos," as the Democrats were then euphoniously named, made trouble by stretching a chain across the road to catch the flag poles borne by the wagons, and incidentally the heads of the passengers. A crowd gathered to assist in and see the fun; "among them the Loco sheriff, who encouraged the mob by his silence, at least," as said the reporter. Those Whigs were certainly a forbearing lot, for, outnumbering the obstructionists, as they did, they quietly lowered their heads and flags and came on.

The delegation from up Eagle way was halted, also. This was at the Joseph Scott farm, where Harry W. VanHorn now lives; there the boys, with the help of some other sturdy Democrats, put a rope across the road from convenient trees to catch the flag poles and from which to hang some discourteous things. They had prepared themselves with green apples by way of ammunition, whereby to fire

at the "Federalers" as they passed along, or when they halted. These lads had doubtless read the account in "Peter Parley's School History," where the boys of Boston so successfully resisted the encroachments of the British soldiers who were interfering with their sports. But there was no General Gage to call them "my brave boys," and bid them have their own way. So when the young Locofocos thought to halt the procession and pelt the delegation, in place of the considerate general they perhaps had in their minds, a very different sort of person made his appearance in the shape of a fighting Whig, who rose in his height and might and cut the rope. Then some older Democrats showed themselves and their leader went for the Whig. "Then the latter knocked his opponent down, gave him a whipping and the procession passed on." Only this and nothing more. Despite this, we can but wish, as descendants of the promoters of the grand function herein wrote of, that the grit centered in the heart of this rampant Whig leader had been diffused among the rest of the Eagle delegation, and had even extended to the one which passed through Springville the same morning. When the rope was cut in front of the Scott homestead, the annoying insignia fell with it, and the unobstructed banners moved proudly towards Newtown, while the recipient of the whipping, we trust, was properly cared for, in recognition of the bravery which could stand up against such odds. It is known who these heroes were, but it is best not to stir up the ashes of the past, in case there be descendants living.

All the comments the *Intelligencer* makes on what is called "Locofoco Outrages," is that it "hopes in the future the Whigs will not make retort, as their cause needs no resort to physical force."

But it would have fared ill with any political highwaymen inclined to monkey with the big ox-and-horse teams, three in number, then coming from Solebury, Wrightstown and the Falls, with their large followings of smaller, but still large, teams and cavalcades of horsemen. Their ebullitions of blatant bravery would have been smothered by the dust and noise of

the processions, and they themselves been obliterated, had they tried to scotch them, as in the two instances named. In fact, I am disposed to think these last sections were the weaker vessels of the grand processions wending their way towards Newtown; the more militant being with the big teams and their followings.

Now as to these big aggregations. Of one of them I felt myself a part as much as any little boy could, who was less than eight years old and could not be a part of the procession. For was not my father the president of the "Solebury Clay Club" which originated this affair, was not my uncle the secretary, and did not one of my older brothers ride one of the horses and the other occupy a high seat in the wagon? And did not our two horses, "Major" and "Bettie," form two of the twenty-six horses, which drew the great chariot to Newtown? My father, running against Judge Chapman, had been defeated for the Senate the year before, through a disreputable arrangement between the friends of Chapman and Michael H. Jenks, of Newtown, by a paltry two votes, and had felt sore thereat, but true to his party, he was in the traces again and doing his best to pull it into power. He was conductor of the big team from Solebury.

And about this big wagon. Its running-gears were the two sets of timber-wheels of William Dilworth, of Lumberville, and Kenderdine & Thomas, of Lumberton, in business opposition, but now joined, as were their log wagons, in the common cause of the Kentucky statesman now in the race for President. The wheels were eight feet high and strong in proportion, with a body extemporized for the occasion some thirty feet long and tall standards at the corners, around which was a muslin band, from end to end and from side to side, a yard wide, on which was "Solebury Clay Club" in mammoth letters and looking like an immense bedstead on wheels, with an old-fashioned "tester" around the top of the bedposts, and, making a jump at comparisons, generally remindful of the juggernaut of India, with the passengers taking the risk of being its victims, particularly on the way down the steep hills.

It was put together at the foot of the State road, at Lumberville, in the shade of Copper Nose, rising hundreds of feet above the scene.

The start was early, though not so soon but what several of the school children were there in time to see the rig off. There had not been such an entertaining sight since a circus had been over the same route two years before, and never might be coming around again. The striking event of the circus named was the elephant testing the bridge close by with his feet before crossing, a thing often talked about thereafter, and here was another affair happening at the same place, and by no means to be missed. If we could not go along with the procession, we could at least see somebody else go and were we not all, girls and boys, "Clay?" To the wheeled mammoth were attached twenty-six horses, representing the number of States at that time. The four next the wagon were guided by lines, while on the "near" horse of each of the rest of the spans rode a proud boy like a postilion, at least he felt proud till he got so tired that he wished he was on the wagon, but did not like to admit it. At last all was arranged, the crowd piled on the high ear, the linesman gathered up his ribbons with an artistic flourish, and the signal being given, cracked his long-lashed whip, the postilions "got up" their horses, the draft chains straightened up with a clang, the passengers and envious stay-at-homes let out some cheers and, like the triumphant car of some great conqueror, the big wagon rolled up the hill with its flag fluttering in the morning breeze. How proud I was of the whole affair! How I wished I could have gone along! But it was not to be, so, as some barbaric pageant, it went its way, leaving us envious youngsters behind. But we had the fun of following it for a half-mile, or as far as the schoolhouse, when it slowly passed from our sight. Seventy years have gone since then, but with the eyes of age I look through those of childhood and see again the impressive sight and feel again the yearning to be a part of it.

The wheels had the strength of carrying six or seven tons, and had been tested

time and again in bearing logs from the river—parts of the trunks of pines and hemlocks which tufted the hills through which the upper Delaware and its branches wound their waters, but, as will be seen, they yielded through an overplus weight of humanity, just as the end of the journey was reached.

At Pineville the Solebury delegation met another from Buckingham, Doylestown and regions above. And here was found another big team which was designed to eclipse the one described; but what it gained in numbers it lost in impressiveness. This was the big ox team, made up of cattle from the farmers of Upper Makefield, Buckingham, Wrightstown and Northampton, and owned by Stacy Brown, the Twinings, Warners and other Whigs, fifty-two in all, made up into twenty-six yokes, which were attached by chain after chain, borrowed from owners of neighborhood oxen, to a string of wagons on which were loaded two hundred people, at least so the reporter said. Each yoke represented a State, and the name was labeled on a board nailed to the yoke. The larger cattle represented the corresponding States of New York and Pennsylvania, the smaller Rhode Island and Delaware. The trouble came when an effort was made to tack South Carolina onto Mordecai Roberts' steers. The Palmetto State was in bad odor in the North at that time, and Mordecai, staunch partisan that he was, rebelled against his oxen bearing such a malodorous name, that of the chief sinner among Southern States, so it was removed and placed on a yoke belonging to a self-sacrificing Whig, who took his part much as a debater would the unpopular side of a question to help along the discussion, or an actor who takes the part of Legree or Iago, with no chance for applause, but with quite a one for hisses.

While John E. Kenderline had charge of the horse team from Solebury, "Stryke" Everitt, from the same township, was the grand marshal of the team of oxen. He must have read of the way the hidalgos of old California drove their steers. These picturesque gentlemen, being too aristocratic to drive them on foot, conducted their charges on horseback. "Stryke"

rode a big dun horse, and riding back and forth along this long line, shouting his orders, he was certainly a striking character, fully living up to his name. He had furnished his share of cattle for the display, and doubtless considered he had earned his high position, as he pranced along like a Mexican vaquero, for his beasts moved so slowly he had to ride back and forth to keep even with them.

Although an age for oxen, there was difficulty in raising a sufficiency for this occasion, and it is related that a monetary overture was made to a Wrightstown Democrat for the use of a yoke of steers to make up the required twenty-six pair. The answer of this stalwart was of the "Poor as I am, the king cannot buy me" brand, and his oxen remained loyal which is a pity, as they might so well have represented South Carolina in the cavalcade.

The up country delegation brought a band with them, and with that at its head and presumably followed next by the Solebury chariot, and that by the ox-team and horses geared to hay wagons, and those under the saddle, the procession went on its way. The ox-team having its burden strung out like a train of cars, having brakes on the wagons, there was no difficulty in descending the hills. With the big horse team it was different, and how the unwieldy, lockless vehicle got to the bottom of some of the declivities without danger of the worst kind to man and beast is an unsolvable problem for lack of witnesses living at this late day. But there appears to have been no accident until Newtown was reached. So long geared was the team that it was found impossible to turn the corner at the Township House and beyond the bridge, so the engineers made a reconnoitre at the Washington avenue ford, and, finding it available, decided on that place for a crossing. But the delay, as per proverb, turned out dangerous, for, taking advantage of the halt, the Newtowners crowded on the wagon to such an extent that when again on the road and opposite the Presbyterian church a hind wheel collapsed, and great was the fall thereof. To be so near the goal and yet so far from it, caused a sorry feeling

in the hearts of the promoters of the big team. So while they ungear'd the horses the passengers deserted their conveyance, the interlopers, so far as known, without a "thankee" or an expression of regret, as if they were not the Jonahs of the wreck, and streaming across the footbridge hied into the town. The managers who had borne the heat and burden of the day, and were destined to have some night work on top, put on their thinking caps and evolved from their minds repairs which took them home. The remedy was a long pole, which they got from a neighboring woods, and by placing one end on the front bolster and resting the end of the axle where the wheel was broken midway of it, and then letting the other end drag on the ground, the wagon was got home with the load it brought down. And there it lay until going-home time like some wounded Saurian, when, with its temporary repairs, the huge wagon was turned around in a convenient field and eventually retraced its homeward way, the riders more less noisy than when they came albeit.

In the meantime the ox-team passed by the wreck, a reminder of the speed contest between the hare and the tortoise, as well as the motto of the race being not always to the swift, and filed into the town the recipient of the clamor which rightfully belonged to the crippled giant beyond the creek and followed by the rest of the procession.

But there was still another big team, not often heard of but which was nevertheless a fact. This was one with twenty-six horses, and came from the Falls. The one reporter naively says he could not be in all places at once, so lets events beyond his ken report themselves, incidentally calling attention to the "tremendous wagon loads of people drawn by mules, and large numbers of ladies dressed in white and driven by gentlemen (presumably the mules are meant), which enlivened the scene and added eclat to the occasion." The pen driver does not forget the bands, particularly the one from his own home town, and calls attention to the singing of the numerous glee clubs, whose songs came from "The Book with a Yaller

River." These singers did not know a musical note from a Chinese letter, but for all that they sang well, the tunes being of the negro minstrel sort in vogue at that time, such as "Old Dan Tucker," "Dandy Jim of Caroline," "Old Zip Coon," etc., while the words were generally parodies of popular songs or homemade doggerel. One taking number began with this verse, and was written by George Lear:

"While walking out the other day,  
I heard a lovely lady say  
That if she had a Loco beau  
She soon would tell him he might go."

Then came the chorus of "Old Dan Tucker" tacked onto each verse.

The Democrats had songs to match, one of which was—

"Oh, Poor Cooney Clay,  
Oh, Poor Cooney Clay,  
The White House was not made for you,  
At home you'd better stay."

The mottoes on the flags were noted, such as "The Tariff of '42," "Ho, for the Farmer of Ashland," "Protection to American Industry," "No Annexation," "The Union As It Is," "Notice to Quit (to John Tyler)," "Clay's Last Duel," representing him shooting a certain disreputable water fowl whose last name was "poke." There were cartoonists in those days to point political hits as well as reporters to floridly paint events with generous adjectives. But "Poke" was elected after all.

And so the grand parade made its way through the streets of Newtown without the aid of the stranded chariot beyond the creek, till the already tired horses grew more so and the poor oxen, dumb driven cattle that they were, lolled out their tongues, and wearied of the everlasting crack of the whip and unending "Whoa haws" and "get ups." The omnipresent small boy and "citizens generally," as they say on the stage, getting as near as they could to the band, tagged after, and all were glad when the parade was over and the wagons parked in a convenient field, which "looked like a forest of banners," in the words of the exuberant reporter.

It is related that as the ox-team passed along the streets in parade a Whig bragged to a Democrat of this section of the

display. "Very fine," answered the latter, "but oxen can't vote!"

The reporter makes no mention of the 'coon display; it is not much wonder for he certainly had no time for all. It would have taken a Briarious to have shoved enough pens to note all which occurred on that momentous occasion. This animal, so commonly known in its abbreviation as is the 'possum, was the four-footed representative of the Republican party now. In death, stuffed and nailed to flagpoles, it added a sort of still life in mass meetings, like the miniature log cabins and cider kegs in the Harrison campaign of four years before; in life it was a sort of amusement, for it is a cunning animal, almost human in some of its characteristics. So several of the big teams brought 'coons along, in cages or chained to poles, and during the recess when the small boys and those of larger growth grew weary of listening to tariff and annexation talk and the intervening blare of the brass bands, and seeing the droves of horses and oxen at their feed, they found amusement in looking at the capers of the "ring-tailed" raccoons.

And now the journey's end was made, there were other things to be looked to, the inner man, horse, ox and mule, for instance, before the speaking began. To feed and quench the thirst of these was no small matter. There was neither trolley nor steam road in those days and to draw and carry fifteen to twenty thousand people took a large number of draft animals. But preparation was made for all—troughs for the horse of burden to eat from, feed to put in them, and there was Newtown creek to quench their thirst and as for the men, there were hotels and private houses, with the latch strings out and eating stands, and they did not have to go to the creek for a drink. If well water did not touch the spot, there was Hough's hotel and the "Bird-in-Hand" where what were known as "smallers" were poured out at three cents and a "fip" a measure, under the care of Samuel Hough and Asa Cary, respectively. There was no trusting the bottle to him who crooked the elbow as in after days, when a generous-sized hand could hide a drink which net-

ted no profit to the landlord. The "Bird-in-Hand" had an English bar such as Dickens speaks of, and which was known in at least two other Bucks county hotels, "The Camel," at Lumberton, and "Kach-line's" in Bedminster. The peculiarities of this bar was a long mantel, from which slats ran to the ceiling, through which was a small opening where the liquor was passed out, while at one end was a door of full height, so that the barkeeper was well protected in case of trouble from the effects of his goods. While Asa Cary knew how to run a hotel, his wife, Tamar, was the boss ginger-cake baker of the town, her wares having a wide fame. Then there were drinking stands in the neighborhood of the big meeting where home-made beer, as well as the stronger variety, and mead were sold, put up in bottles flanked by cakes and pies. Oh, but the material wants of man were well provided for in the interval before the orating began!

Speaking of the cage-like protection of the "Bird-in-Hand" style of bar, it sometimes failed in its mission. In the "good old days" we hear about, and which there are many of us who would not care to trade the present for, Newtown was no symposium of moral and ethical culture as it is now, and the W. C. T. U. and Century Club and other institutions for the betterment of mankind were in the future and the bar-room of the present, and the gathering center. The town had not got over the effects of its big election days when the lower end of the county voted there, its trainings, quarter races and court scenes, and the Bird-in-Hand saw its share of stimulated hilarity on each and every day of the week. Once, on First-day, when some of the sports of the neighborhood were collected there, and while uncle Asa and Aunt Tamar, now old people, were taking some needed rest from the strenuous work of the night before, these carousers, not wishing to disturb their repose, or probably needing free drinks, with a pair of long tongs circumvented the necessity of crawling through the over-small opening for dispensing liquid joy, and drew from the shelf bottle after bottle of their needs and

passed a drunken night, having got beyond the control of the proprietors of the hostelry.

The building used by these caterers to the public wants is well known in Newtown, and has long been the dwelling place of quiet colored people, a race which despite our philanthropic professions, and our criticisms of the ways of other sections, is driven to live in ghettos in all Northern towns, like the proscribed Jews. But as this paper was not gotten up for the purpose of moralizing, the writer will return to his original purpose of chronicling "Newtown's Big Day."

Dr. Phineas Jenks presided at the main meeting in the big orchard. There were two Jenkses, the Judge and the Doctor, both slated for the chairmanship by their friends, but the latter won the prize at the expense of some sorrow in the heart of the opponent. The Doctor had entertained the principal speakers in an up-to-date way, which, in the fashion of the times, of course included strong waters, and was thought from that to deserve presidential honor. The assemblage was from all parts, so we find vice presidents from adjoining counties of the State, and I think from New Jersey, as some of the names have a foreign sound. These were Moses Lukens, Elias Kirk, John Tucker, Thomas Newbold, John Cheston, John E. Kenderdine, Joseph Rich, Peter Cattell, Joseph Comly, John Yardley, Josiah Rich, Caleb N. Taylor, Edward Leedom, Hugh Thompson and others. There were noted speakers at the main meeting, such as Josiah Randall and William B. Reed, of Philadelphia, and Colonel Thomas W. Duffield, of Frankford. An overflow meeting was held in front of the Brick hotel, the speakers' stand being on Liberty street. Here spoke E. Joy Morris and Nathan Sargeant, of Philadelphia; Colonel John A. Rogers, of Tennessee, and George Lear and John G. Michener, of Doylestown. This was an array of speakers well worthy of the biggest crowd that ever composed a political meeting in Bucks county.

And it needed a good array of talent to discuss the issues of the day at that time, mainly on the reestablishment of the "Tariff of '42" which had been killed by

the treachery of John Tyler, and the annexation of Texas, bitterly opposed by the Whigs; the last brought about by the election of Polk. But Henry Clay, as the personification of all that was advanced in politics, was the center of enthusiasm which aroused the Whigs to meet in unprecedented numerical gatherings, at cross-roads villages and in the larger towns of the country in general, of which the meeting at Newtown was a sample, his personality being even beyond the principles his party represented. The clubs organized were "Clay" and not "Whig" clubs. It required no heavy assessments of politicians and business men, merchants and manufacturers to carry on this campaign; the people were heart and soul in the cause, and when the result was announced, for awhile in doubt from the difference in the voting time of the different States at that period, and the popular idol was defeated, a depression came over the hearts of the Whigs such as never before or since smote a party under similar circumstances. Not only the grown-ups but the children, boys and girls, from hearing the enthusiasm so often voiced by their seniors, felt sad in spirit when the political sun of Clay went down in gloom, never to rise again. The after defeats of Scott, Fremont, Blaine and Harrison by the Democrats were trivial to Clay's failure to reach the Presidency, though that of Blaine came the nearest to it from the corresponding hold he had on his followers.

But to return to our meeting: The talk of the speakers, the cheering they aroused in the big assemblage, the playing of the bands and the singing of glee clubs, were limited by the coming of night, and the sad part of all triumphs, the descent to every-day duties, was coming. So there was called a concentration of the scattered bodies which had fared towards Newtown in the morning, and the spirit then so high was naturally on the wane. The guests of the banquet go towards it with different feelings from those on leaving; the table has a depressed look from its brave showing at the seating, so at the parting from the feast of reason and the soul flowing at Newtown there was a spasm of sweet sorrow. Familiarity with

the sight of the big teams, the flags and banners, made their passing away less impressive than their coming, the draft animals started home tired, the flags waved wearily, the mottoes showed the staleness of the twice-told story, the cheering was weak; in fact man and beast wished themselves at home, and I fear the Newtowners were getting tired too. So the other twenty-six-horse team wended its way towards the Falls, the fifty-two-ox team in the direction of Pineville, and the less spectacular rigs towards their different homes.

But what about the Great Chariot, the vehicular apotheosis of Solebury's adoration for Clay, which fared so gaily down the State and Durham roads, to be borne to earth at the shrine of its pilgrimage by the weight of the devotees? Its grandeur impaired; its outlines out of level from its one axle resting on a rough slanting pole, from its place of breakdown it was geared to, and with its twenty-six-horse power turned around and started homeward, as the shades of night were threatening to mar the homeward journey. But the rig got home without an accident, in fact the break-down was a blessing in disguise, for on descending the hills the pole bearing the axle acted as a brake, so that the passengers went down with more assurance. I would remark, incidentally, that I knew of but one person living in 1909 who was instrumental in getting up the big team, and who was a member of the Solebury Clay Club, James Quinby, of Carversville, then in his 91st year. As if to commemorate the starting-place of the big team from Solebury, a pole was planted on Copper Nose, which rises three hundred feet above the Delaware. It was a sycamore, straight and smooth, 110 feet long, cut from the valley of the Cuttalossa and dragged up the steep face of the hill with a rope pulled by willing hands. A large flag was raised with it, where it had to stay, and just under its horizontal support a stuffed 'coon was nailed to the mast. Here it stood with its insignia until after the election which showed the futility of the efforts of its raising, when one windy day in November, the flag, already torn to shreds as well as the

streamer above it, and the poor 'coon, the worse of wear, all fell to the ground, emblematic of Clay's fallen fortunes.

And so endeth my narration of a great day for Newtown and matters connected therewith. Partly from old files of the *Intelligencer*, partly from those yet living, though but boys then; partly from those long gone to where political strife no longer bothers them, and a little from what I saw myself, I have gathered up this history. I will further say that there was good order preserved during the day of the meeting, despite the three-cent and "fip" drinks dispensed at the two borough hostelrys. There was no accident besides the one narrated—the breaking down of the big vehicle—except that a small boy was damaged by a wagon running over his arm and breaking it. The lad was taken to Dr. Jenks' and the broken limb set. As bringing down the pathetic to the ridiculous, it is of record that when the doctor commenced ripping up the coat sleeve to get at his work the boy cried out, "Doctor, don't cut my coat; if you do me mother'll lick me." A hat was passed around among the crowd for the benefit of the victim, who was a poor boy, and, the people being in a good humor, several dollars were raised, which, it is hoped, warded off the predicted maternal slipper.

Something more about the "Bird-in-Hand" hotel. While Asa and Tamar Cary were at their best it was an enjoyable stopping place. Everything was neat and clean, from the barroom through the dining room to the brick-floored kitchen with its oven, where Tamar baked her noted ginger cakes, her bread, biscuit and pies. Swinging in front was a sign on which was the usual picture pertaining to the several taverns of that name over the land, depicting a man with a fluttering bird in his hand and a suggestive bush in the near distance. But as the proprietors aged the hotel went down, and finally out.

In the town during the latter days of the "Bird-in-Hand" there lived nearby a man named Peter, who was so doless that his wife had to teach school to eke out their living. Once a neighbor called to see Peter, and, he not being in, his house-

keeping niece gave the following impromptu paraphrase:

"Peter, Peter, punkin eater,  
Had a wife and couldn't keep her,  
So he sets her keeping school,  
While he sits at Cary's and talks like a fool."

The meter is tolerable till the last line is reached, but it was the best the young woman could do on a hurry call.

Since giving the above account the writer has gained some additional information through Cyrus Hillborn, and David Voorhees, a still longer resident of Newtown, concerning the big mass meeting in 1844, as well as matter contemporaneous.

The Buckingham delegation was in charge of Isaac C. Kirk, while John K. Trego marshaled the one from around Pineville and Stacy Brown the crowd coming down the Eagle road. John G. Spencer seems to have been in charge of the Fallsington contingent, including the twenty-six horse team from that locality.

In the delegation coming up the Buck road there were several omnibuses from Philadelphia, drawn by six and eight horses. On a pole fastened to one of these, among other displays, was a white, or albino, coon. There were several of these animals, one person says forty, in color ranging from black to gray in the different processions, and, of course, all ring-tailed. These furnished attractions to those in the crowd who were unequal to the speeches, along with the dancing colored people, who, to the music of ready fiddles, practiced hoe-downs on such convenient stable doors as they could detach from their frames.

The oxen were not all assembled at Pineville, some being attached to the team at convenient points on the Durham road. Those furnished by Schofield, Warner, Twining and Roberts were among these. Some furnished two yokes apiece. In this list were John T. Neely and Stacy Brown. The first was a Democrat, but not one so strenuous as his Wrightstown co-partisan, who would not let his steers

turn Whig for love or money. As the two were great friends, possibly Neely was willing to accommodate Brown on that score at the expense of his love for party.

Now the roads were very dusty that day, and when the ox-team got to the ford of Newtown creek, where is now the Washington avenue bridge, the poor beasts were so thirsty from their long drive that, while the leaders were got over, the mid-way oxen halted and with their longing for water and being choked by being dragged by those on the rising ground pulling on their yokes, there was struggling and confusion, ending by the whole string being unchained and allowed to drink their fill, when they were regearred and driven on.

The placing of the rope across the road at Joseph Scott's place appears to have been a joint affair between the Scott boys and their neighbor over the way, Phineas Roberts, who lived on the present Oliver Brooks farm, he being a strong, practical Democrat like his opposite. It seems that the insignia dangling to the rope was an array of poke stalks extending across the driveway, with a label bearing the legend, "Whigs, you've got to come under Polk." This so angered the delegation that a halt was made, when, by holding up one of its number, the rope was reached and cut down. While this excision was going on the Democrat boys were using their apple ammunition on the passengers with effect, when the fight occurred between the leaders of the two factions as related.

Day's "Historical Recollections" speaks of there being 120 houses in Newtown in 1843. As there were but three or four above Green street at that time, and two or three east of Congress, it is difficult to locate the balance. There were vacant lots from "Mahogany Hall" north, and from the Sickel house, once the Kennedy mansion, there was a clear view to the Brick Hotel. Thus the few residents on North State street had an unobstructed sight of the big procession, break-down and all, as it passed down Sycamore street.







## ABOUT SAN DIEGO AND OVER THE MEXICAN LINE

In the paths of two of the personages of two of my classics, "Two Years Before the Mast" and "Ramona," the first of my earlier, the last of my more recent years, I have gone down the Pacific coast from San Francisco to the Mexican boundary. At the landing places of Yerba Buena, Monterey, Santa Barbara, Los Angeles, Capistrano and San Diego, in my different journeys, I have followed Dana, and at intermediate points, as well as at the last named town, the characters in Ramona, so that they are as household words to me.

The journey from Los Angeles to San Diego is one of interest. Through fields of vegetables and grain and orchards of fruits and nuts, such as Southern California is noted for, we leave the inland for the coast through the seventeen-mile canyon of Temecula, and then we are in sight of the sea for the rest of the way. In one hundred miles we come to San Diego, midway and four miles from either Old Town or the new National City, at each side of the bay of San Diego. The year of my visit was in 1901, and when San Diego was in the dumps. Up till 1872 it was an evidence of faith and a symbol of things hoped for, but it ended in disappointment. Its booms had smitten the heads of those who had cast them forth, so a better name for those projectiles would have been boomerangs. These upbursts came in the early 'seventies and the late 'eighties. "Tom" Scott was blamed for the rebound of the first, although with the best intentions he had in Europe made efforts to float bonds for a trans-continental railroad to follow near the west Mexican border and to end at San Diego. He died soon after, loaded with

much blame for similar innocent shortcomings, and buoyed up with little praise for what had turned out well of his enterprises. San Diego, with National City, on the south edge of the bay, had been boomed up until, with the old town, their population reached 5,000, which, in California's early days, cut quite a figure. The trunk line, to be called the Texas-Pacific, and the to-be terminus, "died a-borning," or rather a-booming. By 1887 came another lift-up and the two cities by-the-sea were to come into prominence again, San Diego to be the terminus of the Santa Fe, then started from Topeka, and National City to have the car shops for the line, and Los Angeles, with its poor harbor, was to be thrown in the background. In anticipation of the completion of the road a terminal belt-line was built, and a locomotive in readiness was put in commission, and was run whooping up and down the mile of track. The new trans-continental was finished to the sea, and San Diego's hopes were for a while realized, but in ten years there came another set-back. The Santa Fe found San Diego too tame fighting-ground for a tussle with the Southern Pacific, and decided to throw down the gage of battle at Los Angeles and San Francisco, to the neglect of San Diego. To make matters worse the water supply, which had been abundant for enriching the farms and orchards of the neighborhood, failed for five years and the reservoirs went dry. Then, to crown San Diego's misfortunes, the Government Commission, sent to locate a main harbor here south of San Francisco for the intended grand terminus, turned it down in favor of San Pedro, 100 miles

to the north, the seaport of San Diego's bitterest rival, and which made faces at San Diego, whose great Pacific trade seemed doomed. Beyond making faces, the alleged City of Angels commenced calling names, titleing the seaport to the south Sandy Ague, and its people Sand Dagoes. So at the time of my visit I saw rotting wharves, empty store houses, hotels yawning for guests, lodging houses for sleepers and residences for tenants, and all kinds of real estate for sale and rent at ridiculously low prices. While half the business places were closed in 1873, something similar happened at the second collapse, and empty houses and stores were common sights, and these with bulk windows stored with second-hand tools of mechanics were common, while inside were for sale all kinds of second-hand furniture at very low prices. At lodging houses rooms could be had for 25 and 50 cents a night, and at \$1 25 and \$1 50 by the week. There was a scramble to get away from this luckless town, which, after getting up to 30,000 population on its second boom, afterwards went back to 20,000. Speculation had run wild, lots went at from \$5,000 to \$15,000, and fortunes were made and lost in a day, while real estate dealers, conveyancers and title-searchers coined money; but there was much in the nature of these transactions like an exchange of pups for dogs. Later I came across one of these middlemen, and he dwelt lovingly and regretfully on the good old times of fat commissions, now, in his time, never to come back, for, at his age, another such a boom as the last would not come his way. But, even under past discouragements, I found many hopeful people in San Diego, and their predictions came true. The right railroad, and more than one, came, the Government went to work on the harbor, a good water supply was found, and now, awake and alert, San Diego will in 1915 have a twin Panama Celebration with San Francisco, in honor of the completion of the Pana-

ma Canal, whose benefits it expects largely to share. Its population has now risen to 60,000.

The sad condition of San Diego at the time of our visit put us in so depressed a state of mind that we felt like enjoying the further forlorn belongings of the city, and perhaps with the idea of boosting it financially, or at least leaving some money there in addition to what we had spent for board and lodging, we hired a coachman to give us an eighteen mile ride to the old Mission, and back by the way of the original San Diego, now in ruins. Back of the city is a broad mesa, or table land, and in hopeful days here was laid out a park, but with such an elevation as to be beyond irrigating. Hence, while there are some drought-defying palms and yuccas lining the avenues, from the absence of surface greenness the place looks desolate. There was even a street car line on which trolleys ran once in a while to a place of recreation, where, in pathetic idleness, was grouped amusement machinery of the conventional kind, swings, carrousels, and even attempts at bolder flights towards catering to sporty tastes. The efforts were worthy of success, but they failed, to the evoking of sad feelings. On the edge of the upland, where it overlooked the valley of the San Diego river, was the State Normal School, an imposing structure, and as it did not depend on the surrounding country for support, with its financial ups and downs, but on the State at large, it was full of students; an unnatural situation until one knew the conditions around.

Descending the bluff we drove up the valley of a river so dry that, instead of swelling up our creaking wheels, it only loosened the tires. But there is water below, and gasoline and wind engines are sucking up what there is for filling tanks from which the growing crops can be nourished. The Franciscan padres were shrewd in the selection of places for the establishment of Missions.

and they made no mistake here. The soil is very rich along the river bottoms, and only needs water for good harvests, as shown by orange groves yellow with fruit and lush grain and vegetable yields. Some six miles from the mouth of the river we found the historic Mission of San Diego, the pioneer of the church establishments in California, or, rather, the ruins, dating back to 1769. All that is left is the front, backed by the remains of some crumbling walls, and cornered by the base of the tower, on the stump of which is a rude frame of wood, from which is swung a bell from the old bell-fry, and still used for the offices of the church in an adjoining chapel connected with an Indian school taught by a group of Catholic Sisters, who have 150 children under their care. Efforts have been made to prop up the weakened facade, but, from appearance, vainly, and the probability is that the front will before long come down and be but a heap of adobe. There are some cells and apartments flanking on the right of the chapel, but it was so dangerous to explore them that let I them go. The sanctuary itself, open to the sky, was only bounded by low, crumbling walls, the ruined condition started by our soldiers in the Mexican war of 1846, who then quartered their horses in the church in their vandalic way, and put in time by breaking images, defacing pictures, and undermining walls digging for supposed treasures. In its early days this Mission had rich holdings, the acreage being in the tens of thousands and the live stock in the tens of thousands, while the civilized Indians, farmers, herders and mechanics were numbered by the hundreds. The uncared-for buildings and grounds, the verdureless surroundings, centered by the solemn ruins, with the Indian children at recess running around, with their hands full of bread and molasses, was a great contrast with things at Carlisle, with its fine buildings and the neatness and discipline of its pupils.

To those interested in the story of "Ramona," and sympathetic with the wronged Indians of California, these Mission ruins are of interest. It was here that Father Gaspari had charge. The olive orchard in front, now 150 years old, is where he was at work when sent for by Allisandro for marriage to his Majella. There was talk of cutting down these trees on account of the scale disease they were developing, and which owners of nearby orchards, now immune, fear. But it is a great pity if these trees have to go.

Speaking of Helen Hunt Jackson, she wore out her sympathetic, nervous system in worrying over the wrongs of the California Indians, and in her travels from place to place getting data as to their condition. So much time did she devote to such matters that those domestic got left, so that there were mutual wanderings of her and her husband, the trouble being that they traveled alone, or in relays, for when she came home he departed by the first conveyance after her arrival, and vice versa. She wore herself out first, and, if there was any revenge in it, he got his by marrying his wife's niece, of whom she had been jealous, as soon as what is known as "a suitable time," rather, relative and indefinite, after the death of the pathetic "H. H." If a female Don Quixote, in her intense desire to right wrongs, the world lost a brilliant writer and philanthropist when Helen Hunt Jackson died.

As we passed the orange orchard mentioned there were temptations to halt to partake of the golden fruit glistening among the glossy leaves of the trees. Passengers had been scarce, owing to a short crop of tourists, and our driver had invited a lippy sort of a chum of his to go along, either to balance up the load, or to fend off bothersome questions from regular paying passengers, so, instead of giving us pointers on things by the way, as all good drivers share with their fares, this lineman kept up a running

score of chatter with his partner, so that myself and friend learned nothing save by persistence, which was annoying, considering the interloper was a dead-beat. The average driver gets powerful tired of answering the questions of the average tourist, but as we had paid our way like men, and the party of the other part had not, I thought our usage was hardly Christian. To make amends, perhaps, for his derelictions, the interloper volunteered to go to the neighboring ranch house to negotiate for some of the oranges we saw shining in the sun, but for some shrill voicings we heard coming through the trees, we knew that whatever was on was off. The average tourist, alluded to, has a poor standing among owners of portable property in the citrus belt, and the lady rancher of this place, in the absence of her man, on hearing the coming of a carriage had her suspicion aroused that there was fruit stealing in prospect, and was on the alert. When I got on to the scene of action the driver's chum was getting away from his interlocutor as fast as a barbed wire fence would let him, for besides the sharp tongue of the woman in the case he knew there was a dog in the background, with teeth approximately as sharp. Not realizing that the fellow was of the same party as ourselves, she gave him some parting verbal shots, and, her anger being cooled by the effort, was ready to meet us in a friendly way as we backed our innovation with a money offer for what we wanted in her line, and told us to mount a ladder and help ourselves. She was of Spanish descent, half of her nationality being Irish, and was married to an American, the mixture showing good effects in a lingual way for ridding the ranch of undesirables and at the same time making the possessor of its attributes able to do the agreeable to the right sort. In a plaintive way to excite our sympathy, and in it showing the wrongs the Spanish section of her had suffered at the hands of the Americans, by telling

how the overbearing tourists on their rounds invaded her orchard and helped themselves without offering pay, she unburdened herself.

Another look at the old Mission which hid so much in its ruins of patient, teaching friar and reclaimed Indians, of religious fervor and genuine hospitality, which modern conditions have not replaced, and we passed down the valley to the sea. I was pleased to note that the tongue lashed front seat man was not so fresh as when outward bound, which inured to our good, as our Jehu had a chance to act the part of guide, philosopher and friend to us, that is, if his nature was equal to holding the attributes of these.

Coming to Old San Diego we saw a series of ruins, among which was a roofless chapel, interesting as the marriage-place of Allisandro and Ramona, and where was the foundation walls of a church which Father Gaspari hoped to finish and minister in, in place of the forlorn old chapel up the river. The walls of the old chapel were wonderfully thick, three or four feet, and will last a long time, although roofless. In front was a rude wooden belfry, to the cross-timber of which was hung with rawhide thongs a bronze bell with the sweetest of tones, for I swung its iron tongue to test it, and at the risk of starting up the ghosts of the cowed monks and leather-girt knights who held being there a century and a half ago. Roofless, buildings after buildings are arranged along the silent streets, the adobe walls thick and the rooms rubbish-filled. The only signs of life were a modern store where "souvenirs" were on sale, and some juvenile vendors of curiosities. The place where had been church buildings would long ago have been stolen by real estate grasping Americans, but a decision of the courts that what had once been church property, other than agricultural lands, could not be alienated, or if it had so been held, stopped this.

We spent two nights and days in forlorn San Diego. The Hotel Coronado, on a point of land just across the bay, vast in size and florid in paint and the surrounding flowers, seemed to be mocking the poverty of the city, without reckoning that it derived its own support from a transient, touring public. And even with this patronage the hostelry had too much quietude to take on airs. But the Coronado is a grand affair, with its 500 foot wings of four stories, and its court-yard, or patio, with its fountain surrounded with flowers. Just outside, on the ocean's edge, is the "Tent City," where 300 canvas homes, ready furnished, invite strangers who cannot pay Coronado rates, and besides there are several cottages. The colony has a street railway, and a twenty-minute connection by ferry with the city. Claude Spreckels, with his financial foresight, has lately made large investments around San Diego, practically owning the Coronado, the ferry and the street railroad service in the city. The remaining people, not scared away, are much heartened thereat, knowing that this consolidated shrewdness would not board a sinking ship. The following ten years showed Spreckels' prescience. In addition to the mentioned ownership he has taken in hand the water supply of the town and neighborhood, and has made a success of it, for the Sweet-water Dam, for years nearly dry, now has a good supply of water.

Not being financially equal to the welcome of the inn across the bay, we sought and found a respectable boarding house in the San Diego outskirts. The only objection to it was its fleas, but as even the Coronado cannot shun these frikky animals (chamois, Mark Twain calls them), we felt we were in fashionable company. The kind alluded to is not the wicked flea which no one pursueth, for the people here pursue him mightily, but rather the flea which, when you place your hand on him, he is not there. They have vermifuge and fleacide in

their therapeutics, but they avail not. I found that the simple-minded peasant, along the San Luis valley, in giving commissions to the daily stage driver, term the antidote "flea medicine," and let it go at that, so much is the disease and remedy in evidence.

As California, up the coast, has a town called "Los Catos," or "The Cats," it is a wonder that Los Angeles, prone to kick a rival when he is down, does not term San Diego "Las Pulgas," Spanish for "The Fleas," which is about as symphonious as "Sandy Ague," its other nick name, hailing from the City of Angels. Our boarding house had a title which I forget, but "Las Pulgas" would have been appropriate in the absence of its not having been gathered in by the city, for the little beast was quite lively there. The human owners of the house were Seventh-day Second Adventists, for California, not, strictly speaking, overflowing with religion, is well stocked with the smaller sidelines of Christianity, and the first night we were there they had a parlor meeting, and by they I mean our hosts and their friends in the faith and not their minor guests. The second evening, the one of their Sabbath, I was invited to attend their church, which I did. With the faith pertaining to boom-times, this was built some distance out from the city, in reliance that it soon would be absorbed "in its midst," but so long before that the boardwalk leading thereto was tricky and treacherous from decay, so that, between the presence of these and the absence of lamps, the voyage was "via dolorosa," only alleviated by the assistance of an accompanying Second Adventist. In the way of humanity the congregation was not to say large, but several fleas were in evidence. So familiar have these become they have inculcated a habit of candor in the natures of those afflicted by their presence that is jolting on the newcomer. This may be partly caused by the simple habits of the Colonials, so that they

know not what they do, but the manner of alleviating the bites of these pests, by both men and women, is suggestive of irreverence among such surroundings, to say nothing of the vainly subdued voices of those giving expression to their feelings. I have attended the religious gatherings of both Chinese Christians and primitive wilderness Mormons, but they excited less irreverence than this Adventist gathering.

It is the thing for the tourist who has made this far of a California southing to go a few steps farther, so as to say that he has been in Mexico; an easy matter, for the dividing line is but fifteen miles from San Diego. The objective point is an adobe town called Tia Juana, literally "Aunt Jane." Before the railroad came the way was by saddle or stage, but now a rattle-trap train of cars, drawn by a double ender engine and running on thirty-pound rails, is the means of exit from the United States to the land of the Aztecs, and one not giving evidence of much security to life and limb, and in such accidental events working out, little show even in case of a favorable damage suit, on account of the small amount it would take to wipe out road-bed and rolling stock. The passengers, a dozen perhaps, were mostly women, showing that these are endowed with more *wanderlust* than the men, or else have less to do. The train men are very polite in this part of the country, but the conductor on this occasion, being too busy to do the honors of host, introduced a local real estate promoter who made himself very agreeable without making his guests feel under obligations to buy any of his offerings. He lived at Chula Vista, or "Fair View," in English, and he invited us to eat our lunches at the headquarters of his company, where the train stopped to take a side excursion on the program, and when the time came he acted the gentleman.

The country through which we rode was adapted to lemon culture, but the lack of irrigating water had so injured

the trees that the leaves were falling off, showing the yellow, immaturally ripened fruit in a striking though sorry way. To make things worse, the surrounding country, in tracts of hundreds of acres, was abloom with the foul-smelling tar-plant, between which growth was the disagreeable ice-plant, with its red and violet blossoms, viscid and repellent.

In an hour we were at the end of the line, and, looking across the sandy bed of an alleged river, saw Tia Juana, which meant Mexico. From the terminus of the railroad we went for a half-mile by omnibus, and at this point we became acquainted with a personage exploited on the folder as "Reuben the Guide." I thought, in the fitness of things, that, from sombrero to large spurs, he would turn out a picturesque Mexican, even if his name was against him. Instead of this he was a stalwart negro, singular as to conceit but dual as to amount of lip. His livery consisted of a tall, pointed white hat, United States army uniform and a field marshal's badge. Like a circus clown he came upon us at the terminal, with his "Here we are again," and "This is 'Reuben the Guide' you have heard so much about." Disagreeable as he was, and unfit for his position, and with the alleged wit he was shooting off at the passengers, he seemed to hypnotize the crowd—first the children, and then those of a larger growth, ending with a man from Tipperary, the last one, I thought, who from racial instincts would come under Reuben's influence, and who began to bandy persiflage with him and laughed with the rest at his silliness. The "Pied Pier of Hamelin" came at once to my mind, at the sight of this buffoon, influenced by a large, shrill whistle hung to his neck like a charm, and employed by its owner to call his flock together on occasions, and I found that I was catching the infection myself. "Is this," I thought, "a black edition of the magical Piper returned from the cavern in his mountain home to lure us innocents



with his lip music to his cave in the distant Sierras we saw to the eastward, and from whence we will never again come within the scope of family or friend? But the spell was broken when, near the end of the journey, he ceased fun to talk business, for he was a combination of drummer and guide, and working his prognathian jaws in the commercial section he talked up the interests of a mescal shop and a cigar store he was agent for in Tia Juana. I afterwards saw him and his normal opposite, the Tipperary man, sitting on the porch of a saloon, their racial animosities subdued in "the feeling which makes the whole world (of his kind) kin," and brought on by what is termed "liquid refreshments," and what, in Shakesperian words, "enters the mouth to steal away the brains," of those who have such.

Tia Juana is on the banks of the mentioned "river" of the same name, one which had exhausted itself in irrigating upstream ranches, so that sand had taken the place of water, and so deep that it took four horses, by hard pulling, to take our stage through its obstructions. The town, "Paebla" they call it, has some twenty houses, punctuated by a church, a post-office under the high-sounding name of "Administracion de los Correos," a curio store, school house, grocery, and four shops for the sale of mescal, pulque and other drinks. Mescal is distilled from the juice of the cactus plant, which is sucked forth by means of iron tubes, in a very unappetizing way, and bears the same relation to pulque, the name of the cactus product, that whiskey does to beer, and when you say that one is as vile as the other you say correctly. The church has a cross so disproportionately heavy that it looks as if the roof might succumb to its weight, and is a pitifully plain affair, within and without. There were also the ruins of what might have been the original church, and some other

roofless walls. The school house, the completion of the inventory of public buildings, was as plain as any.

The only active man in the place was a vaquero, or mounted cattleman, who, typically dressed, galloped around the gray, arid commons, chasing a jack-rabbit among the grease-wood. A few loafers, men and boys, and a beggar or two, made up the outdoor population, who were unable to talk American except to name our small coins, but, for all, up to us as linguists. The only respectably-dressed man in the town was the schoolmaster, whom I must class outside the rest. He could converse some in English, and made himself quite agreeable in giving us information. His pupils numbered fifty, and he taught ten months in the year at a salary of sixty Mexican dollars a month, equal to half the money value of ours. Gray of beard and hair and kindly faced, I felt much for the schoolmaster, the only person I saw entitled to respectful consideration in the town. Reuben, that blind leader of the blind, with quite a touch of Ananias, had told his clientele, among others of the wonders of Tia Juana, that there were four languages taught in its school, but according to the schoolmaster the "guide" had quadrupled the number, so that this misinformant shall "thunder down the ages" as "Reuben the fraud," the cheap wit of our across the line journey.

An object lesson to advocates of cheap silver were the shop keepers of "Annt Jane" selling their goods at double prices. This we found on buying curios, getting our purchased handkerchiefs stamped with the Mexican coat of arms and doing other commercial stunts such as Americans think they must do in foreign countries. Even the Mexican post cards, which should be exempt from graft, shared the same fate. While only worth one cent apiece, the post-office officials sold them at two for four cents, and kept the change in a five-cent ten-

der. These people have caught the American contempt for small things. but for a P. M., whose national title is the "Administrador del Correos," he certainly did a small thing for one with so large a name.

Our folder had promised a two hour stay in Mexico, giving us ample time to devour a genuine Mexican dinner, with all its name signifies in the way of caloric. We got neither, so when Reuben piped his followers had to dance through the sandy streets of the pueblo to the stage. Tia Juana was certainly a forlorn place, people and all. Without a shade tree, a spear of grass or a sidewalk, it epitomised its shiftless inhabitants.

After fording the sand of the river the curious were allowed to fill out one line of the program of the folder, the sight of one of the boundary stones of the line between the United States and Mexico, which, at the distance of five miles apart, extend from Tia Juana to the Rio Grande. These markers are of granite and weigh several tons, being surrounded by iron pickets, pointed and curved inward, to prevent its defacement by vandals, and relieve them of the punishment threatened in two languages on the face of the stone. Three commissioners from each country, accompanied by two companies of twenty-five soldiers, representing the two grand divisions interested, placed these bounds.

The dollar we paid for our excursion to Tia Juana took in considerable of a jaunt, for besides there and back it included a side trip to the Sweetwater Dam, up a valley three miles from the railroad, at Chula Vista; also the services (!) of "Reuben the Guide." This dam is a wonderful piece of engineering, the product of boom times in Southern California, when everything went. The breast of this reservoir is 500 feet long and 100 feet high in the center, and will hold 5,000,000,000 gallons of water, or

air, which latter it was holding at the time of our visit. For five years it had been a great disappointment to its stockholders and its patrons of the neighboring orchards and vegetable fields, who had planted that the dam might water. With such a period of scant rainfall, and an insufficiency of snow among the Sierras to melt and assist this, the water storage in the reservoir was in a way nothing. A gasoline engine was pumping some brackish water into its immense vacuity, but the proceeds were about the same as seen in a small millpond, and this to assist the nearby orchards. I have a picture of this dam on a prospectus of the Sweetwater Land Association, and it is represented as a lake with a Niagara of a waterfall thundering down its face. This had been a true picture, but not for five years, and the breast wall showed a dry mould. I am glad to say that a year or so after we were there additional sources of water have been found, and all is serene in that neighborhood, and I hope no more gronchy tourists will take exceptions to the foresight of the Chula Vista people.

Just below the dam, which, with its sailing and boating, was a part of the enterprise, was a recreation park, in reach of the railroad. Here were all the appurtenances of such, even as at the San Diego grounds, including the dangers of the scenic railway and the like. Weather-beaten and decaying from disuse, it was a sorry sight, but of a sort to match the general surroundings. But now, since the great change which has come over that section of country, the overflow of the Sweetwater Dam, the reviving of the orchards and grain and vegetable fields, the coming of a side Panama Exposition in 1915, and the encouragement brought about therefrom, I expect the Chula Vista Recreation Park has been revised and refitted.

















